

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



VOLUME 167 NUMBER 5

MAY 1941

SIR RICHARD BURTON'S WIFE

The Gypsy's Prophecy

BY JEAN BURTON

A WOMAN as bravely colorful and intense in her own right as Isabel Burton should never be known merely as someone's or anyone's wife, but in this case she was the one to insist upon it. 'I wish I were a man,' she declared with her usual emphasis. 'If I were, I would be Richard Burton; but, being only a woman, I would be Richard Burton's wife.'

It took her ten years to achieve it, but she did not rest until she *was* Richard Burton's wife. And thereafter she kept indefatigably on — though this second feat took longer, another twenty-seven years to be exact — until she was *Sir* Richard Burton's wife.

She was nineteen when she met this dubiously regarded adventurer home from India and already known to be under a mysterious cloud at the War Office. He was of disquieting reputation and still more disquieting appearance, but from that moment Isabel was a creature obsessed. 'I have got to live with him night and day,' she wrote her mother in a desperately scored and underscored letter, 'for *all my life*.' And her idoliza-

tion changed only to grow. When she wrote her enormous *Life* of Richard it was not dedicated but 'consecrated' to his memory: 'To My Earthly Master, Who Is Waiting for Me on Heaven's Frontiers.' She even apologized for mentioning her own name so often beside his: 'I have never needed anyone to point out to me that my husband was on a pedestal far above *me*, or anybody else in the world. I have known it from 1850 to 1893, from a young girl to an old widow, i.e., for forty-three years.'

She could put it that way if she chose, but she was the only woman in England who would have considered it in any way an enviable fate to follow his fortunes during those forty-three years.

Isabel Arundell was born in London at 4 Great Cumberland Place in 1831, two years after the Catholic Emancipation Act had reinstated her family after one hundred and forty years of rigid exclusion from English public life. Socially, though her father was the younger son of a younger son and not wealthy, she was vastly above the Burtons, for the Arundells of Wardour were of

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the great world — more specifically, of course, of the great Catholic world. Arundel Castle is still the seat of the Dukes of Norfolk, England's foremost Catholic peers, and

Ere William fought and Harold fell,
There were Earls of Arundell.

The impressive Arundell name notwithstanding, the distressing fact could not be denied that Isabel's father, always financially cramped, was engaged in trade. The family's poverty was strictly of the genteel variety, and its chief consequence was that Isabel's strong-minded mother directed her children's thoughts the more firmly towards their illustrious ancestry. But Isabel, for one, needed no urging.

When she was ten, Isabel was sent to the Convent of the Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre at New Hall in Chelmsford, where for six years she was a happy schoolgirl. She always retained the kindest memories of this convent, and many times during her wifehood and widowhood returned to it for retreats. This was the extent of her formal schooling. When she was sixteen her parents wanted her at home with them, and home she went.

Home by this time was in Essex, at Furze Hall near Ingatestone, where the unprosperous family was retrenching and gathering its forces as well, for the imminent period when something would have to be done about the girls' prospects. Isabel remembered a white farmhouse buried in bushes, ivy, and flowers; stables and kennels; a few woods and fields. 'The place could boast no grandeur,' said Isabel modestly, 'but it was my home, I passed my childhood there, and loved it.'

Despite the idyllic quality of these reminiscences, Isabel at sixteen was developing into a fearless, passionately imaginative, adventure-craving girl of tireless energy and increasingly stubborn independence. Her tall body was built for the coördination and endurance that later stood her in such good stead, and

it was hardened the year through by outdoor exercise with her brothers such as few young misses of the day were allowed — in the winter with 'sledges, skating, and sliding' and in the summer with 'scampering all over the country with long poles and jumping over the hedges.' With sick and injured animals she was as good as a vet, while as for squeamishness she never knew the meaning of the word. But all this healthy, hearty outdoor life, though it absorbed her physical energy, could not dispel an increasingly potent daydream wherein she would pursue unspecified but thrilling enterprises in some exotic and far-away region whence she would return (a) famous, (b) dominant, and (c), above all, quite different from anyone she had so far encountered. And more and more intensely she wished (it was inevitable) that she had been a man. Now she made a solemn resolution: her life was not going to remain insignificant and uninteresting one single day longer than she could help.

How the change was to be brought about remained vague, but she did contrive for herself an increasing degree of privacy — no small feat in that overflowing household — the better to ponder the possibilities. Her abounding extrovert enthusiasm for action, excitement, and daring was already exhibiting its obverse side: 'I passed much time in the woods reading and contemplating.' She went straight for what she wanted: 'Disraeli's *Tancred* and similar occult books were my favourites; but *Tancred*, with its glamour of the East, was the chief of them.' It remained her choice always, and indeed this peculiar book gave to all her thoughts, so to speak, their pitch and tone to such an extent that when she went to Damascus as Richard's wife she could truthfully say, 'I felt as if I had lived that life for years. . . . It [*Tancred*] lived in my saddle-pocket throughout my Eastern life. I almost know it by heart, so that when I came to Bethany, or the Leba-

non, and to Mukhtara — when I found myself in a Bedawi camp, or amongst the Maronite and Druze strongholds, or in the society of Fakredeens — nothing surprised me.'

But at the time she was aware of no more than a confused yearning for 'gypsies, Bedawin Arabs, and everything Eastern and Mystic; and especially a *wild and lawless* life.' And the best substitute available in Essex was to take to the Stonymoore woods by herself.

Isabel's predilection for going her own way was to take her future out of Mrs. Arundell's control for good and all. Preposterously enough, this was brought about by nothing more or less than an old-fashioned gypsy prophecy.

As it happened, the prophecy was literally fulfilled, by one of those coincidences anyone is free to explain as he likes. Of more significance is the point that, whether it had come true in just that way or not, the whole tenor of it had utterly and conclusively captured Isabel's imagination so that she could never thereafter have accepted a life which did not in some degree resemble her jealously guarded vision of what awaited her. Isabel's account of her experience was this:—

Very often, instead of going to the woods, I used to go down a certain green lane; and if there were any oriental gypsies there I would go into their camp and sit for an hour or two with them. I was strictly forbidden to associate with them, but it was my delight. . . . Wild horses would not have kept me out of the camps of the oriental, yet English-named tribes of Burton, Cooper, Stanley, Osbaldiston. . . . My particular friend was Hagar Burton, a tall, slender, distinguished woman who had much influence in her tribe. . . . The last day I saw Hagar Burton in her camp she cast my horoscope and wrote it in Roman. The horoscope was translated to me by Hagar. The most important part of it was this: 'You will cross the sea, and be in the same town with your Destiny and know it not. Every obstacle will rise up against you, and such a combination of circumstances that it will require all your courage, energy and in-

telligence to meet them. . . . You will bear the name of our tribe, and be right proud of it. You will be as we are, but far greater than we. Your life is all wandering, change, and adventure. One soul in two bodies in life or death, never long apart. Show this to the man you take for your husband. — HAGAR BURTON'

This was solace for the prosaic fact that she was entering upon the most unattractive period of her girlhood. 'I was tall, plump, and meant to be fair, but was always tanned and sunburnt.' Also, to her mother's outspoken disapproval, from her gypsy tastes she preferred a picturesque toilet to a merely smart one. Isabel added defensively at this point that she had large, dark blue, earnest eyes, and long black eyelashes and eyebrows; beautiful hair, very long, thick, and soft, with five shades in it, and of a golden brown; very white regular teeth, and very small hands and waist; but none of this made up for her being too fat to slip into what was usually called 'our stock size.' She used to envy 'maypole, broomstick girls,' who could dress much prettier than she could. All together, it was a familiar enough state, but none the less painful to live through, and only the promise scrawled on Hagar's twist of paper sustained her.

II

In 1849, Isabel's début at Almack's ('which was then very exclusive') was most auspicious. Her own description of the event is typical:—

The scene was dazzlingly brilliant to me as I entered. The grand staircase and ante-chamber were decked with garlands, and festoons of white and gold muslin and ribbons. The blaze of lights, the odour of flowers, the perfumes, the diamonds, and the magnificent dresses of the cream of the British aristocracy smote upon my senses; all was new to me, and all was sweet. Julian's band played divinely.

She herself wore white tarlatan over white silk, 'the first skirt looped up to my knee with a blush rose,' her hair 'tressed in an indescribable fashion by

Alexandre, and decked with blush roses. I had no ornaments; but I really looked very well, and was proud of myself.' Her mother was showing a quite new side to her nature these days, and at first Isabel innocently marveled at the change. 'One may think how vain and incredulous I was, when I overheard someone telling my mother that I had been quoted as the new beauty at his club. Fancy, poor ugly me!'

Her parents had taken it easily for granted that she would marry into the Old Catholic cousinhood without much delay, but, as the season wore on, Mrs. Arundell was chagrined to discover that this smooth arrangement had struck a snag. Isabel was proving obstinately uninterested in eligible young men. In London as in Essex, in fact, her imagination was busy with quite another species of male, and the diary of this early Victorian debutante began to receive singular confidences:—

As God took a rib out of Adam and made a woman of it, so do I, out of a wild chaos of thought, form a man unto myself. . . . This fastidiousness has protected me and kept me from fulfilling the vocation of my sex—breeding fools and 'chronicling small beer.' . . . My ideal is about six feet in height; he has not an ounce of fat on him; he has broad and muscular shoulders, a powerful, deep chest; he is a Hercules of manly strength. He has black hair, a brown complexion, a clever forehead, sagacious eyebrows, large, black, wondrous eyes—those strange eyes you dare not take yours from off them—with long lashes. He is a soldier and a *man*; he is accustomed to command and to be obeyed. . . .

I speak of the ideal man 'tis true, and some may mock and say, 'Where is the mate for such a man to be found?' But *there are ideal women too*. Such a man only will I wed. I love this myth of my girlhood—for myth it is—next to God; and I look to the star that Hagar the gypsy said was the star of my destiny, the morning star, which is the place I allot to my earthly god, because the ideal seems too high for this planet . . . and may never be found here. But if I find such a man, and afterwards discover he is not for me, then I will never marry. . . .

'And if he marries somebody else,' added Isabel abruptly, as a more hideous possibility occurred to her, 'I will become a sister of charity of St. Vincent de Paul.'

On this note the season drew to its unfruitful close. By August the baffled Mrs. Arundell, her resources exhausted in more senses than one, felt the need of change of air, sea bathing, French masters to finish her children's education, and *economy*. Accordingly—with her husband, Isabel, and the younger Arundells—she set off for Boulogne, city of debts. Their house in the Haute Ville was barnlike and furnished chiefly with bellows and brass candlesticks; Isabel, who had dreamed so much of travel, grumbled largely at her first experience of it. She did not like the town, she did not like the food, and she used to lie down in the afternoons on the shiny horsehair sofa and cry herself to sleep. 'I felt so sorry for us all.'

When she did emerge and begin to look about her and cultivate acquaintances, they turned out to be of a class calculated to make her mother swoon. The most interesting people in Boulogne, she declared annoyingly, were the *poissardes*, or fisherwomen, who had a queen named Carolina, with whom she struck up a great friendship. (She had found a Hagar all over again.) Thenceforth as much time as she could manage was spent surreptitiously with Carolina, or, if Carolina were occupied, with the shrimping girls ('as vulgar as Billingsgate and as wild as red Indians, with their clothes kilted nearly up to their waists and nets over their backs').

Otherwise her only diversion was when Mrs. Arundell would collect her daughters and walk them sedately up and down the Grande Rue or the Ramparts, where the local English colony lounged of an afternoon.

The Arundells lingered on in Boulogne for two years, which conveys the measure of their extremity. Isabel found it dreary to the point of despair. 'Mother kept us

terribly strict, and this was a great stimulant to do wild things; and though we never did anything terrible, we did what we had better have left alone. For instance, we girls learned to *smoke*.'

After a desultory fashion the girls studied French and music at the Convent du Sacré Cœur next door. They were not allowed to go out alone except on the Ramparts, — ostensibly to do their reading, — but they kept their eyes open and knew more than Mrs. Arundell suspected. Perhaps even the memory of Hagar had dimmed. But it was just when her life seemed most unendurable that Isabel *was* for a time 'in the same town with her Destiny and knew it not.' And in due course, 'one day, when we were on the Ramparts, the vision of my awakening brain came towards me.'

Considering the meticulous exactitude with which he met her specifications, this must have been literally how Richard appeared to her. 'He was five feet eleven inches in height, very broad, thin, and muscular; he had very dark hair; black, clearly defined, sagacious eyebrows; a brown, weather-beaten complexion; straight Arab features; a determined-looking mouth and chin, nearly covered by an enormous black moustache. . . . He had a fierce, proud, melancholy expression; and when he smiled, he smiled as though it hurt him, and looked with impatient contempt at things generally.' And in final proof of identification there were his famous 'gypsy eyes — those eyes which looked you through, glazed over, and saw something behind.' No one ever described Richard without some such reference as this, and there is no doubt that they did produce an extremely memorable and compelling impression on all classes and varieties of people. There is equally little doubt that Richard was at some pains that it should be so.

At any rate, 'he looked at me as though he read me through and through in a moment, and started a little,' re-

ported the entranced Isabel. 'I was completely magnetized, and when we had got a little distance away, I turned to my sister, and whispered to her, "That man will marry me."'

Here again it is not necessary to lean too heavily on Hagar's prophecy. Richard was a man at whom people invariably turned to look (he saw to that); and on his part he must have been caught by Isabel's intent, startled, blue-eyed stare of something like recognition. If Boulogne was dull for her, it was a thousand times more so for him, so it was not surprising that he made it his business to be on the Ramparts again the next day at the same time. 'And he followed us,' said Isabel breathlessly, 'and chalked up, "May I speak to you?" leaving the chalk on the wall; so I took up the chalk and wrote back, "No; mother will be angry"; and mother found it, and *was* angry; and after that we were stricter prisoners than ever.'

It was some weeks before they encountered each other again, through a cousin of Mr. Arundell's who had a pretty girl of his own. 'Richard (agony!) was flirting with the daughter.' But when for the first time they were formally introduced it seemed to her that omen was being piled on omen, for 'his name made me start. Like a flash came back the prophecy of Hagar Burton, "You will bear the name of our tribe." . . . I thrilled through and through.'

From that point Isabel was lost. She went through the motions of living, but in a chronically bemused state, inventing any excuse to be where she could see him or hear the sound of his deep voice; turning red and pale, hot and cold, dizzy and faint, sick and trembling (her mother and doctor prescribed for migraine); wearing a scrap of paper with his handwriting next her heart; putting away, never to be worn again, the sash and gloves his hands had touched in their one waltz: 'that was a Night of nights; he spoke to me *several times*' — in short, going through genteel hell. She dwelt

upon the price she would be willing to pay for such bliss. 'I asked myself then if I would sacrifice anything and everything for Richard, and the only thing that I found I could not sacrifice for him would be God.'

At the same time she had to admit that there seemed no immediate demand for any sacrifice, great or small. Richard was barely conscious of her existence, and certainly 'I could not push myself forward or attract his notice. It would be unmaidenly — unworthy.' She was almost glad when Mrs. Arundell at length signified that they might as well return to England, for by now she would have welcomed any change. Isabel debated painfully with herself as to whether it would be permissible to say good-bye to Richard too. She decided against it, so that he probably did not even know when she left Boulogne.

But, once in London, her mother set about the quest for a suitable husband for Isabel with renewed determination, and instantly Isabel fled as before to her diary: —

I could not live like a vegetable in the country with a good and portly husband (I detest fat men!) with a broad-brimmed hat and a large stomach. . . . God help me! A dry crust, privations, pain, danger with him I love would be better. Let me go with the husband of my choice to battle, nurse him in his tent, follow him under the fire of ten thousand muskets. I would be his companion through hardship and trouble, nurse him if wounded, work for him in his tent, prepare his meals when faint, his bed when weary, and be his guardian angel of comfort — a felicity too exquisite for words!

Two more years went by when — at twenty-three! — a fresh nightmare beset her: namely, the imminent approach of old age. 'My *beaux jours* will pass away, and my Ideal Lover will not then think me worth his while.' Wildly unhappy, self-dramatizing, too juvenile and too mature by turns, she filled book after book of the small pages. In 1854 she summed up her feelings in a vehement outburst: —

How worthless I should be to any other man but Richard Burton! I should love Richard's wild, roving, vagabond life. . . . I am sure I am not born for a jog-trot life. . . . Why, with spirits, brains, and energies, are women to exist upon worsted work and household accounts? It makes me *sick*, and *I will not do it*.

Isabel meant it. She meant it enough to hold out against her mother's commands and entreaties for another seven years, and with absolutely nothing to sustain her but her own flaming inner conviction that this was not for her. Of Richard's whereabouts she had at first no knowledge beyond what she could piece together from the newspapers. One year he had been briefly in England, but she did not learn of it until he had left again for the Crimea. For all she knew, Richard did not so much as remember her name. There could not conceivably have been a more one-sided infatuation. And all the time, as Mrs. Arundell never ceased to remind her with mounting anger and incomprehension, her marriageable years were slipping by.

III

Richard's childhood had been grim, his young manhood turbulent, but from totally different backgrounds he and Isabel emerged with a surprising number of ambitions in common.

Briefly to sketch his life to the point where it converged with Isabel's, he was born in 1821 at Barham House, the home of his maternal grandparents. His father was Joseph Netterville Burton, an Anglo-Irish Colonel in the 36th Regiment. Richard's father had married money, and in consequence soon gave up soldiering to settle down to a full-time career of hypochondria. He was a tall, sallow, rather striking-looking man, with the notably dark and piercing eyes that Richard inherited.

Much was written later regarding Richard's so-called Oriental cast of features, and there are esoteric Theosoph-

ical speculations extant as to this and indeed as to the whole story of his and Isabel's affinity. Though ingenious, these are beside the point. Richard could look equally convincing, varying with costume and make-up, as a Hindu, an Arab, a Chinese, or a respectable English squire. For his Oriental impersonations he had the useful foundation of the singular eyes before mentioned, high cheekbones, and a skin deeply tanned long before he ever saw India or Africa; his Aunt Georgina remembered him as a child lying on his back one broiling day in France and telling her ecstatically, 'How I love a bright burning sun!' And then his hair, originally red, turned jet-black as he grew older — which, it seems, was also fraught with occult significance of some kind.

Richard had one brother and one sister. In their disorderly childhood they were three against the world and very close, but their lives soon diverged. His sister, Maria Catherine Eliza, in 1845 married General Sir Henry William Stisted of Lucknow fame and became very much the haughty Mem Sahib. His brother, Edward, gentlest of the three, was the one marked for tragedy, losing speech and memory after suffering a head injury in India. He was a Major in the Queen's Regiment.

Richard never knew a time when they had a settled home or the slightest sense of security or permanence; the family was forever bad-temperedly on the march, scouring Europe for that elusive spot where the Colonel thought he might be able to *breathe*. Tutors, when there were any, were broken-down drunken Irish clergymen. By the time he was ten, Richard had learned to defend himself fairly adequately against them by his fists and his wits. When he was sent back to England for a short interval of school, it turned out to be in the worst Dickensian tradition; he left it tough, stoical, and far too tight-lipped for his age. Fifty years later he still remembered a certain Miss Morgan who occasionally visited

them on the Continent with his Aunt Georgina as 'the only one who ever spoke to us children as if we were reasonable beings, instead of threatening with the usual parental brutality of those days.'

It is easy enough to understand what it meant to him to find himself the fixed centre at least of Isabel's world. He wrote once: 'It is a great thing, when you have won a battle, or explored Central Africa, to be welcomed home by some little corner of the Great World, which takes a pride in your exploits. In the contrary condition you are a waif, a stray; you are a blaze of light without a force. Nobody outside your own fireside cares.'

In Italy, at any rate, he knew only Italian medical students and his father's Irish grooms.

As the boys passed out of adolescence, the situation at home grew more unwholesome still: 'Father was perfectly happy as long as he was the only man in the house, but the presence of younger males irritated him. He could no longer use the rod, but he could make himself very unpleasant with his tongue. . . . It was evident that the Burton family was ripe for a breakup.'

When the family finally did break up at Lucca there were few regrets on either side. 'Italians marveled at the Spartan nature of the British mother,' remarked Richard, 'who after fifteen years could so easily part with her children at the cost of a lachrymose last embrace, and watering her prandial beefsteak with tears.'

There were items on the credit side of this upbringing, of course. First came physical endurance and adaptability, and second, languages, including a variety of patois. Richard was an expert at swimming, marksmanship, boxing, and fencing, showing great promise in the last and at one time having Cavalli of Naples as fencing master. He knew all there was to know about horses, from blacksmithing to vetting; was a self-taught falconer; knew first aid; could sew, patch, and repair equipment; and

could find his way around any kind of city or country. He had paid his initial visits to the prostitutes of Naples and Rome with the medical students, and had even had one tearful experience of falling in love.

When he was nineteen he made up his mind to join the army. At the same moment the Colonel put forward an inspiration of his own — both his sons were to become clergymen. Edward was to go to Cambridge, Richard to Oxford; both were to take honors, and he wanted no arguments. He hurried them over to England before his ardor had time to cool, entered Richard at Trinity for the next term, and went back to Italy rubbing his hands.

It is as well to pass over the whole Oxford episode. Richard himself said that the devil entered into him there, and, whatever his provocations, the fact remains that no more tiresomely boorish, violent, and unmannerly misfit was ever found within its portals. But he kept his main object well in view: with a fixed determination to get out to India he looked for classes in Hindustani or Arabic, and, when he found none, impatiently attacked Arabic by himself, evolving a system of his own that cut ruthlessly across the difficulties. Like his father, he was always stony broke and he made few friends. He hated the English and elaborately cultivated everything that was foreign in his appearance and dress (though he had to yield in the little matter of mustachios).

He would probably not have lasted at Oxford even as long as he did had it not been for the London vacations he spent ostensibly at his grandmother's house in Cumberland Street, but for the most part doing the town with Edward, down from Cambridge, or pursuing his own solitary interests. Thus he worked further at Hindustani with Duncan Forbes and sought out John Varley to have his horoscope cast. A sidelight on his pre-occupations at this period is afforded in the casual note: 'It is curious how little

London knows of what goes on in the next-door house. A book on Alchemy was printed, and the curious fact came out that at least one hundred people in London were studying the philosopher's stone.'

One long vacation was spent on the Continent. The Burtons had temporarily come to rest in Wiesbaden, which did not hold Richard long. He moved on to Heidelberg, where he had heard of gory student duels fought with a straight pointless blade called the *Schläger*. Before going back to England he brought up the army question once more with his father. In the general rage and confusion that ensued, Richard was joined by Edward and they signed up together, as lowly cadets. Richard chose a regiment bound for Bombay. He sailed in 1842 — without a father's blessing but with the last-minute parting gifts of a bull terrier and a *wig*, the Colonel having decided that in a hot country the bright thing to do would be to shave the head.

Richard was in India for six years. During that time he laid the foundation for all his future achievements and simultaneously ensured that these would always be offset by the consistent distrust of the highest authorities in both the War Office and the Foreign Office.

He learned Hindustani, Sanskrit, Persian, Multani, and Arabic, beginning on the passage out with the native servants and continuing in India eight to ten hours daily. A Parsee tutor, one Sahrabji, proved a lifelong friend. Sanskrit was studied under a Brahmin named Him Chand, who instructed him in the Hindu faith as well and, after the final tests, allowed him to wear the thread of the twice-born. He loved religious initiations, and this — apart, of course, from his involuntary Christian baptism — was the first of many to come.

In 1843 he took the examination in Hindustani at the Presidency and passed first, but he was anything but popular. His leanings, curiosities, and sympathies were too bizarre for either messmates or

officers. He himself was not too proud at this stage to learn from half-naked blacks. Thus, while the army horsemen clung so trustfully to the rules they had learned back home at cavalry school that each formal review turned sooner or later into a burlesque rout, he set to work to find a native jockey to teach him the Indian art of riding. It might not look dignified to English eyes, but it enabled him to stay on the horse's back. He approached native philosophy in much the same spirit, and, though brusque among his own people, he became endlessly patient and watchful in studying these others.

'I think,' decided Isabel, 'that Mr. Kipling must have taken his character of Strickland from my husband, who mixed with and knew all about the natives and their customs, as Strickland did. My husband talked exactly as Mr. Rudyard Kipling writes.'

For relaxation, instead of the usual heavy tiffins and pig-sticking he went in for shooting — any game except monkeys; their deaths were 'too horribly human.' A slightly eerie venture was his organizing a household of monkeys and compiling a monkey vocabulary, which led him to claim that he could not only think with them but carry on quite extended conversations. To round out his education he took lessons from a snake charmer, then turned to investigate the matter of natives' burying themselves alive. He also conducted experiments with opium, hashish, and aphrodisiacs, testifying to the effects of each in generous detail. His reports of subjective phenomena were exceedingly scrupulous. He began early to make a study of Yoga, summarizing its methods of breath control and the postures involved, and producing one of the first detailed and factual accounts to appear in English.

It seemed at first as if Richard had found his niche in India. In 1843 Sir Charles Napier, one of the few Anglo-Indians whom he admired, conquered the province of Sind and chose Richard

as his regimental interpreter. The following year Napier appointed him his assistant in the Sind Survey.

It was to be Richard's part to impersonate a native and mingle with all classes of Sindians; this was his great chance and he recognized it as such. He adopted native dress and opened a shop in Karachi as the Mirza Abdullah of Bushiri. Occasionally he roamed the country as a peddler, having entrée to harems, mosques, markets, and brothels. He was never detected; and it was this entire success of his impersonation that proved his undoing.

One of Napier's (oral) instructions had been that on his expeditions Richard was to compile a full account of the extent of homosexuality and other perversions among the Sindians. Richard did such a thorough job of it that when he turned in his final report the War Office rocked from top to bottom and he barely escaped being cashiered from the service. (Even Napier had no way of knowing in advance how liberally Richard would interpret that invitation to submit a 'full' account.) It had been stipulated between them that the report was to go only to Napier, but in the interval Napier had been replaced and it fell into other hands in Bombay. The official mind was extraordinarily naïve about such practices in those days; one might have supposed that Richard had invented them. Barring a miracle, all hope of promotion in the ordinary way was shot to pieces.

Men without the hundredth part of Richard's worth as an interpreter began to be passed over his head with pointed regularity. In 1848 he fell ill of fever and went to recuperate in the old Portuguese colony of Goa, and when he returned the authorities leaped gladly at the chance to ship him home to England.

He and his shivering Moslem servant Allahdad went to visit the Burtons at Pisa for the winter. He tried to settle down to writing, but his first books were total failures. He made another trip to

England and loathed that too. Then his father and mother moved to Boulogne, and in 1851 he crossed over to meet them and, though he did not know it, Isabel.

IV

The only redeeming feature of Boulogne was its Salle d'Armes, which was crowded whenever it was known that Richard would fence. Letchford painted him rapier in hand, a darkly towering and lowering figure. Fencing was, in fact, invaluable to him as an outlet for violence in socially acceptable form.

Colonel Arthur Shuldham, when asked by Miss Stisted for reminiscences of Richard, replied in part: 'In the year 1851-1852 I met the late Sir Richard Burton at Boulogne, and he asked me to accompany him to the Salle d'Armes where he was going to have a fencing bout with a sergeant of French Hussars, a celebrated player. The sergeant donned his guard to protect his head, and a leather fencing jacket, while Burton bared his neck and stood up in his shirt sleeves; on my remonstrating with him he said it was of no consequence. They performed the customary salute and set to work. It was a sight to see Burton with his eagle eye keenly fixed on his adversary, shortly followed by a very rapid swing of his arm and a sharp stroke downwards when the Frenchman was disarmed. He did this seven times in succession, when the sergeant declined any further contest, saying that his wrist was nearly dislocated by the force with which the Englishman struck his weapon. . . . Burton with the exception of a prod in the neck was untouched. . . . To me it was a marvelous display of fencing skill, and the strange magnetic power that he seemed to possess over everybody present was equally surprising.'

Neither his meeting with Isabel nor her departure made any impression on him. He was living only for the day when he could take up his interrupted

life of Oriental disguise where it had been broken off, and it was in this hope that he offered his services to the Royal Geographic Society for exploring Central Arabia. Through the unexpected offices of a deputation from the R. G. S. consisting of General Monteith, Sir Roderick Murchison, and Monckton Milnes he was granted a year's leave of absence—he had hoped for three—to the cautiously worded end that he might 'pursue his Arabic studies in the lands where the language is best learned.' His journey to Mecca in the rôle of a Moslem pilgrim was the result.

This always remained the most celebrated single exploit of his career; his *Pilgrimage to Mecca and El-Medinah* told the whole story and, some believed, rather more. Thus Mr. Charles Edmonds observed that Richard was 'no hero to T. E. Lawrence, who despised his boastfulness and his affected style of writing.'

The point that most readers could not bring themselves to grasp was that Richard might not so much 'stoop to' the level of those who believe in an irrational universe as belong rightfully on that level himself. They either forgot or did not know that when he knelt to kiss the black stone, when he spent the night in the mosque, when he joined in prayers and ritual sacrifices at the holy well Zemzem, it was as an initiate—and not wholly a perjured one, not wholly a cheat. Isabel wrote with much truth: 'He had brought his brain to believe himself one of them. He *never* profaned the sanctuaries of Mecca and Medina.'

Richard deliberately sought out mysteries, and of course he found them: he saw the dead raised, he saw magicians call down fire from heaven. But during his first years in the East he could not decide how much of the evidence of his senses he could credit, and the probability is that he never did fully decide. Instead he became a virtuoso at putting it all down in enigmatically rationalistic terms. 'I must confess to believing in

the reality of these phenomena, but not in their "spiritual origin," he would say.

He returned by way of Egypt to write up his notes and to look further into the Cairo magicians' spirit summonings, jinn, potions which, placed on the wearer's eyes or forehead, rendered him invisible, and the use of ink mirrors for observing events at a distance. For the most part he still kept to his Eastern disguise, and Arthur Symons could effortlessly imagine 'Burton's excitement when in Cairo he joined in the shouting, gesticulating circle of Dervishes and behaved as if to the manner born; he held his diploma as a Master Dervish.'

His book caught the imagination of England and, for that matter, most of Europe; Richard could have returned a made man. Instead, with the fatal hesitancy of timing that marred his career, he remained in Egypt working on his long, confused, but haunting poem *Kasidah*. When his leave expired he rejoined his regiment in Bombay.

Isabel's diary at this became a study in mixed emotions: 'Richard has just come back with flying colours from Mecca; but instead of coming home, he has gone to Bombay. . . . I glory in his glory. God be thanked! But I am alone and unloved. . . . Is there no hope for me? Is there no pity for so much love? There is a dull gnawing always at my heart.' Her only consolation was that the coincidences that linked their lives continued to put in an appearance. On the first boat Richard boarded, her cousin Father William Strickland was also a passenger, and they held a brief, though profane, encounter.

Back at Bombay, where the rich and ripe dislike Richard managed to inspire in all quarters made it clear that the past was far from forgotten, he began to plan an expedition to the forbidden city of Harar in Somaliland. His superiors had no objections to parting with him, and he obtained furlough in 1854. The party besides himself was to consist of Lieutenants Herne, Speke, and Stroyan;

Richard, as the only one of the four with a knowledge of Arabic, was to be in charge of the actual entry into Harar in the character of Haji Abdullah, a Moslem merchant. Many experienced travelers thought it a greater exploit than the journey to Mecca, though less spectacular.

From Isabel's diary: 'And now Richard has gone to Harar, a deadly expedition or a most dangerous one, and I am full of sad forebodings. Will he never come home? How strange it all is! I still trust in Fate.'

The four men reached their goal in under three months, and Richard made a lone entrance into Harar successfully. Then he returned with the others, but this time the outcome was disastrous: Stroyan was killed, Speke badly wounded, and Richard suffered a lance thrust through the jaw.

For the second time Richard was now invalided home, and for the second time Isabel could find no way to bring herself to his notice. His mother had died the preceding year and the Colonel was now living at Bath. Richard went down to see him; he visited innumerable specialists; he read a paper on Harar before the Royal Geographic Society and worked up his *First Footsteps in East Africa*; but, since the Crimean War was at its height, no one could be found to listen to his ambitious proposals for the annexation of Somaliland. He therefore considered the Crimean War a calamity on all counts, but at the same time he wanted to be in it, and finally managed to prize from the War Office a grudging appointment to General Beatson's Horse as organizer of the irregular cavalry, or bashibazouks.

News of this was the signal for the watchful Isabel to begin importuning Miss Nightingale for a chance — any kind of chance — to do any kind of nursing at Scutari, but Miss Nightingale politely regretted that she appeared 'too young and inexperienced' to be an asset. Isabel wrung her hands. But she was

spoiling for action and had to find some outlet, and before long this appeared in a project for feeding soldiers' families in London left to the mercies of private charity. Isabel organized a group of girls, rather self-consciously called the Stella Club 'in honour of the morning star — my star,' but the net experience gained was both sobering and enlightening. They got lists from the different barracks: 'No destitute woman was left out, nor any difference made on account of religion. . . . Some people,' added Isabel, 'have been a little hard on me for being the same to the fallen women as to the good ones. But I do hate the way we women come down upon each other. . . . I like simplicity and large-minded conduct in all things, and I think the more one knows the simpler one acts.'

Richard's part in the Crimea was not distinguished. In point of fact, though he was attached to the army for nearly twenty years, he never once saw action in the field, all his battles being waged with his own superiors. He and General Beatson were about equally in disfavor with the War Office, and he was recalled to England before the war ended to testify at the famous Beatson trial. This was not precisely a hero's return, but all that mattered to Isabel was that he *had* returned: 'I hear that Richard has come home, and is in town. God be praised!'

Her spirits plummeted again when the trial was no sooner out of the way than Richard announced his next expedition. This was to lead to central Africa for the 'Unveiling of Isis,' the search for the sources of the Nile; again his companion was to be Speke.

Naturally Richard was not responsible for the singular churnings in the soul of Miss Arundell that were occasioned by every chance mention of his name. But in June 1856, Isabel was vouchsafed one word of hope: she went to Ascot, and there she ran across a very old friend.

Amid the crowd of the race course I met Hagar Burton, the gypsy, for the first time after many years, and I shook hands with her.

'Are you Daisy Burton yet?' was her first question. I shook my head. 'Would to God I were!' Her face lit up. 'Patience! it is just coming.' She waved her hand, for at that moment she was rudely thrust from the carriage. I never saw her again; but I was engaged to Richard two months later.

It happened as simply as that. Their paths crossed again in London and they became engaged almost at once. 'If ever anyone had an excuse for superstition and fatalism,' wrote Isabel, awed, 'I have. Was it not foretold?'

She had been walking in the Botanical Gardens with her sister Blanche. 'Richard was there. We immediately stopped and shook hands, and asked each other a thousand questions of the four intervening years; and all the old Boulogne memories and feelings returned to me.' He asked her what she was reading and 'I held up the book I had with me that day, an old friend, Disraeli's *Tancred*, the book of my heart and taste.' Of course that day it *would* be *Tancred*; and Richard 'explained' it to her.

'We were in the Gardens about an hour, and when I had to leave he gave me a peculiar look, as he did at Boulogne. I hardly looked at him, yet I felt it, and had to turn away.'

They were both at the Gardens again the next morning, and the next, and 'about the third day his manner gradually altered towards me; we had begun to know each other, and what might have been an ideal love before was now a reality. This went on for a fortnight. I trod on air.'

The confidences Isabel poured out in that fortnight must at least have convinced Richard that she was like no other girl in his experience. Still his proposal, when it came, was coupled with an admonition:—

'Do not give me an answer now, because it will mean a very serious step for you — no less than giving up your people and all that you are used to, and living the sort of life that Lady Hester

Stanhope led. I see the capabilities in you, but you must think it over.'

To Isabel this seemed 'just as if the moon had tumbled down and said, "You have cried for me so long that I have come." But he, who did not know of my long love, thought I was thinking worldly thoughts, and said, "Forgive me; I ought not to have asked so much." At last I found voice, and said, "I don't *want* to think it over — I have been thinking it over for six years, ever since I first saw you at Boulogne. I have prayed for you every morning and night, I have followed all your career, I have read every word you ever wrote, and I would rather have a crust and a tent with you than be queen of all the world; and so I say now, Yes, *yes*, YES!'"

She showed him Hagar's horoscope, of course, and he called on the Arundells as a casual acquaintance remembered from Boulogne days, Isabel reporting optimistically that he 'fascinated, amused, and pleasantly shocked my mother, but completely magnetized my father and all my brothers and sisters.'

But Richard was not deceived. 'Your people will not give you to me,' he warned.

Isabel, still treading on air, dismissed this blithely. 'I know that, but I belong to myself — *I* give myself away.'

Since Richard was due to sail any day now, they decided that the engagement had better be kept secret until he returned from Africa. He did not tell her when he was to sail, but on the eve of his departure Isabel had the first of the odd little psychic experiences, trivial singly but cumulative in effect, which were to recur throughout the rest of her life. She was with a party at the theatre and once she thought she caught sight of Richard in another box, but when she beckoned he did not come. That night she slept badly and had fitful dreams: —

The door opened, and he came into my room. A current of warm air came towards my bed. He said, 'Good-bye, my poor child. My time is up, and I have gone, but do not grieve. I shall be back in less than three years, and *I am your Destiny*. Good-bye.'

He pointed to the clock, and it was two. He held up a letter, looked at me long with those Gypsy eyes, and put the letter on the table, and said in the same way, 'That is for your sister — not for you.' He went slowly out, shutting the door, and I saw him no more.

Isabel awoke in agitation and ran to rouse one of her brothers, who reminded her sleepily of their lobster supper after the theatre. But Isabel sobbed, 'If you will wait till the post comes in, you will see that I have told you truly,' and sure enough, a letter from Richard did come in the morning — enclosed in a note to Blanche enjoining her to break the news that he was already on his way. 'He had left his lodgings in London at 10.30 the preceding evening (when I saw him at the theatre) and sailed at two o'clock from Southampton (when I saw him in my room).'

It would seem to be a typical and not very exciting instance of what psychological researchers term 'veridical hallucinations.' Isabel herself regarded it and all succeeding experiences quite matter-of-factly: 'I believe there is a strong sympathy between some people, so strong that, if they concentrate their minds on each other at a particular moment at the same time, and each wills strongly to be together, the will can produce this effect, though we do not yet understand how or why.'

It was a faint comfort to remember that the day before he left she had given him a miraculous medal to wear around his neck. But she did have Richard's farewell letter to wear around *her* neck — 'in a little bag. It assured me we should be reunited in 1859, as we were, on May 22 that year.'

(To be continued)

INVASION OF ENGLAND

BY W. L. WHITE

I

THE German High Command has prepared a detailed plan for the invasion of Britain, and has assembled men, ammunition, ships, and planes which can be launched whenever the weather permits. This much is beyond doubt. Reports trickling through from occupied France, Belgium, and Holland all agree that embarkation troops similar to those that seized Norway have been ceaselessly drilling all winter, just as the expedition to Norway was drilled during the winter of 1939-1940.

All of this — and much more — is confirmed by what the British intelligence experts see on the tremendously enlarged photographs from negatives brought back by their observation planes. Just as the Germans daily photograph the damage to London and British troop positions in the island, so the British know with deadly accuracy just what is going on in and behind the circle of 'invasion ports' which extends from State Cape in Norway down to Brest in occupied France. Germany has few secrets from these intelligence experts trained to study aerial photographs, comparing today's with those taken last week and the week before. Because of their reports the R. A. F. bombers this spring have practically abandoned long flights which late last year frequently took them over Berlin, Milan, or the Skoda works, and instead, night after night, have pounded the invasion ports, to produce those red glares in the sky which the British coast artillery observers watching from the

tops of the chalk cliffs see rising along the eastern horizon beyond the Channel.

There hasn't been an invasion attempt yet, although some months ago the American press carried a lurid story about German invasion barges' being blasted by British destroyers and finally burned by flaming oil poured on the waters. What probably happened was that a British Channel patrol came on a German detachment engaged in invasion drill off the coast of France — a routine in which men are embarked and the barges towed out to sea a dozen miles or so, after which, returning to France, they rehearse a surprise landing. The British took the detachment unawares during these innocent manoeuvres and may have drowned a few thousand Germans, but you can be sure that if a serious invasion attempt is made there will be no doubt about it.

If further evidence were needed, Americans returning from Berlin have reported that the German propaganda machine this winter was preparing the German people for the sacrifices involved in an invasion, just as in January 1940 it was explaining to the people that the war could only be ended with a German offensive which would be launched through Holland and Belgium in the spring, and that fighting would be over and the soldiers back home by August. During the past winter months both sides were accumulating reserves of planes. In September, October, and November, British pilots were agreed that

the *Luftwaffe* was all out against England — making its maximum sustained destructive effort, although its activity was curtailed by the gradual settling down of winter over British targets as well as German landing fields.

During December, January, and February, however, it was obvious to the British that the Germans had switched tactics. The raids lightened and there were sometimes several consecutive days in which sirens did not sound even in London. The weather accounted for only a part of this lull, British pilots were convinced. 'It wasn't bad enough to keep us down,' they would tell me, 'and when we were flying over France we could see that Jerry's flying fields were also clear.'

German winter raids were all at night, on a greatly reduced scale, and each served a specific purpose. London had only two important raids, and these were obviously experimental. On December 31, the Nazis concentrated a two-hour shower of incendiaries on the small City district, returning next day to photograph the result. About two weeks later they gave central London the shortest but most severe shower of high explosives it had received since the war began — omitting incendiaries entirely — and compared the photographic results.

Frequently during this period they would abandon London and concentrate all their force — as at Coventry — on a single small town. If their reports were accurate, they learned that such raids, though spectacular because they heavily damaged a small target, did no more actual damage to England than the same number of bombs spread out over fifty square miles of London. A few more than 300 people were killed at Coventry, which is the average score for London during a night raid. An important armament factory on the outskirts was hit, but its assembly line was moving again in thirty-six hours and production was completely normal within a week.

Most of these raids on other lesser

towns, however, like Liverpool, Manchester, Southampton, and so forth, were sized up by the British Air Force as practice and reconnaissance flights in preparation for invasion. Pilots whose ultimate mission it might be to tow gliders to or dump bombs on Manchester were being taught the way and given practice. These German pilots may also have learned much about the location of important groupings of British anti-aircraft artillery guarding various towns and military targets, and still more about the efficacy of various mixtures of incendiaries and high explosives of different calibres. But the experimental raids benefited the British hardly less. If Göring learned that a concentration of incendiaries can be used to burn off one and a half square miles of Coventry or two thirds of a square mile in London's City district, the British simultaneously discovered that their roof-watcher system was inadequate, and found that plenty of roof watchers is the complete answer to any number of incendiaries. Quickly they profited by this experience, and a few weeks later a German raid on a South Coast town which was planned on the Coventry formula was a complete failure.

But probably the principal purpose of the winter lull in Nazi bombing was to build up reserves of planes and particularly of trained pilots for a single smashing blow in the spring. Since September the British have killed or captured about 7750 German airmen while bringing down 3101 German planes over England. The British, in turn, have lost 851 of their own planes over England, from which they have managed to save 427 pilots.

These estimates of both British and German losses are probably a little low. In addition to the 3000 Nazi planes whose destruction is confirmed by the British, a number of others undoubtedly cracked up on the return trip while landing at their own fog-bound airdromes. Similar casualties to British home-bound

bombers may not be included in the casualty list admitted by the British, because their loss was not due to enemy action.

But on the whole it is fair to estimate that Germany, fighting an offensive air war over British territory, must be prepared to lose two or three planes and four or five pilots for every British plane and pilot shot down. The winter lull in the air war gave the *Luftwaffe* a chance to accumulate a large reserve of planes and trained pilots to fling into the spring air offensive. Is the reserve sufficient to crush England?

II

In the first place, we must remember that if the Nazis are to 'soften up' England for invasion they must return to daylight bombing, which is terribly expensive in planes and men, but necessary if British airdromes, rail centres, and military targets are to be destroyed. And the first objective will be the fighter planes and fighter airdromes of the R. A. F., which is defending them. It is theoretically possible to bomb hangars and mess halls and so pockmark a field with craters that planes can no longer land on it — except that I have never seen it done in England. I have seen many bomb craters on fighter landing fields — and I have also seen the ground crew come out with its shovels and steam rollers and have the whole place perfectly smooth within half an hour. I talked with a pilot whose airdrome had been attacked by fourteen bombers. They blasted two big hangars and killed half a dozen men. But they didn't get away. Anti-aircraft ground fire got two of them within sight of the field, and British fighter planes brought down the last of the remaining dozen when it was still five miles from the Channel coast. England isn't Poland, whose air force was caught and smashed in a surprise raid while it was still on the ground within an hour after the declaration of war. And it isn't France, where the pilots

carelessly left their planes conveniently moored in orderly close ranks, so that a single stick of bombs could blow the wings off twenty planes.

The best German tactic would probably be to try to crush the fighter squadrons of the R. A. F. by sheer weight of numbers, if, as is entirely possible, the *Luftwaffe* can bring these numbers to bear. The strategy would be to send over bombers at 20,000 feet covered by Messerschmitts at 30,000. The R. A. F. fighters usually are on patrol at 25,000 to 30,000 feet, and the Germans would attempt to use the bombers as bait to lure the British fighters into dogfights with the covering Messerschmitts.

According to this computation, if the British had 3000 fighter planes and the Germans attacked with 9000, the Nazis could sustain losses of two to one and at the end of a month's terrific fighting the R. A. F. would be wiped out and the Nazis would have 3000 fighters left, while Heinkels and Stukas would then be free to roam the length of the island encountering no greater hazard than barrage balloons and ground fire.

The trouble with this neat little equation is that it leaves out of account the fact that a German fighter plane operating over England has the same handicap as a British bomber attacking Berlin. The average modern fighting plane flying at 350 miles per hour or better consumes gas so rapidly that it can stay in the air only about an hour and a half. Then why not build planes with bigger gas tanks? It would be easy — but it would add to the weight, and for every extra gallon you must subtract something from speed and manoeuvrability in the air, so the equation is unbeatable.

That hour and a half in the air is spent somewhat as follows. It probably takes the German plane half an hour to take off from its inland airdrome in Holland or Belgium, gain altitude, and cross the Channel, throttled down to pace the slower-moving bombers it protects, until it reaches the target in central England.

Then it must allow for another half hour to get home and land. This means that it has only about half an hour's fighting time in the air over England.

By contrast the British fighter plane which meets it takes off from an airdrome near the target. It needs only to gain altitude before it can go into action, and can spend a full hour fighting in the air before it must land to refuel, while its German opponent can fight only half an hour before it must return to the continent to refill its tanks.

So, because of geography alone, a German fighter squadron attacking the R. A. F. over England would need to have twice as many planes as the defending force in order to equal it in fighting hours. But, if invasion is to succeed, the Nazis must do more than equal the striking power of the British fighter planes — they must overwhelm them and sweep them completely from British skies, and to do this might require not a mere two-to-one numerical superiority, but four or six to one.

For invasion can only be achieved if British fighter protection can be completely removed, in the invasion's first phase, so that German bombers can then swarm safely over England in broad daylight and at low altitudes, thus attaining the accuracy which would enable them to blast rail centres and paralyze transport, preventing the British from moving their army quickly about the island to repel the main landing attempt which must come by sea.

But before we go into this third phase of the German invasion strategy, the High Command has in readiness another weapon which could be used to immobilize Britain. Neutral observers in Germany report that the Nazis have 28,000 troops carrying gliders, each capable of holding fourteen men. Two of these gliders can be towed behind a single bomber, and Americans traveling through central Germany have watched from train windows as the operators practised landing and taking off with full loads. The prin-

cipal value of the gliders is that they make no noise. Also, they can be quickly and cheaply manufactured.

Taking off from continental airfields at night, they can be towed across the Channel and cut adrift while they are still forty or fifty miles from the target. They would then float silently toward it, with no telltale propeller noise or exhaust flames to betray them to the defending anti-aircraft fire. Of course such lightly armed troops could not long survive in a country as heavily armed as England is today, but their function would be to destroy railroad yards, dynamite bridges, and disrupt communications, supplementing the work of the daylight bombers in immobilizing England in preparation for the third and final phase of the attack, which would be the landing by sea.

III

As we have seen, the success of these first and second phases of the German attack depends on air superiority so crushing that the R. A. F. will be annihilated on its home ground. Just how great is the German superiority? British production, in spite of winter bombing, is at least 1500 planes a month. To this can be added American production, which could be an appreciable factor by late spring or summer, but which during the fall and winter consisted of only about 200 planes a month, many of them obsolete in design and fire power.

Now for the German striking power. While armchair computers put German production as high as 5000 planes a month, neutral observers in Berlin agree that Nazi factories are probably turning out between 2500 and 3000 a month. If we take the higher of these last two figures and compare it with England's monthly 1500, we find the Nazis have that two-to-one ratio which would give them only equality in the air over England and not crushing superiority. If, however, German production during the winter has been 5000 planes a month,

the Nazis would have a good chance — but not a certainty — of being able to annihilate the R. A. F. and so complete the first and second phases of the attack.

No British military expert denies that the Germans can make a landing — or even half a dozen — in a single night. It's a simple matter to shove ashore, under cover of night, bargeloads of ten or fifteen thousand men at various places along the coast from Scotland to Kent or Cornwall — not forgetting Ireland. But then, according to the British, the fun really begins. Because a successful infantry landing at any point must be supported by further landings of tanks and artillery and maintained by a constantly flowing supply of reinforcements, food, and munitions, in order to equal the British force that will confront it within a few hours.

And within these same few hours the British sea patrols will have discovered the landing, and a screen of destroyers and corvettes will cut off all further communication with the continent. For if British sea power, in spite of German air power, E-boats, and submarines, was sufficient to cover the withdrawal of 300,000 men from Dunkirk last summer, why shouldn't it now be equal to the simpler task of smashing German water communications, particularly if the Germans prudently avoid the heavily fortified Dover area and attempt to maintain a bridgehead at some other point which will require longer sea lines of communication?

Of course, the smaller ships of the British Navy which bore the brunt of Dunkirk took heavy punishment; but repairs, plus American reinforcements, long ago enabled them to recover their original position, which is now much improved by the addition of newly constructed small fighting ships under the naval construction program.

The Germans, however, if they make the attempt, will count on surprise in strategy and probably in weapons as well. In particular we cannot overlook

the torpedo bomber. It drops into the sea what is practically a standard-type naval torpedo, complete with motor and gyroscopic automatic steering apparatus. The plane which drops it is not vulnerable to depth charges, as is any submarine which comes within torpedo range of a fighting ship. It is also less vulnerable to well-directed anti-aircraft gunfire than the dive bomber, since it need not come directly down on its target, but can drop its torpedo at a comparatively safe distance and then veer off. The Germans are reported to have used it once last year with spectacular success against a convoy of British merchantmen, and then to have stored it for future surprise use. The British used it more recently, and with even more spectacular success, against the Italian cruisers in Taranto Harbor.

The torpedo bomber is undoubtedly deadly against large, slow-maneuvring targets like cruisers and merchantmen. How effective can it be against the swarm of slim, agile destroyers and corvettes which the British would throw into the Channel to break up a German sea landing? How many flies have you ever killed by throwing rocks?

IV

So invasion by sea would seem possible only after the Nazis had achieved a completely crushing air victory over the island, annihilating British fighter squadrons so that Stukas and Heinkels could roam the country at will and by day, selectively destroying not only inland communications but also the great ports on which the British fleet is based, rendering it as completely immobilized as the railway system, by which time the actual landing on the beaches would be practically a mopping-up operation.

Whether or not the entire scheme would be launched no man — probably not even the German High Command — could predict this spring. But the invasion force has been in readiness since

midwinter. Sources close to the Royal Air Force, which constantly conducted both bombing and reconnaissance raids on the invasion ports this winter, — and they are very well informed, — seriously anticipated that it might be launched last Christmas under cover of fog.

Later, however, it became plain that the High Command's strategists were delaying it for clear weather. German intelligence operators in the Western Hemisphere — remember that Europe gets our American weather when we are through with it — were being drilled into a weather-reporting organization that could send in reports on which long-range forecasts might be based. Very obviously the Germans were going to launch their air drive at the moment when these reports indicated a long period of clear flying weather in prospect. That moment might be delayed until May, the month in which the Nazis launched their combined air and land drive down through the Low Countries toward France.

Yet, once the drive was started, not even the High Command could be sure that the plan would ever unfold in regular stages to the final landing of barges. The only certainty was that England was in for a terrific air pounding, after which no one could be sure that the Nazis, reviewing air photographs of their work, would pronounce the island finally ripe for a landing.

All winter and during part of the spring, air activity over England was light — the Germans obviously saving both planes and pilots to build a reserve which could be flung against England. Yet this semi-truce in the air also enabled England to build reserves to meet it, and British war industries came through the winter almost intact from bomb damage.

Even with these mighty reserves poised for the blow, the Germans seemed

to have only a 40 per cent chance of climaxing their spring drive with a successful invasion. Yet was this a stupid gamble? Suppose they risked 20,000 planes and 500,000 men with chances 60 per cent against success — what was this compared with the whole British Empire which might be won in a few weeks?

And even if the attempt to paralyze Britain from the air failed to sweep the R. A. F. from the skies and prepare for a landing, yet it was clear that terrible damage would be inflicted on England.

But it was also clear that if the attack failed, and the *Luftwaffe* were forced finally to retreat to night raids, the damage to the German air power would be even greater. Germany's losses in a spring drive could be closely estimated from the terrible punishment inflicted on the *Luftwaffe* during the daylight raids last fall, when Göring sacrificed two or three planes (on some days the number was five) for every British plane shot down. Still heavier would be the loss of German pilots, as the British estimated that the 'all-out' daylight bombings of London last September and October cost the Germans a major part of their most highly trained pilots before the *Luftwaffe* retreated into the darkness.

So it is not so strange that the British welcome the invasion attempt. The better-informed ones realize that German chances of success are not fantastically small, but they welcome the test because, in spite of the ordeal ahead for England, they know that a failure would be as costly for the German *Luftwaffe* in planes, personnel, and morale as the retreat from Moscow was to the Grand Army. But most of all the British, since they are sure it is coming, would like to get it over and done with, and see it for better or worse as a turning point in the war.

WINANT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

I

Two weeks before John Gilbert Winant went to England as our Ambassador he flew to Concord, New Hampshire, to address 'the largest crowd to assemble in Representative Hall within memory, estimated at one thousand persons.' Half of these persons were New Hampshire legislators; the other half were friends and neighbors — with a sprinkling of enemies, too — from all over the state, who had come to hear his farewell address.

The man who had three times been their Governor told them: 'No compliment you could have paid me could mean more to me than to meet with you in these Legislative Halls before leaving for England. . . . It was here that I learned, in the years of the depression, that the social and economic problems that *we* faced reach beyond state lines and across national frontiers. It was because I understood that, and because I realized that security, a stabilized economy, and peace were essential to the happiness of all people everywhere, that whether in Washington or in Europe I felt that I was still working for you here at home.'

A few days before 'Gil' Winant, as his friends still call him, took off on the Clipper for Lisbon, I saw him in New York. He talked about the difficult job ahead, of England's 'fight for life,' of the fate of democracy in Europe, but every theme somehow seemed to lead his mind back to New Hampshire. You could see that the years there were what had really moulded

him, crystallized his political ideas, developed his talents, marked his limitations — and given him his tenacious convictions.

There has been a lot of speculation about what manner of man we have sent as Ambassador to England. The place to find out is in New Hampshire — from friends, enemies, co-workers, and neighbors.

John Gilbert Winant was born in New York City fifty-two years ago, the son of a well-to-do New York family which had made its money in real estate. His father sent him to St. Paul's School in Concord at the age of fourteen. From St. Paul's he went to Princeton, but did not graduate. (The University gave him an honorary M. A. degree thirteen years later when he became Governor of New Hampshire.) At college his preoccupation was with American history and politics, and most newspaper readers now know that he formed a Bull Moose club in college and actively campaigned for T. R. in 1912. His progressive views were too much for his father, who is said to have told the future Ambassador that henceforth he was on his own. Gil returned to St. Paul's to teach history and to serve a first term as Representative of his district in the New Hampshire Legislature.

Sometime before the United States entered World War I, Winant got himself trained as a pilot. Then he went to a friend. 'I now have twenty-five flying hours under my belt,' he said. 'I am

going into the war. Here is all the money I have — please settle my affairs for me if I don't come back.' When he left, the friend found that most of the money John Winant owed was for milk, which he'd been buying for impoverished families in the town of Concord.

The public has now been told many times how Winant rose from private to captain in the air corps, and was cited for gallantry under fire. He returned to New Hampshire in 1919 to plunge into politics in earnest. But his aspirations were viewed with intense skepticism by those 'in the know.'

His debit sheet was drawn up this way: 'He's a schoolmaster, a bookworm, a New Yorker, and now he has married an heiress from Princeton.' (Winant had married his boyhood friend, Constance Rivington Russell of Princeton, New Jersey, in 1919.) Added to these disqualifications, he was a 'progressive,' and Senator George Moses was soon to remark, 'That young cock of a schoolmaster had better watch out or he's going to get his wings clipped.'

In spite of the cold political climate of the Granite State, John Winant was undismayed, and Ben Orr, a man wise in the ways of state politics and a friend of Winant, gives the following account of how he plunged.

'He showed up one day at my back door,' Ben Orr recalls, 'tall, stuttering, and embarrassed. I didn't know John Winant at the time, but I'd heard of him. "My name's Winant," he began. "I want to run for State Senator from the ninth district." "All right," I said, grinning at him, "come in. Let's talk."

'We did talk, and finally I said, "There's a farmers' meeting over at Contoocook tomorrow. You might start there." "Fine," said John. So we both drove to Contoocook the next morning. The farmers, of course, didn't know him, and they said, "Why, Ben, we've got our man already picked." "Well, talk to him anyway," I said. So they talked to

John Winant and he talked to them. The more they talked, the more that other candidate lost out. By the end of the meeting they'd switched to Winant. After that John moved on to the next town and did the same thing.'

But there weren't meetings enough in New Hampshire to catch most of John Winant's future constituents. So he knocked on doors, talked to prospective voters in cornfields, stopped at the corner grocery. Orr recalls Winant's spotting a railroad section gang at work as they drove along. Winant got out of the car and walked over. The men looked up from their shovels. 'Hello.' 'Hello.' Then they once-overed each other during a long pause. 'My name's Winant,' he began in his embarrassed way; 'I'm running for State Senator.'

'You be, huh? Well, what do you aim to do?'

Gil would tell them. He always told them, chapter and verse, what he stood for, never asked straight out for a vote. Someone would say, 'That ain't right,' or 'I believe like that too.'

'Well, thanks,' Gil would say. 'I just thought I'd stop by and tell you.'

In that election he carried every town in the district except the one where his opponent lived — which he had never visited.

'My, what a terrible speaker he was in those days,' a New Hampshire woman told me recently. 'I heard his last speech the other day [Winant's valedictory to the New Hampshire Legislature]. It was good. But you know,' she continued, 'I believe that's one reason — his serious, hesitating way — that we voted for him. We got so tense sitting on the edge of our chairs, praying for him to find the next word, that we got to wanting him to win. And when he did speak out we knew he meant it, and wasn't trying to fool us.'

In New Hampshire there's a whole saga about those early earnest tongue-tied speeches. At one rally in a tiny upstate town it is said he didn't utter a

word for a full minute — and his wife fainted.

'But how could he win their votes?' I asked Orr.

'People thought he was honest,' he answered, 'and he was.'

II

The physical appearance of John Winant and most of his personal idiosyncrasies have now been publicized to the nation, if not to the world. He is a tall, crag-like man with features that seem to have been cut sharply out of New Hampshire granite. Most of the time when he is at work in his office or receiving a visitor, he vigorously strides up and down with his head sunk forward so that the black stray forelock usually gets in his eyes. He invariably speaks in a low, earnest voice, punctuated by long pauses in which he thinks and strides — and he gives the impression of being more interested in *your* problems than in his own.

He looks harassed, though, because he has probably been working all night, and he doesn't take vacations. When he was running for Governor, the late Charles W. Eliot sent for him. 'I have some very serious advice to give you,' he said. 'You work too hard. Everyone says so. Work is one of the great gifts, but it can be overdone. . . . I sent for you to say this.' Winant's co-workers, whom he drives as hard as himself, say the advice was lost.

In addition to this bundle of personal traits, which are as true today as they were in the early twenties, the nation has been told by innumerable radio commentators that their new Ambassador wears wilted shirts with frayed cuffs and usually unpressed trousers. That's true, too. A week before Mrs. Winant took the Clipper to join her husband in England, his mother called her up. She had been listening to a broadcast about her son. 'Hasn't he got any fresh shirts?' she asked. 'He has plenty,' the Ambassa-

dor's wife answered, 'but you know — he forgets. I don't think we can do anything about it.'

Most of the things John Winant does, as well as the things he neglects to do, spring in the last accounting from the same impulse at the core of him — his liking for people. He likes them as individuals and he likes them in the mass. 'He really does, all kinds of humans,' as one of his bitterest critics said to me; 'I'll say that for him. He'd rather sit and talk to some no-account person than go about his business. And of course anybody could see him when he was Governor — especially if the fellow had a hard-luck story instead of an appointment. Those of us who had appointments cooled our heels outside his office for hours.'

The governor's strange attitude about money — not public money — was also a trait that both embittered and won people to him. He set out one day for the railroad station to attend an important conference in New York. On the way he met a woman who had been a scrub-woman at St. Paul's School. She told him she was out of a job and her children were sick. So he put his hand in his pocket and gave her what was there. It was a fistful of bills. But when he reached the station he had no cash for his ticket, and he had to borrow it from a stranger. 'You had to watch out,' sober-minded citizens of Concord will tell you, 'if the Governor asked you to lunch. Most likely you'd have to lend him the price of it.'

After John Winant made a small fortune of his own through varied business investments, — which later the depression of 1930 wiped out, — his range of personal benefactions widened. He would pay his friends' hospital bills if they were down on their luck, or send their sons through college. Years ago, riding through Texas, where he had some oil wells, he picked up a hitch-hiking youngster. The boy told John Winant the story of his life, and before the ride was

over the Governor agreed to send him through college — which he did.

That sort of thing New Hampshire citizens — though it startles them — like in John Winant. But the faces of Concord business men grow grave when they recount how many times the Governor lost his 'shirt' on investments. 'A poor business man,' they summarize. Others explain his losses a little differently. They say the trouble was that he made investments with mixed motives: for instance, (1) to make money, as any business man would; (2) to help develop an industry that was good for New Hampshire; (3) to help John Doe, or his brother, or his sister, to get a job. A case in point: he invested rather heavily in a New Hampshire road construction company, which in a couple of years went bankrupt; he didn't mourn long, but said to his partner, 'Well, anyway we did build some swell roads, didn't we?' Main Street in Concord submits that's not a normal business man's reaction to bankruptcy — and adds that it was not his partner's.

I make this slight digression into Mr. Winant's business affairs, which continued in reverse all during the time he was going forward politically, because it's not in the Gil Winant tradition to conceal from the public anything that's true. That tradition, I should add, is one of the reasons why New Hampshire people — who have a kind of religious feeling about truth-telling — have always supported him, *with or without his shirt*.

The thing, however, that puzzles hard-headed and successful New Hampshire executives is this — though they will eagerly admit that it's true: John Winant's three administrations were distinguished for fiscal reform and the installation of the most up-to-date budget system of any state in the Union. Further, the Governor insisted on meticulously regulated and economical expenditure of the public monies even during the depression years.

'How do you explain that,' they say, 'of a man who can't keep fifty cents in his pocket for lunch?'

III

The frayed shirt and hesitant speech, the careless generosity, the devotion to public duty, and the Lincoln-esque frame and face are all legitimate touches in any rounded portrait of John Winant, but, oddly enough, just as intimate a picture can be drawn from Republican Party campaign documents, or out of the public statute books of the State of New Hampshire.

Winant's first run for Governor still lingers vividly in New Hampshire memories. He was thirty-five when he began the campaign, not quite thirty-six when he became the youngest Governor in the United States. He licked Colonel Frank Knox (then owner of the state's largest newspaper, now Secretary of the Navy), bucked the New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association, which had denounced the two progressive planks in his platform — ratification of the Child Labor amendment, and the 48-hour law for New Hampshire.

The young campaigner hadn't the technique of diction or phrasemaking of an F. D. R., but he made up for it by his terrible earnestness and his appeal to facts. Challenged on his progressive views by Old Guard Republicans, he remarked that he had learned his Republicanism from the founders of the party, who taught that human rights must be placed ahead of property rights.

Characteristically, in the inaugural message of his second administration, after proposing certain measures for the relief of 'distress and want,' he quietly urged reliance on 'undramatic and unselfish effort, combined with hard work,' rather than on 'panaceas.' He drew a picture of economic breakdown and unemployment (1931) by quoting an unemotional and objective report of the Russell Sage Foundation; he devoted a

third of his speech to budgetary reform of the state's finances; he urged coöperative marketing for the farmers; he warned against public utilities that were 'leaving New Hampshire investors with watered stock in an outside company.' All this — in tone as well as in substance — was stuff which the common people of the Granite State could understand, and approve.

A month ago I thumbed through the *Public Laws of New Hampshire* enacted during the Winant administrations. Taken together, they reveal a kind of Little New Deal of basic social legislation enacted months, sometimes years before similar measures were passed by the Federal Government for the nation as a whole. A sort of politico-economic foresight is as much a Winant trait as disheveled hair.

Here are a few of the laws in New Hampshire's forehanded New Deal: —

(1) Old age assistance, a modest anticipation of federal old-age legislation.

(2) Minimum wage regulation, an embryonic forerunner of the NRA codes and the Wage and Hour Law.

(3) Budget and accounting stabilization. There is no good federal analogy. Commenting on it after eighteen months' operation in 1931, Governor Winant said to the Legislature: 'The whole plan is designed to prevent the state from getting into financial difficulties by stopping the leaks before they occur.' He noted that New Hampshire had not only managed to live within the amount of its income, but also wiped out a small deficit and accumulated a surplus.

(4) An act to provide for the emergency relief of distress. This both established the principle of centralized relief and enabled the state government to help out distressed towns and counties.

(5) Early in the depression, legislation designed to prevent foreclosures on farms and factory workers' homes.

(6) Finally, the 'Act for the Relief of Towns,' in its working out a kind of cross between the RFC and the PWA.

Here's a dramatic example. The largest paper company in New Hampshire is the Brown Paper Company in the thriving city of Berlin. At the depth of the depression the Brown Company shut down; it hadn't the resources to pay its loggers, and Berlin became a ghost city of unemployment and destitution. At that point the Governor stepped in. He put the state's credit — which was excellent — behind the city of Berlin. Berlin borrowed money, paid the unemployed Brown workers to haul logs out of the woods, retained a lien on the logs as they were dumped at the company's door. Promptly the paper company started operations again, reemployed its own men, and paid the city back. This ingenious plan cost the State Treasurer nothing beyond his signature.

Then, under Winant's pressure, the Legislature passed a series of 'enabling acts' early in 1933 in order that New Hampshire might be the first state to receive federal money under New Deal legislation.

After eight years of precedent-breaking social legislation by the Federal Government, New Hampshire's Little New Deal may look modest to the reader. But remember, Winant's New Deal was enacted nearly ten years ago — and in New Hampshire.

IV

Campaigning for his second term as Governor in 1931, in the tiny town of Gossville, John Winant was introduced by the local innkeeper as the future President of the United States. He hesitated, looked embarrassed. 'It'll take him half an hour to warm up after that,' his wife whispered to a friend. It did. Those words of the Gossville innkeeper were the first breath of a 'Winant for President' boom or boomlet, which was to roll up in 1932 and early 1933 with Young Republican clubs in the Middle West, the *New York Herald Tribune*, *Collier's*, and *Time* hailing him as the Lincoln-esque white hope of the Repub-

lican Party. The boom talk died quietly in the spring and summer of 1933, as Governor Winant expressed open sympathy for the early reforms of the New Deal. Not only did his chances for the Republican candidacy die, but in 1935, after he accepted the Chairmanship of the Social Security Board from Roosevelt, New Hampshire's Old Guard denounced him bitterly for having sold them down the river.

Today, looking back upon the turbulent thirties, — admittedly with the wisdom of hindsight, — it is hard to see how he could have made himself a standard bearer of the Landon-minded Republican Party in 1936. (He might have led a Willkie-minded one in 1940.) He had fought for much of the social legislation in New Hampshire which later — when applied nationally — was to acquire the New Deal label. Instinctively he welcomed its extension to the whole American people.

His own summary of the five years from 1935 to 1940 is succinct and characteristic: 'In 1935 I felt that peace was the prime issue before the peoples of the world. For this reason I went to work with the International Labor Office at Geneva. I returned for a brief period to help organize Social Security in this country because I believed that if democracy in the United States was to continue to function it must rest on a fairer social basis. These five years have convinced me that neither peace nor political democracy has been sufficiently identified with the welfare of the common man.'

The job of organizing the Social Security system, with its 40 million clients, appealed to him (1) because he believed in the principle, (2) because it was a gigantic job of *public* administration. Characteristically, he spent several months in Europe meticulously studying the systems of other countries before he returned to launch our own. Characteristically, he saved the government several million dollars of administrative ex-

penses appropriated for registration by having the job done in the post offices. That was a simple administrative idea, but no one else seems to have thought of it.

It was in the job as Director of the International Labor Office at Geneva, however, with a kind of roving commission to observe economic conditions in all countries, that he prepared himself — though unwittingly — for his present appointment. His dominant passion for talking to people — 'especially people who have no appointment with him,' his New Hampshire critic would insist — had the fullest scope. He met a good many people by appointment too, including Ernest Bevin, Anthony Eden, and Lord Halifax. Before the war he visited nearly every European country, and he talked casually and met in conference workers, farmers, employers — convinced himself, he told me, that the deepest aspiration of the common people of Europe was for 'peace and security.' After the *Blitzkrieg* he saw those aspirations crushed.

When the Nazis occupied Sudetenland, he flew to Prague and witnessed with his own eyes the crushing of the Republic. In France, he saw the endless stream of helpless refugees and the demoralized armies of the Republic. When I talked to him a month ago he said: 'All the things you and I believe in, and America stands for, are being wiped out in every country Hitler conquers.' 'What things?' I asked. He repeated them slowly and sadly as if he were talking about dead friends: 'I mean basic democratic rights — the right of free speech, the right to assemble peaceably, the right of the free press, habeas corpus, the right of a man to his own body, trial by jury, the right of a man to worship according to his own conscience.'

But John Winant has also been observing with the administrative side of his mind, and meticulously in the last year, the complex problem of how demo-

cratic nations are to arm themselves for modern warfare without losing the democratic rights they are fighting to defend — which is a problem both America and England must solve if the war is to be worth its human and economic cost. My guess is that one of John Winant's jobs as Ambassador will be to report back on how successful England has been in solving that problem.

V

Out of this brief summary of John Winant's career, I believe three traits emerge as assets of political character: (1) love — and understanding — of the people, which trait, as I have already indicated, may under certain circumstances be a liability; (2) a practical talent in administration; (3) uncanny and unceasing political foresight. These are not the ordinary qualifications one looks for in an ambassador. But since the situation at the Court of St. James's is today in all respects out of the ordinary, it may be guessed that is why the President picked an unconventional, and in many ways an extraordinary, ambassador.

The third characteristic, his politico-economic foresight, may well prove — if democracy survives at all from the war — the most useful of all. Significantly, Winant was among the first to recognize the true menace of National Socialism to our own republican institutions — a long time ago. When others were laughing at the little man with the Charlie Chaplin moustache, John Winant was not laughing. He was indignantly refusing — five years ago — passage to Europe on a Nazi steamship. When the American public was depreciating World War II, Winant was insisting it was not a 'phony.' And today, when most of us find it hard to think beyond the daily broadcast,

Winant is saying it is none too early to begin building for the peace to follow the war. The common people of all nations have got to win that peace as well as this war. One reason why he worked so hard to keep the International Labor Office afloat in a war-torn world, he told me, was that he saw it as a fact-finding and planning instrument for a democratic people's peace after the war was over.

The job he is now tackling will certainly test his granite endurance and his powers, as it would test any man's. He has plenty of human limitations, but lack of courage in the face of difficulties — both his friends and his enemies will eagerly testify — is not one of them. He works best when the going is tough. It was tough during the depression when he was fighting hunger and distress in New Hampshire, and fighting it with success. It will be even tougher over the next few months in a beleaguered England.

There is one passage from Theodore Roosevelt that Winant is fond of quoting, and I dare say it is now in his thoughts: 'It is not the critic who counts, not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions, and spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement; and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly; so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat.'

That is a fair statement of John Winant's philosophy.

LABOR AND THE WAR

BY SUMNER H. SLICHTER

LABOR shares with other groups in the community profound confusion concerning our relation to the war. Is it our war? Are we already in it? If not, should we get in it? Is aid to Britain a way of getting in the war or of keeping out of it? Labor is strongly against Hitler, probably more so than any group in the community, and wishes Britain to defeat him. Nevertheless, labor does not regard Hitler as sufficiently dangerous to warrant our fighting him. Consequently, labor simultaneously passes vigorous denunciations of Hitler and equally emphatic resolutions against our participation in the war. And yet labor, like the rest of the nation, would probably resent having our policy described as 'fighting until the last Englishman.'

Up to the present, the defense program has meant sacrifice to virtually no one except some draftees and national guardsmen. Income from agricultural marketings is running about 8 per cent above a year ago. Corporate profits, though still low, are about 11 per cent above 1939. Labor has gained along with other parts of the community. Between July 1940, when the defense program started, and the first of the year, over 1.6 million of the unemployed went to work. Weekly earnings in manufacturing between July and December increased 7.3 per cent and payrolls advanced 25 per cent. In the meantime, the cost of living increased only about one half of one per cent.

Not only has the defense program up to now (March 28) meant sacrifice only

to few, but labor is not convinced that defense and aid to Britain will require general sacrifice. This is shown by the fact that both the A. F. of L. and the CIO have published analyses purporting to prove that, in view of the large number of unemployed, the defense program can be executed without encroaching upon living standards. These analyses indicate, of course, that labor has little conception of the enormous obligations the country is undertaking; and the rest of the community, for the most part, has no better conception. The doubts of labor and the community concerning our relationship to the war, and the all but universal ignorance of the enormous task the country is starting, help to explain the attitude of both labor and the public toward many defense issues.

I

The best way to approach the labor issues raised by the defense program is to ask whether the program can be accomplished without general sacrifice. Can we have 'guns and butter'? If we really propose to give Britain enough goods to assure her winning we are entering a production race with most of the continent of Europe. Germany is already believed to be producing about 3000 planes a month, at least twice the British production. If Britain is to obtain a large margin of air superiority, the plane production which the United States is now planning for 1942 will have to be greatly increased and most of the

output will have to go to the British. The 200 ships that we propose to build for the British are admittedly only a starter. Since last June the Germans have been sinking ships three times as fast as we are equipped to build them. It is unfortunate that the government has not been frank in telling the public the obligations which our foreign policy involves. The President asked for 11 billion dollars for armaments in the 1941-1942 budget, but the actual expenditures, including arms and ships for the British, are likely to be above 15 billion or 16 billion dollars in that year. If the war continues into 1943, armament expenditures in the budget for 1942-1943 will probably exceed 25 billion dollars.

Believers in guns and butter usually measure idle productive capacity by the number of unemployed. The Census indicates that the number has been greatly overestimated. According to the Census, there were about 9 million unemployed at the end of March 1940. This means that when the defense program started last July there were about 8.3 million out of work — as against 10.2 million estimated by the A. F. of L. and 11.3 million by the CIO. Probably one million or more of the unemployed were really unemployable, or at least not suited for factory work. Tests show that many of them have a very low hand-and-finger dexterity, and some of them have such a low mentality that they cannot pass a test fitting irregular shapes into holes. By January 1942, the growth of population will give us 900,000 more job seekers than in July 1940. The army and navy, however, will require about 1.5 million more men than in July 1940, leaving 6.7 million available to raise the national output above July 1940.

If we may assume that each of the 6.7 million possesses average competency and could produce \$1800 worth of goods a year (the average output per worker in non-agricultural industries), full employment would add about 12.1 billion

dollars' worth to the annual product. Perhaps an additional 5 per cent gain could be obtained by increasing working hours, because many plants in July 1940 were operating less than 40 hours per week. Such a gain would increase the annual output by 4.2 billion dollars, a total gain of 16.3 billion. This is little above the rate at which we shall be producing armaments next January. Any further increase in the output of armaments or in the army and navy would have to be made up by higher managerial and labor efficiency, by technological progress, by drawing people who are not job seekers into the working population, by working longer hours, or by accepting a lower standard of living.

The conflict between guns and butter will become acute long before there has been complete absorption of labor. Indeed, it is beginning to become acute in March 1941, when 6 million men are still out of work. The difficulty is that the defense demand is not spread evenly over all branches of industry. It is concentrated in the main upon the durable-equipment industries. In 1929, their biggest year, these industries produced 14.8 billion dollars' worth of goods — about 17.4 billion at present prices. If our government and the British were to buy 15 billion dollars' worth of armaments here in the fiscal year 1941-1942, they would be attempting to buy almost as much as the entire country spent for equipment in 1929. It would be equivalent suddenly to demanding the entire output of three automobile industries each as large as our present one. Obviously such a great production of defense goods cannot be accomplished without forcing drastic curtailment in the output of many forms of non-defense goods.

True, the capacity of many plants can be greatly increased by training workers and adding second and third shifts. Furthermore, there are many sleepily managed small family concerns around the country which could greatly increase output if compelled to do so by large

orders with early delivery dates. The direct labor needs of the defense program will require that the number of skilled men in the metalworking industries be roughly doubled. Even this estimate assumes great economies in the use of skilled labor. Finally, it must be remembered that there are many points where defense output is limited not by lack of trained men but by lack of plant and equipment. Hence the demands of the program upon our capacity to produce are considerably greater than figures of proposed defense output indicate, because these demands include new buildings and equipment needed to produce defense goods.

II

In Germany there is a 10-hour day throughout the armament industry, but England, according to the *London Economist*, has found 55 hours the optimum working week. In the United States the Fair Labor Standards Act requires that time and a half be paid after 40 hours a week to most employees in interstate commerce. This is equivalent to a 50 per cent tax on all employment after 40 hours a week. Even though the extra money goes to the workman rather than to the government, from the standpoint of employers it is a tax. The law was passed at the time of great unemployment, and one of its purposes was to force the spreading of work. Obviously a law designed to deal with labor surpluses may not be suitable for a period of labor shortages.

There seems no doubt that the penalty overtime rates imposed by the Fair Labor Standards Act are having their intended effect of limiting hours of work. To that extent, of course, they retard the output of defense goods — except where output is limited by shortage of raw materials. In most defense industries, plants have not been operating more than five days a week. The principal exceptions are machine tools, where the working week in December 1940 was

50.6 hours, and the aircraft industries, where it was 44.6 hours. In December 1940, the working week in hardware and small parts was 43.3 hours; in heavy equipment, 42.7; and in electrical manufacturing, 42.8 hours. Moreover, in a large proportion of defense plants, particularly the metal trades, the shortage of men limited operation to one full shift and one skeleton shift. Mr. Knudsen recognized the retarding effect of the overtime rule when he said to the National Association of Manufacturers last December: 'We have cut 20 per cent off our machine time. Can we afford to do this? Cannot we stop this blackout, this lack of production from Friday to Monday, and get more use out of our equipment?'

Should the Fair Labor Standards Act be amended to make possible 48 hours per week at straight time for, say, two years? Many people will say that the answer to this question is obviously 'Yes.' And yet the case against amendment is a strong one. The tendency of the Act to retard defense output on new contracts can be overcome in large measure by setting delivery dates so early that employers must include a large number of overtime hours in figuring their costs and prices. You reply that this is unfair to the taxpayer. The extra cost to the taxpayer, however, may be very moderate, because the large weekly earnings produced by overtime work help employers to attract or hold men with little increase in hourly rates. The more moderate the rise in wage rates, the easier will be the ultimate problem of adjusting our economy to peacetime production. The taxpayer can afford to pay a little more for armaments now if thereby the return to peacetime production will be facilitated.

The real test of the Fair Labor Standards Act will come (probably early in 1942) when employment on defense production can expand only by reducing employment in many non-defense industries. Then we shall be squarely faced with the problem of whether to accept a

lower standard of living in order to avoid amending the Fair Labor Standards Act. By 1943, when defense output is about 25 billion dollars, the sacrifice in living standards necessary to avoid amending the Act will be quite pronounced. Of course, to a limited extent a drop in living standards might be escaped by drawing into industry persons who have not previously been job seekers. The great advantage in accepting a lower standard of living is that the shortages of goods thereby accumulated would make easier the ultimate transition from a defense to a non-defense economy. Whether the shift is really facilitated, however, will depend upon whether the government is willing to limit demand sufficiently to prevent shortages of goods from producing a broad rise in prices. Such a rise would undo the good effect of the Act in creating shortages of goods. Consequently, whether or not the Act should be amended boils down to whether the government is prepared to limit consumer demand drastically by heavier taxes and by sales of bonds to real savers.

The proposal to amend the Fair Labor Standards Act for the period of the emergency has provoked much loose talk about preserving 'social gains.' No one seems to ask what is a social gain or whether leisure is necessarily more important than goods. In times of national peril do not goods rise in importance and leisure decline? In so far as the Fair Labor Standards Act compels us to accept leisure when we would prefer goods, it prevents our achieving a social gain. The case against amendments of the Act is not that leisure is more important than goods, but rather that some present sacrifice of living standards may be desirable in order to mitigate the difficulties of returning to a peacetime economy.

III

The great rise in business activity associated with the defense program will produce numerous demands for wage in-

creases. To some extent these will be stimulated by the belief that business enterprises are about to make huge profits from the defense program. Some labor leaders attempt no justification of wage demands. They simply say: 'This is our opportunity and we are going to make a killing.' Other leaders take a long-run view of the wage problem. They realize that large increases now will aggravate the ultimate problem of returning to a peacetime economy. A high national union official recently said to me: 'What the deuce is the gain in getting a dollar increase in wages and paying a dollar and a half increase in the cost of living? There is always a hereafter. Wages that go up like the devil are usually those that come down like a punctured balloon.'

What should be done about wages? Does the United States need a national wage policy? If so, what should be its contents and how should it be made? Some increases in wages will be needed to attract men into the defense industries. The jobs there will be temporary, and in many cases the cost of living will be high — especially for men who work in towns where housing is so scarce that they must leave their families behind and room. Wage increases which are not necessary to attract men into the defense industries should in general be made only when justified by higher productivity. In some industries the defense program will produce a drop in profits. In many industries profits will advance, but for industry as a whole profits in 1941 will be little, if any, above 1940. Some concerns, such as many railroads and railroad equipment companies and some steel companies, have made little or no money in ten years. Indeed, it must be remembered that at the beginning of the defense program profits were abnormally low — so low, in fact, that full employment was impossible. In 1939, for example, when industrial production was 15 per cent above 1926, corporate profits were less than half of 1926. In 1926,

three out of five corporations made money. In 1937, the latest year of complete figures when profits were considerably higher than in 1939, only two out of five corporations made money and the net income of all corporations was only 3.57 per cent of their sales as against 6.38 per cent in 1926. In 1939, the hourly earnings of factory workers reached an all-time high — 22 per cent above the boom year 1929, despite the fact that the cost of living was over 15 per cent below 1929. Profits, however, were 64 per cent below 1929.

It must be remembered also that rises in profits created by the defense program will, in considerable measure, be temporary. This does not mean that labor should not share in the profits, but it is obvious that profits resting upon such a temporary foundation are not a satisfactory basis for permanent advances in wage rates. Labor's share in temporary profits should take the form of temporary bonuses. Advances in permanent wage rates should be limited by the technological progress of industry. Otherwise the end of the defense program will bring cost-price relationships even more unfavorable to employment than those which existed before July 1940.

The problem of wage policy is intimately related to the problem of 'guns and butter.' If defense production is so large as to restrict the output of consumer goods, higher wages will do little to raise the standard of living of the workers. Their principal effect will be to raise the cost of living. If that happens, another wage issue will be raised because many people believe that wages should be increased in proportion to any advance in living costs. That idea may have validity in ordinary times, but it obviously does not apply when non-defense output can be increased only at the expense of defense production. A rise in the cost of living means that demand is outrunning the capacity of the consumer-goods industries and that workers are wasting a large part of their

wages in bidding up the prices of a limited supply of goods. Wage advances would only aggravate the difficulty. The way to deal with the problem of a rising cost of living is not by general wage increases, but by fiscal policy. Taxes and sales of bonds to real savers (instead of to commercial banks) must be large enough to limit the demand for non-defense goods to the country's capacity to produce them. The higher the volume of consumer income, whether because of large dividends, increases in permanent wage rates, or temporary bonuses, the more drastic must be the government's efforts to limit non-defense demand.

The great importance of wage problems in the national defense economy indicates the need for a carefully formulated national wage policy. It is important that the national wage policy be reached by agreement between representatives of industry, labor, and government rather than imposed upon labor and industry by the government. The policy should recognize that all groups in the community have an interest in avoiding a spiral of wage-price increases and in guarding against a rise in costs that will eventually hinder the shift from defense to non-defense production. It should recognize that the success of such a policy depends upon the success of the government in controlling the cost of living. A national wage policy would be welcomed by many union leaders who remember the difficulties created by the collapse of prices in 1920 and 1921.

IV

President Green of the American Federation of Labor in a recent broadcast said: 'We commit ourselves to avoid strikes, not only for trivial reasons, but for scarcely any cause unless particular conditions become completely unbearable.'

The inception of the defense program was accompanied by a large rise in the

number of strikes — 578 in the last quarter of 1940, as against 489 in the last quarter of 1939. Up to that time, strikes in 1940 had been less numerous than in 1939. Encouraging, however, is the fact that time lost from strikes in the last quarter of 1940 was considerably below 1939. But in January 1941 the number of man days lost was one third more than in December and nearly three times as large as in January 1940. A rise in strikes accompanied the first eight months of the war in both Great Britain and Canada. As employers and labor better appreciated the seriousness of the emergency, the number of strikes has tended to drop. For three months after the disasters of last May, the number of strikes in Great Britain was very low. More recently, however, it has started to rise.

A recent popular poll indicates that two out of three persons believe that strikes in defense industries should be prohibited by law. Fortunately, the two leading employers' organizations of the country, the National Association of Manufacturers and the United States Chamber of Commerce, both know better. They understand that laws against strikes do not make men work. They know that strikes are symptoms and that the problem of preventing strikes is one of removing underlying causes. If any strikes are outlawed, they should be strikes to compel men to join one union rather than another. The Wagner Act provides machinery for settling such disputes by an election, and it should be used.

Some strikes have occurred in plants where unions are established and recognized but where the machinery for settling grievances has not been working smoothly. These are the easiest strikes to prevent. A recent walkout in a steel mill was provoked by a grievance which had gone unsettled for two years. It is not unnatural that there should be difficulties in settling grievances in many plants where unions are new. Sometimes

the trouble is due to poor discipline in the union or to the inexperience of the local union leaders. Sometimes the employer has been unwilling to settle cases promptly because he did not wish the union to attract members by operating an effective grievance adjustment service. As employers and the new unions gain experience in dealing with one another, strikes in violation of agreements will become less frequent.

Some strikes are threatened when contracts expire because of the failure of the two sides to agree on the terms of new contracts. A good way of reducing the number of these strikes is to provide in the agreement that, if the two sides fail to agree on a new contract, they will invite mediation by the United States Conciliation Service and maintain the status quo for a period of thirty days. Contracts in defense industries which now lack a mediation clause should be amended to include one.

The most difficult disputes are those which arise when the men in a plant first form a union and demand an agreement. The spread of labor organization will produce many such disputes in the next year or two. The employer usually does not believe that the new union represents his men, and consequently is unwilling to give it much recognition.

The Wagner Act is designed, among other things, to reduce the number of strikes over the right of a union to represent a given group of employees. The Act does not help, however, when the new union has been recognized but the employer is attempting to keep it weak by refusing to make important concessions to it. In such cases the union may feel that a strike is needed in order to demonstrate its strength. Interests of the defense program require, however, that the two sides forgo a test of strength. The United States Conciliation Service may be reasonably successful in getting them to accept compromises which fairly well represent their relative strength.

In order to give conciliators a better opportunity to intervene in disputes of all sorts, it has been widely proposed that the 'cooling-off' provision of the Railway Labor Act be extended to defense industries. Canada is applying the waiting period of her Industrial Disputes Act to her defense industries. In World War I, Great Britain enforced a 21-day waiting period in the munitions industries. This restriction, however, did not prevent a jump in man days lost from strikes in Great Britain from 2,450,000 in 1916 to 5,650,000 in 1917, and to 5,880,000 in 1918.

A law imposing a compulsory waiting period would be mainly useful as a symbol of the state of public opinion. If the public strongly objects to interruptions of production, each side will be reluctant to assume responsibility for them. With the help of public opinion, conciliators can usually get compromises accepted; in the absence of it, the conciliator is greatly handicapped. The public is more likely to support conciliation when there is a strong National Board of Conciliation. Such a board has recently been organized to handle difficult cases referred to it by the United States Conciliation Service.

V

Organized labor believes that defense contracts should be withheld from firms which refuse to comply with decisions of the National Labor Relations Board and which appeal those decisions to courts. One might ask, 'Why pick out the Wagner Act to enforce by withholding defense contracts? Why not include other statutes such as the Pure Food and Drug Act? Why not withhold contracts from *any* firm which violates *any* law?'

The most fundamental question raised by the proposal, however, is whether it is proper for administrative agencies to alter, by addition or subtraction, the liability which Congress has fixed for

violating a statute. Obviously not. It would be a gross violation of administrative discretion for administrative agencies to add penalties to those provided by Congress. Another fundamental question raised by the proposal concerns the nature of the defense contracts. Is the government handing out favors or is it attempting to meet a national emergency? Should the people of the country be deprived of important shipyards, steel mills, or automobile plants because a particular employer violates a law, no matter how reprehensible his action? And should a firm which demands a court review of a Labor Board decision be regarded as a law violator?

Incidentally, the proposal overlooks the fact that the withholding of contracts would injure the employees of the violator quite as much as the violator himself. In fact, it would be difficult to devise a more 'shotgun' method of enforcement. The law should, of course, be enforced, but by methods which Congress has prescribed and without unnecessarily penalizing defendants for insisting upon their day in court.

VI

Our efforts to produce large quantities of goods in a hurry will require the modification of certain provisions of trade agreements in many industries. Most of these modifications probably will not be difficult to negotiate, at least in cases where relations with the union and the employer are good. Changes that are likely to be needed include provision for operating on Saturdays and Sundays *on straight time* on condition that the individual employee does not work more than a standard working week; modification of oppressive overtime provisions of agreements — such as double time or triple time; amendment of seniority clauses to make it easier for men to follow their work when it is shifted to another department or to another plant; restora-

tion of incentive systems in some plants where they were abandoned; modification of apprenticeship provisions to increase the training of apprentices.

The usual apprenticeship course is four years. Most of the boys, however, could be graduated in three years. This would make possible the graduation of four classes of apprentices in 1941 and 1942 in time to meet the peak demand for labor that is likely to come late in 1942 or early in 1943. In World War I, classes at West Point and Annapolis were graduated in two years instead of four. There are only about 110,000 apprentices in the United States today. The normal number ought to be between 800,000 and 900,000. Since the training of apprentices has been greatly curtailed during the depression, the number for several years ought to be well in excess of a million. Obviously, one cannot expect anything like a tenfold increase in the number of apprentices during the next few months, because there are serious obstacles to establishing apprentice training in plants that have never had it and are not organized for it. The best chance of promptly expanding apprentice training is by increasing the number of apprentices in those plants that already have well-organized training courses. This would require a temporary modification in the apprentice-journeyman ratio in such plants. It also might require modest compensation for employers who open their apprentice training facilities to industry at large.

Labor must look ahead to the day when defense production falls off and thousands of men are dismissed from defense industries. In return for concessions on working rules, unions may well demand that trade agreements provide for a dismissal wage.

VII

Organized coöperation between unions and management for the purpose of increasing output and reducing costs

started in the Rock Island Arsenal during World War I. During the last twenty years it has spread into a variety of industries — railroads, men's clothing, women's clothing, hosiery, steel, and others. In the main it has been confined to high-cost plants where the workers feared that the concern could not hold its own in competition and that they would lose their jobs unless they helped reduce costs. Experience has demonstrated that when committees of workers study ways of improving production methods they are often able to contribute many useful ideas.

The urgent production needs of the defense program call for a great spread of union-management coöperation. By far the scarcest kind of labor, and the most overworked, will be executives, from foremen to presidents. These men will have no 40-hour week and most of them will get no extra pay for overtime. During the long depression a large proportion of business enterprises neglected to build up their junior executive organization. Now they are required on short notice to manufacture articles with which they have had no experience and to find supervisory personnel for second and even third shifts. Executives will need all the help they can get in solving production problems. Union-management coöperation is one way of giving them help. Unions as a rule are eager to give that help. The Steel Workers Organizing Committee has a man giving full time to supervising schemes of union-management coöperation. Of course, the union expects that in the case of each plant it will be completely accepted by management. It also requires that the machinery for adjusting grievances be working smoothly — one cannot expect coöperation from men who have a large number of unsettled grievances of long standing. Where conditions are favorable and where the policy has complete and vigorous support by top management and by top union leadership, union-management coöperation can

do much to win the production race against Germany and also to reduce the conflict between guns and butter.

Several large plans for organizing the facilities of whole industries have been offered by labor leaders. There have also been proposals for joint committees to supervise production of whole industries. These schemes are of doubtful value. The place where labor is best able to make a contribution is right in the plant where men are dealing with conditions which they know better than anyone else.

VIII

Decisions being made today have important effects on the problem of shifting from defense to non-defense production. This problem arouses grave fears — probably greater fears than it should. The defense program will leave behind it an enormous backlog of demand based upon accumulated needs, not only in this country, but all over the world. After the defense program has been completed, many persons who will have bought national-defense bonds during the next several years will wish to convert part of their bonds into goods. The defense program, by compelling industry to train men on an unprecedented scale, will leave American business enterprises with the best-trained force that they have ever possessed. Every war has had important technological effects. This one will be no exception. It is likely to usher in an 'alloy age' that will open up many investment and employment opportunities.

The great danger is that the defense program and the war will produce cost-price relationships which will make it extremely difficult for industry to give full employment. An approximation to full employment probably requires that cost-price relationships permit three out of five (instead of only two out of five)

enterprises to make money and the proportion of profits to sales to be raised from 3.57 per cent (the figure for 1937) to about 5 per cent. Technological progress will achieve these changes quickly provided the wage and fiscal policies of the government during the defense period are not too detrimental to cost-price relationships. At present industry is spending about 200 million dollars a year on research. This is far too little. Expenditures on research should be increased as rapidly as practicable to a billion a year.

The main obstacle in the way of managing the defense program so as to avoid aggravating the difficulties of eventually shifting to peacetime production is the all-but-universal failure of the man in the street to perceive the enormous task which the country has undertaken. The facts have not been given to the public lest it balk at the sacrifice which they indicate. This general ignorance of the size of the job discourages realistic discussions of problems of working hours, wages, prices, and fiscal policy. It prevents the public from squarely facing the decision that must be made between working hours and the standard of living. It causes the country to overlook the need for a national wage policy and to tolerate an income tax which even this year will be paid by only one out of seven of the gainfully employed.

It is high time that a vigorous effort be made to show the country what an unprecedented increase in output it must achieve in order to win the production race with Europe. So long as the public does not see the size of the job, it is not prepared to support policies which our program requires. The allocation of resources to defense production will be achieved only by a rise in prices and costs that will greatly aggravate the ultimate difficulties of returning to non-defense production.

TO A DAUGHTER, ONE YEAR LOST

FROM HER FATHER

A YEAR! It is very strange to reflect that two Christmases have come and gone, that the entire *annus terribilis* 1940 has been born and written its fearsome record and died, since any one of us who love you has clasped your hand or received a syllable written by it or unearthed the smallest clue to where you are, even to whether you are living or dead.

Any outright disappearance, even for a few hours or days, is incredible enough when it involves someone we have always known. We realize in a detached way that the Missing Persons Bureaus are called upon to interest themselves every year in a nondescript horde of our fellow citizens — eighteen thousand, is it? — of whom the majority have dropped out without a trace and will never be found. The knowledge is as irrelevant as the quantum theory when the void swallows up, not another anonymous statistical unit, but our own flesh and blood.

'But this is utterly different!' it is our first instinct to cry out to the level-voiced, stolid-faced official to whom (barring evidence of 'foul play') the whole thing is just the filling-in of one more printed form. 'This is someone of striking presence, of glowing beauty, impossible not to notice in a room, a street, a subway, a crowd; a person twenty-five years old, born into an excellent family, five years married into another, and surcharged with distinction, with talents, as no one using half an eye could help perceiving in her carriage, the free swing of her stride, the

quiet inner power she radiates unaware; an important being, one in ten million, and — don't you see? — *my daughter!*' (Or wife, or sister, or whatever.) 'She disappeared one afternoon between the office in which she worked and her apartment, and not even her husband has heard from her for ten whole nights and days. It is preposterous that such a one should just drop out of existence for that length of time, as if she were one of the indistinguishable crowd. Could Helen Hayes be lost for ten days without a trace? Could Thomas Mann? Could Churchill?' And now it is getting on toward forty times ten days, and the thing four thousand times as preposterous as ever after a twelvemonth.

It is an interval that has taught us afresh the meaninglessness of time as measured by our clocks and calendars. The very months that have been a crawling agony of suspense about you have seemed a racing nightmare as we have followed the affairs of nations — among them the Germany, the France, the Italy in which as a young girl you made yourself so instinctively at home. I, on my quiet hilltop, have caught myself a hundred times straining every nerve to hurry the obstinate, the leaden hours, to make them leap and dart and fly; and this was simply my reaching forward to whatever unknown moment is to give you back. I say to myself in the morning, 'This may be the very day when she will come, or word from her or of her,' and it seems that the sun is riveted *in situ*, that the hour for the mail stage will

never arrive, that the moments are not successive drops in the flow called time, but each a frozen eternity. Yet I am perpetually trying just as hard, just as futilely, to hold back the hours by main strength and so to ward off the moment when the world's news comes in. For that is the moment when we daily face once more that which it becomes daily more impossible to face and more unthinkable not to — the latest incredibly rapid advances of a humanity speeding toward self-destruction by forced marches that make the swiftest of history tortoise-like.

Thus, I pray time away, and also I wrestle with time as Jacob with the angel to make it stand still — I, the same man in the same hour!

A year, in common adult experience, is no eternity, but it is quite long enough to have told me to the last chapter the story of how I miss you. Surely you will not recoil from knowing just this: that simply, humanly, sorely, I miss you.

And it is not as we miss someone whose importance to us is based on everyday familiarity and habit. From your thirteenth year, when it had to be faced at last that your parents' marriage would never be anything but a disaster to both, I could see next to nothing of you until you were grown up. Then, almost at once, you were married, and to someone with whom, in spite of both esteem and liking on my side, I have unhappily never learned to communicate. I have seen you at best for only a few days of any year, a few hours of any day. Yet then, as in the long interval and always, you were one of the permanently important persons in your father's cosmos — the cosmos, you will at least grant, of someone to whom the few human beings who are necessary are very deeply necessary. What would it mean to the dweller in a mountain valley if a peak that he had contemplated steadily for a quarter of a century were suddenly

blotted from the landscape? I do not have to tell you, to whom everything above the timber line is both thrilling and familiar. A scheme of things in which I do not know where you are, do not provably know *that* you are — it changes, I assure you, the shape of my sky. This sky, in the sector where you should be, has now been misshapen for one whole round of the seasons; and by memory and reminder there has been telescoped into this single year all that I was ever able to have of you and share with you in the twenty-five before it.

Of all this, I find the trifling, the homely things somehow the most tenacious. You remember the two summers when you found the corn patch of my kitchen garden a weedy jungle? You insisted, both times, on tearing into it with me, and by nightfall, working shoulder to shoulder down the long rows in the hot sunshine (and raising identical blisters), you and I had the last hill handsomely to rights. This last season, with the rows twice as long and twice as many, the rains and the interruptions were more kindly distributed, and you could not have slaughtered a hatful of weeds in the whole area. But I never put the cultivator through it without reliving those two days, or without wondering what alien corn your terrific surplus energy might now be committed to saving. Day after day I was surprised anew that you did not breeze in to see for yourself how mine was faring.

From the day I started hand-sledding the first-run maple sap on a crust of snow waist-deep, not a week of the reviving year failed to bring you back in some such shape. A company that makes marine cordage has put a good lithographed reproduction of Patterson's *Daniel Webster* on its 1941 calendar; it shows the packet running under nearly full sail in a freshening westerly. I chanced upon a copy in the village and begged it for the kitchen. ('If she knows this already, she will like it all the more when she drops in.') I suppose

you are aware, my child, that you are my sole acquaintance of your sex who ever sat on a foreroyal yard. If there are others living, I don't know them and certainly don't miss them.

You will hardly have forgotten the ten days you and I spent together above the tree line at the onset of winter. You were twelve then; it was the very last of our companionable idylls. How many quarts of the mountain cranberries did our numbed fingers dig out from under the crusted snow? And how many hours did we give over to contemplating the clusters of alabaster frost ferns, some of them longer than your arm, that build up out of driven cloud on every windward surface? (Is there any other work of nature that seems so like a conscious plagiarism from the human artist?) Unexpectedly I saw these again, and with them you, when I threaded our pasture woods to cut the Christmas tree. All the trout brooks ran with a muffled gurgle under a shell of snow-laden ice, but here and there they had kept open a breathing hole — a deep vertical shaft four or five inches across, with a black swirl of water at the bottom. Every one of these shafts was lined with thousands of frost ferns made out of the water vapor, but on so reduced a scale that a dozen of them would hardly have overlapped the nail of your little finger. No one ever had more joy of such things than you. And I — over the thirteen years I saw you seeing them.

It was brought home to me in the February a few weeks after you vanished how deep, instinctive, and unshakable is my faith that you live and remember and in your own time will let us know how you fare. Up to that evening, cold reason had made me partly doubt myself. Others to whom I should have looked for equal or greater faith had said that you were surely dead. When I told them steadily that you were surely not, did I quite believe my own words, or was I silencing with protest a conviction in my own mind that these others must be

right — a certitude more dreadful than I could muster the courage to face quite yet? On such a subject a man does not infallibly know himself — at least, pending a revelation, which was precisely what came to me on the occasion I speak of.

It was after dusk, and I was shifting some tons of dooryard snow with the big scoop on runners, working in a warm, contented glow at a temperature near to zero. Suddenly I was aware of a car leaving the main road and trying our hill — the first steep pitch above the mailbox. I paused and listened long enough to think: 'Doesn't know the hill. Not much of a snow driver, anyway.' After the third try I should have sauntered down to administer free advice, with perhaps a bucket of ash. But the third try brought the driver triumphantly over the hump, into the dip, and on up the second rise. An unexpected voice said: 'Why, here she is. She has come. Of course!' Without the slightest impulse to hurry, and finding it all the most natural and satisfying thing in the world, I dumped the scoop once more, filled and abandoned it, and walked toward the car. I called, 'Hullo! Hullo, there!' with the inflection of warm intimacy we save for those whose coming at any specific moment is a slight surprise because we are expecting them always. The next instant I was to have had you in my arms. But the head that leaned from the driver's window turned out to be that of a somewhat disconcerted young woman who had been sent thirty miles out of her way to convey an ailing typewriter to the repair shop.

My heart missed, I suppose, two beats. But then it began to sing again. (Its song took the momentary shape of voluble and frothy chatter in a vein that I don't ordinarily command and in fact detest.) I had verified something about myself — something that in importance to me ranked behind your actual coming, but only just behind. I knew that you are you, that you would

come, and that my voice had not been merely giving the lie to a ghastly truth entrenched in my subconscious mind. In this shadowy experience I was vouchsafed by a stranger the very substance of a thing theretofore only hoped for.

I have mentioned how I stand divided against myself by the constant effort to make time fly like the arrow for one purpose while resenting and resisting its flight for another. It occurs to me that millions of men and women, perhaps a majority of us modern Occidentals, are being wrenched apart within themselves by just this bootless struggle to make every hour, every day, mean incompatible and mutually destructive things, according to the simultaneous dictates of their desires and their dreads. Is this perhaps the characteristic modern disease — this inner tug-of-war between time that holds us back from happy consummations and time that drags us toward brinks of doom? Human beings were not meant to live so, perpetually divided between chafing at what is and hanging back from what is to be; you and I feel that as passionately as Shelley did. We were meant to savor the present; and even when we reach forward with all the energies of imagination — as, being human, we are constrained to do — that reaching-forward should mean that we have abundant life already, life that overflows and transcends the moment. It should not mean that we are waiting for some speculative future to bring us to life. What with the nostalgic elders sighing for their good old times and the impatient youngsters telling themselves and the world that existence will be all one happy glow as soon as they have turned some particular corner of the future, I sometimes think the race has lost the simple secret and one possible source of contentment, which is to live while you live. How many of us are going to be fully alive as soon as today's impediments to life have been put in their place! And meanwhile

we are acquiescently dead in the only section of time that will ever be conceded us — the now.

You, my dear: was it not, at bottom, some such perception that drove you to the extremity of renouncing — phrase of the bored and the desperate — 'it all'? Did you not leave us because life had come to seem to you unbearably like a promissory note that is perpetually renewed? — because you had given up hope of ever realizing anything out of it but trifling and irregular payments of interest? I think you launched your one-woman strike against a system of deferred payments and for the right to live richly, fully, fulfilling in the continuous present.

It would profoundly interest me — I say it in admiration and love, without ironic intention — to know this: Have you found that right so simply obtainable? Or are you perhaps still assuring yourself that life will soon begin to assume the shape of your demands? — as soon, say, as you have recovered from the unavoidable wrench of separation, ceased to be hounded by a feeling that you are a deserter, and created for yourself a new place, a new identity?

However that may be, it is an anxious and a perturbing thought, this business of the new identity. It may be borrowing trouble in your behalf, — parents, you will have noticed, are prone to that, — but I really cringe for you before the difficulties you have implicitly invoked. The problem tackled by an adult person who sets out from scratch to have himself a brand-new life — does not that call upon him for the precise endowment of the great creative writer, the major novelist or dramatist? For look: he sets out to re-create an already existing, fully formed person in the image of someone who has never existed yet, and even with the extra handicap that this person is himself — a terrific tax upon his utmost of disinterestedness, of detachment. I know that brilliant double lives, successive or simultaneous, have been lived

by the ingenious and the resourceful; nevertheless, there is something makeshift and hollow about every one of them that I can think of. They strike one as the synthetic work of the minor novelist, the dilettante, as the feats of impersonation of a clever character actor. Nothing of that sort will be half good enough for a woman who has resolved to make a clean, sharp break with everything, in a mood of complete ruthlessness to herself and everybody else, for the presumable purpose of realizing her deepest potentialities and becoming a new woman.

Your cleverness is not going to sustain you: nothing short of ripe wisdom will count. There can hardly be much long-run value to you in a mere keeping of yourself out of our sight, or in the fabrication in cold blood of a specious career that ostensibly owes nothing to the past. The real question is, Can you re-imagine yourself *de novo* as a more important and vital person than you were before? More important to yourself, I mean. Are you sure that you will be, in manipulation of the materials of your own life, the supreme creative artist? Does it stand indisputably clear in your own conception what character you must henceforth, not impersonate, but be?

I know what you will say: that you have asked only to be yourself, and that being yourself demanded release from a set of conditions that thwarted and wasted and compromised you until they had become unendurable. Well, every creature has to be his own judge of what is endurable, his own discoverer of what he was meant to be. But let me remind you of this: You were a great person before, whether or no. You were born one. It is pretty safe to say that no one ever questioned that who has known you, or read those still radiant early books of yours, or received your letters, or followed you through much of either the work that you treated as play or the play that you sometimes made such hard work of. Confined, repressed, and stultified as you may have come to seem to yourself,

you were to all others a very synonym of generous freedom, the ardent spirit, the courage to be oneself. Can you, in whatever your new surroundings and relations may be, remake yourself into a being more satisfactory to yourself than you used to be to the rest of us? If you can, you are indeed struck by the lightning of creative genius, and all the moral probabilities, the natural laws of conduct, are suspended in your behalf.

There is, in this matter of the necessity to be oneself, a rather wide gulf between your generation and mine — the gulf across which multitudes of parents of my age find themselves staring at the bleak fact of failure with their children. We, when young, required to be ourselves, too; but as a rule we expected to accomplish it inside a particular framework of circumstances — the one we had more or less deliberately fitted together around ourselves. Our choice of a place, a calling, a marriage or no-marriage, a major ambition — that, we said, was basic self-expression. To pretend that one could freely loop back, begin over, reverse oneself, be born again — that was to decimate, not to fulfill, oneself. It was to abandon a capital investment in a way that no one felt really able to afford, life being so short and we not granted the option of trying its imperfect passages over again.

When, for example, one of our marriages became so untenable that sheer self-preservation dictated an end to it — as you saw happen to your own parents' marriage when you were thirteen — we took its dissolution, not as a wry episode of funny overtones and ugly undertones, but as an irreparable, a tragic wiping-out of values. Our escape was that of a soldier who has left an arm or a leg — and much blood — in the trenches; he can be thankful that it was not his head, but he understands that what has got away is still no more than (as Hamlet said) a piece of him. Such things are no glorious victories of self-fulfillment; they

are only the rescue of an exhausted remnant from a spiritual Dunkirk.

With you younger ones, all this seems to be rather different. Where we took the existing framework as a container into which to pack all of ourselves that would go, you take it as something to be kicked to pieces, or let fall to pieces, if it is not an immediately satisfactory fit. Your habitats, your jobs, your diversions, your marriages, all seem to be experimental, provisional, readily replaceable. The difference is partly, I presume, a consequence of the superior mobility of your era. Everything that does not happen to suit one is now physically much easier to slip away from than ever before, and morally easier than at any time since the continent ceased to be mostly frontier.

And here I must say some candid words about the marriage that you have yourself slipped away from — words that I could never have said unasked if you had not by your own act made the extreme, the ultimate comment on your five years with X.

You will hardly have come to the age of twenty-six without discovering at least some important aspects of the fundamental paradox that a normal woman cannot be herself without giving herself. Whatever she holds back, on some theory of saving her independence, her freedom of initiative, her selfhood, she holds back first of all from herself. There are two-person relationships — parenthood, marriage, all friendship worth the name — that by their very nature constantly ask you to throw yourself wholeheartedly into serving the other person's necessities, just because they seem to be his necessities. It becomes *your* prime necessity to see that his are served. If you fail, you do not merely cheat him of the service: you dam your own deliberately chosen outlet of self-expression and so cheat yourself. To carry into wedlock the premarital valuation of oneself is to be no more than nominally wife or husband.

It seemed to me somehow that you took up your life with X with the air of someone perpetually and increasingly on guard. What you maintained a sort of unsleeping sentry-go against, I suppose, was partly X himself, but more the inherent insidiousness of all marriage as a threat to the ego, and most of all some generous instincts in yourself that you construed as self-betraying weaknesses. What you believed it important to defend, I suppose, was the sense of being your own woman, with a mind and a will to exert, perhaps an art to mature, certainly a life to live. (Of course, you believed with absolute sincerity that this tenacity in self-preservation would increase your value to X, too, and would vastly enrich your joint as well as your single life.) And so you created for five years a consistent impression of seldom giving anything with one hand but to take it back with the other.

If you found yourself being swayed toward X's growing need of regularity and domesticity, you compensated it by developing some new interest or throwing yourself with doubled fervor into some old one. If you were drawn toward his extraordinarily absorbing and valuable work, you surrounded yourself with persons who only bored or mystified him. If he wanted to talk or just relax, you made it a duty to dance or swim or tackle Ktaadn or just go gadding. In the end your typical week was so parceled out that you and he can hardly have seen each other for weeks on end, except to bolt a meal together and say, 'Well, so long!' When you finally got around to seeing the merits of some wish of his, it was likely to be too late: he had lost hope in it and with a self-effacing sigh put it away. Throughout, you seemed to be holding yourself up to a rather grim modern ideal of living adventurously, dangerously, even when it went against the grain — running, of all things, a *marriage* by the politically admirable maxim, 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty'!

Now, when you tackled the difficulties of other techniques than marriage, you never took them as a field for conquest by self-assertion. Three winters ago, when our back windows framed you practising the turns of skiing for several hours a day, you were systematically reëducating your body to tricks of balance that flatly denied some of its natural muscular instincts. By sheer dogged practice of a teachable and established regimen until it was second nature, you were making artificially acquired impulses displace innate ones. This was self-liberation through self-submission, and you knew it. You never expected to combine the rewards of playing Bach with the fun of improvisation. (Don't you remember my calling down the dumb-waiter shaft from the third floor, 'Not G#, dear — G#?' You were able to submit yourself to G# without the slightest feeling that your identity was being menaced.) But any number of extremely bright persons seem to take it for granted that they can collect all the benefits of being married, without practice and without discipline, while handling themselves pretty much as if they were still single.

You will probably have detected the tacit parallel between this common perversity in marriage and the other characteristic modern dilemma that I mentioned — the homelessness in time of folk who rebel against the present and yet cower from the future. The first is, indeed, a special form of the second. That the greater and the lesser are actually characteristic ills of the time is shown by our fertility in new techniques of 'integrating' the ruptured personality — all of them, so far as they are any good, translations of the world-old wisdom of living with heart and mind concentrated on something big enough to command them, and with a determination to pay whatever this something costs and to forgo whatever interferes with it. Only so can we be whole within ourselves and in our rela-

tionships, and only so can we keep spinning a future that we need not dread out of a present that we need not execrate.

But it is so very easy, in or out of marriage, to forget that today, whatever we have made of it, is nothing but the tomorrow of our yesterday!

This digest of mingled experience is, I realize, pretty sermonic; but let me tell you briefly why it is not smug. I should not have the courage to utter a word of all this save as preface to the confession that I feel myself to be very deeply and directly responsible for what has gone wrong. There is a natural inference, I suppose, that when a young wife runs away it is her husband she is running away from; but that is the last thing I have any impulse to hide behind. There is always the deeper question, What made her a woman capable of so desperate a solution? Do not imagine for a minute that I have not had to face and to live with everything that luckier moralists have ever said about the children of divorce.

You saw, when you were thirteen, your home breaking up; and you saw the initiative in it taken by me. You saw me, later, contract a wondrously happy remarriage and father children whose adolescence, pray God, will never have to undergo the unfair stresses of yours; and it must have looked to you as if M. and I had snatched lightly and irresponsibly at unearned blessings, paying nothing for the past, suffering nothing, contentedly leaving it to others to pay and suffer. It is the final testimony to your own fineness of grain that you knew M., almost on sight, for a great and brave woman and a supremely trustworthy friend. But could that, could anything, unteach what in the meantime you thought you had learned about marriage itself, and learned through me more than any other?

You had seen beloved persons, your nearest, misshapen by each other into something they were never meant to be,

never wanted to be. You had seen mince-meat made of their best attributes and capacities. You had seen them at last so overwhelmed by agony as to put their own feelings ahead of your needs — and this must have been, to you, a toppling of the universe. I think you cannot be blamed — certainly you cannot by me — if presently you came to your own marriage with suspicions, reservations, and a degree of cynicism.

There is, too, another aspect of our past about which I have had to feel increasing qualms. You were treated from the beginning, not as a child, but as a person. Always you had a more than average amount of being let alone to make your own mistakes in your own way and learn from them. Even when those who loved you had the clearest conviction that you were squandering your powers, throwing yourself into aberrations, they religiously kept their hands at their sides — hands that yearned to be officious in your behalf. It used to give me a good feeling to possess no single crumb of knowledge of you that I had picked up by the common parental devices of inquisition and wire-tapping. I wanted all of you that you would freely offer me, but there was nothing that I wanted so insensately as to grab for it or take advantage of you to get it. I summed up my parental attitude as a decent respect for privacy. Today, I have to wonder if that is not too kind, too self-flattering, a summary.

Would it have been better otherwise? Could you have used, at times, a more interfering and tyrannic love, cherishing it for the love even more than you resented it for the tyranny? We took our non-interference as the final measure of our fidelity to you; but did you always take it so? I have lately feared, and with heart-burnings, that you took it as the final measure of our indifference. It is an appalling thought, now, that you may have come in the end to feel that no one cared, really cared, what you did or what became of you. Can we have

hidden our solicitude overfaithfully? Did we pay too unstinted a tribute to your strength at times when you perhaps felt secretly weak, lonely, in need of a hand that could have been held out and was not? Have all of us together become tragic victims of the sometimes cruelly passive modern intelligence, when the saving wisdom would have been just a little more old-fashioned wearing of the heart on the sleeve?

For better or for worse, we have done as we could and as we are, always deeply caring for what we believed you were, and always hoping you understood. And I hope you understand now that I initiate this message wholly in the spirit of a person-to-person call, and by no means in that of a moral subpœna. I *wish* it were possible for you to answer it. Can you not, without sacrifice of anything vital to you, at least choose one of us and cause him to receive for us all the basic reassurance that you live, that you are where you want to be and doing what you want to do, that there is nothing (if so it must be) that anyone can do for you? Is it truly indispensable that you condemn a whole group of lives to the awful and unending suspense, the permanent mutilation, of not even knowing how or whether they have helped kill the thing they loved?

I am not prejudging the answers or judging you: I am but asking the questions. There is, believe me, nothing in the world that I have the heart to urge upon you to the prejudice of your salvation. In some way not knowable to us your choice may actually be the flat choice between remaining long or forever lost to us and being irrevocably lost to yourself. If we could understand that that is so, we could the better bear what is laid upon us to bear. But we who have somehow failed you, we whose good intentions must stupidly have sown desolation and bitterness, since they are what we reap — we do not claim the right to lay down conditions or clamor for appeasements.

POEMS

BY LOUISE McNEILL

FIRST SNOW

THIS is not winter. Not December now.
Yon tree of heaven, many-starred and white,
Blooms in the wind. See how its petals drift
Fragrant upon your hair?

 This April night,
This pathway through the orchard of the moon
Is all our spring. *Spring* comes so soon.

CONFESSION

Oh, we, your people, are so small
We dig the burrow, build the wall
To shield us from the sparrow's fall —
And in our prison so distrust
The clean suggestion of the dust
We guard the hangman, hang the just.

We tie our faith to little things:
Old cups and teapots, worlds and kings.
We anchor ships with linen strings.
And, faint of hope, dare not forsake
The three-lane boulevard to take
The wild road through the marshy brake.

NEVER THE DAWN

DRIFT, drift — do not lift
Your birch pole from the river.
Let the arrow grasses grow
In their reedy quiver.
Let the arrow grasses grow
In their moveless shallow
Underneath the moonstrung bow
Of a leaning willow.

Slow, slow — do not turn
Near that clump of arrows.
On each side the fox fires burn
Warning of the narrows.
Drift, drift — do not pause
Where those arrows sway.
Who would see them bring to earth
The dead white bird of day?

WARNING

WALK through the fern but do not tear the root.
Rest on the stump but count no ring of age.
In rotting wood see neither hint nor sign,
Nor translate from the oak leaf's fallen page
One mystic line.

Look at the wheat field, see it blade and straw,
But neither bread nor sealed-in germ nor shadowy reaper.
Leave the close ground its anonymity —
Such knowledge to the blind mole and the worm,
The gray night-creeper.

Leave the enigma to the close-lipped dark.
Beyond your fenced-in land do not inquire,
For things there be best hidden:
Lights that only the blind should see,
And over the hills, in that dim country —
Truth, bare, forbidden.

CABOOSE

BY DELLA T. LUTES

I

MY Cousin Fred was a brakeman on the Michigan Central Railroad. He was about twenty years old and he lived with his sister Emmy and his Grandmother Bogardus (who was my grandmother, too) in the village of Wayne, close to Detroit.

My father and mother and I lived on a farm about eight miles south of the city of Jackson, which was seventy miles from Wayne. My Cousin Fred always came to see us when he had a free day because he could ride on the train for nothing, and so he did. He could get passes for his relations, too. So when he was visiting us on one of his free days he told my mother he would get a pass for her so that she could go and visit my grandmother. She could take me. I was not quite eight years old.

My mother had not been to visit my grandmother since my grandfather died three years before, and then she had to pay her fare. She was terribly pleased and said she would be delighted to go. My Cousin Fred said we'd have to go on a freight train because a brakeman couldn't get passes on a passenger train, but we'd ride in the caboose.

Well, my mother was pleased, but my father was not. In fact, he was anything but pleased. He hated having my mother go away from home under any circumstances or at any time unless he went along. However, he very seldom wanted to go along. He hated going anywhere to stay all night, or where he couldn't go to bed at eight o'clock. He

wouldn't have wanted to go to my Grandmother Bogardus's even if Cousin Fred could have got him a pass, because he didn't like Grandmother very well.

'Goin' to *Wayne*!' he shouted. 'What in tunket you goin' to *Wayne* for? Anybody dead?'

My mother was frying salt pork in a spider on the stove, but she just stopped and held the fork up in her hand and said, 'Lije Thompson, you're a cold-blooded *brute*. Can't a person go to visit her relations, I'd like to know, without they're *dead*?'

My father said 'Hunh!' through the roof of his mouth and his nose. Then he went outside and took some rain water out of the barrel without even stopping to scare the wigglers down and began to wash his face. A wiggler got into his nose and he snorted and shook his head and flung the water out of the basin without looking, and it hit Cousin Fred right on his new brakeman's shoes where he was coming around the corner of the house. He had been out in the garden to pick some red 'rawsberries' for the shortcake my mother was baking.

'Hi there, Uncle 'Lije!' said my Cousin Fred, surprised. 'You want to *drownd* a feller?'

My father just looked at him, with his bald head all wet and rain water running down on to his Greeley whiskers.

Cousin Fred followed him in and handed the berries to my mother, and glanced at my father and looked real hurt, for he liked my father very much.

My mother didn't say a word, either. She just took the shortcake out of the oven and split it open and began to larrup the butter on with a knife, the way my father greased a wagon hub. My father took the comb from the clock shelf and combed out his white beard and the fringe of white hair around the back of his head, and then he turned around.

'Well, Fred,' he said just as if he hadn't seen him before, 'how d'do? How's your sister Emmy?' He didn't ask about Grandmother.

My Cousin Fred said, 'How d'do, Uncle 'Lijer?' as though he hadn't seen him, either. 'She's pretty well. How're you?'

My father grunted and looked at the supper table. My mother spread the rawsberries all over one half of the shortcake and sprinkled sugar over them. Then she picked up the other half and set it down on the berries like a lid.

'You better wash,' she said to Cousin Fred. 'Supper's most ready.' She was troweling butter over the top of the shortcake and flinging the rest of the berries over the top of that. The juice was beginning to leak out and dribble down the sides the way to make your mouth water. My father looked at it, and his lips didn't seem so grim.

My Cousin Fred came in and took the comb from the shelf and combed his hair. My father motioned him to the table. 'May's well set down,' he said. 'Mebbe we'll have some supper by 'n' by.'

My mother was taking up the potatoes — new potatoes with their jackets on. She sat them in the warming oven and then took up the slices of pork and made the gravy. She sprinkled flour into the hot fat and let it bubble till it was a little brown, and then she poured in milk and cream and stirred and kept stirring until it was *just* right and plenty of it. My father and Cousin Fred sat and looked at her. Neither of them said a word.

'Delly, you fetch the bread and get that dish of pickled pears off the butt'ry shelf.' My mother poured the gravy into a white gravy boat and set it on the table. Then she brought the potatoes and the platter of pork and set them down before my father, and I brought the bread and the pickled pears.

My father helped himself to the potatoes and then passed them to Cousin Fred. Cousin Fred passed them to my mother. We peeled our potatoes and mashed them.

'Help yourself to the bread,' said my father to Cousin Fred. 'We don't seem to have any butter. Prob'ly your Aunt 'Miry's got it all packed up to take visitin' with her.'

My mother looked the table over, surprised like, and then she flounced up and went to the butt'ry and got it.

My father buttered a slice of bread and took a bite and then he said, 'Well, I hear you're takin' passengers on the freight train now'days.'

Cousin Fred looked troubled, because my father sounded fierce. 'Well,' he said, 'sometimes we can get passes for our relations, and I thought —'

My mother interrupted him. 'Your Uncle 'Lijer,' she said, 'don't like it because Delly and I are going to visit my mother.'

My father raised his head, and held his knife and fork up off the plate. 'Miry!' he shouted. 'You mean to stan' there —'

'I'm not standing,' interrupted my mother with dignity. 'I'm setting.'

'— Stan' there and tell me you intend to take *Delly* on any such fool's journey?'

'Of course I'm going to take Delly.' My mother stared back at him with her eyes snapping, and her potatoes still unpeeled. 'You don't want to cook meals for *her*, do you?'

'No,' said my father bitterly, 'I don't want to cook meals for nobody.'

'Well,' said my mother, 'if you know any woman 't's stayed to home more'n

I have in the same number of years, you can go and get her.'

My father looked shocked. My Cousin Fred was worried.

'I'm awful sorry,' he said, anxiously. 'I thought mebbe Aunt 'Miry'd like —'

'Well,' said my father, mopping up the gravy on his plate with a piece of bread, 'she prob'ly would. But what with a crop of rawsberries to pick and hay to cut —'

'Ain't a word of truth in all that,' said my mother sharply. 'You ain't got a thing to do 't you can't get along alone, and you know it.'

My father looked hurt — as he always did when he was in the wrong, so you couldn't help feeling sorry for him. I was near to tears myself.

My Cousin Fred told my mother to be ready on Tuesday morning, and she was. Fred said to take our dinner, so she killed three young chickens the day before and got up extra early Tuesday morning and fried them. We had to be in Jackson at six o'clock, which meant we had to leave before daylight. My father got his chores done and came in while she was wrapping the chickens in a clean napkin. He said nothing, but washed his face and combed his hair and beard, all the time looking at the chickens she was doing up. There was a whole one left in the spider, but he didn't look at that. My mother didn't talk, either.

II

'Well,' said my mother when we had finished breakfast, 'I guess you'll find enough to eat while we're gone. I've cooked a chicken for you — I'll put it in the cellarway in a butter crock. And there's fresh bread, and plenty of butter.'

'You figger you'll be back before the month's out?'

'Land's sakes, 'Lije,' she said irritably, 'what good's it do you to act like that! You *know* we'll be home Friday. Fred told you that.'

'Fred,' said my father, rising and putting on his wamus, 'said you *could* come home Friday. I didn't s'pose you'd want to.' He went out the door.

My mother was biting her lips to keep from crying. She was mad, too. He always acted as if he were being abused when she went away anywhere. But he had never acted quite so bad as this, because she'd never been away before to stay all night since my grandfather died. So I knew she was sorry for him, even though she kept right on putting on her things and mine.

Well, when we went out to get in the buggy, my father just sat there all humped over. He clucked to the horses, and we started out just as the sky was getting light. We didn't talk at all.

When we got to Jackson, there was a long train of freight cars standing on the tracks. A bell was ringing on the engine. My mother threw up her hands and cried, 'Oh, for the land's sakes! There it is! They've started!'

My father looked up and down the track, and his face lit up. 'It's standing still,' he said reassuringly, but you could see that he hoped it would move.

'Yes,' said my mother excitedly, 'but the engine's puffing — down there! See?'

She was all for getting out of the buggy, but my father said sharply, 'Set still.'

The man that watched the tracks so people wouldn't get hurt was looking at us. My mother called, 'Is this the train for Wayne, mister?'

'It's the way freight for Detroit, ma'am,' he said. 'The passenger train's late. They've had an accident up the line.'

'Oh, my soul!' exclaimed my mother, growing white. 'What's the matter?'

'Nothing bad,' said the man casually. 'Run into a flock of sheep 'bout ten miles up the line. Got to clear the track. This train'll be out the way in a minute — you'll have lots of time.'

'Oh,' cried my mother, sitting on the edge of the seat as if she were ready to

spring, 'but *this* is the train I want. Where's the caboose?'

The man looked surprised. 'The caboose?' he repeated, as if he hadn't quite heard. 'You goin' to ride to Detroit in the *caboose*?'

'To Wayne,' my mother corrected him. 'My nephew,' she continued anxiously, 'is the brakeman on this train. He got us passes. We're to ride in the caboose.'

A whistle shrieked. My mother cried despairingly, 'Oh, there they go! 'Lije Thompson, you let me out!'

My father sat perfectly still like a stump. He did not try to stop her, but the railroad man put up his hand.

'That train ain't goin' yet, ma'am,' he said. 'Mebbe not for half an hour.' The train jangled and rumbled past. Presently we saw a man running along the top.

'Oh,' cried my mother, starting up right in the buggy, 'there's Fred now. Yoo-oo-ey! Fre-e-d!' Her voice rang out shrilly and she waved frantically. Fred did not look. He was whirling a little wheel around in his hand.

The train came to an end, and passed. The flagman waved his hand. 'Go ahead,' he said. 'The caboose ain't even on yet. She's out in the yard.'

Well, we went along. My father hitched the horses to the iron rail across from the depot. My mother and I got out. My mother took out the lunch-basket and was tugging at our satchel when my father took it out of her hand. He was very deliberate.

'Hurry, 'Lije,' said my mother impatiently. 'You want to *make* us lose the train?'

He just looked at her. We went through the depot and came out on the other side — and there was Cousin Fred!

'Oh,' she cried, 'I thought we's going to be left.'

Fred laughed. 'No,' he said, 'won't be ready for quite a spell yet. You better come along, though. Might's well take you to where the caboose is and put

you on.' He picked up the satchel and the basket and started off down the track. He turned to my father. 'You comin' along, Uncle 'Lije?'

We turned to look back at him. He looked as if he had been *planted* on the depot platform. 'You want to come, 'Lije?' my mother asked doubtfully.

'No,' he said feebly, 'I may 's well go home — got a lot to do.'

Suddenly I was torn with pity. 'Oh, Pa! Pa!' I cried. 'I want to go home! I want to go home with you.'

He was not given to caresses, but his face brightened. 'Well,' he said, 'come on, then. I don't know why *you* should be dragged off and mebbe thrown into a ditch like them sheep —'

'You stop that, 'Lije Thompson!' My mother stamped her foot. 'You *know* you couldn't get meals for her. You won't get any for yourself after what I've cooked 's gone. Delly, come along. And 'Lije, you be here Friday night —'

'Less I hear to the contrary,' my father interrupted glibly. But my mother took me by the hand and followed Fred down the cindery track. My father still stood there watching us.

III

Well, we found the caboose and got on. Fred said, 'It ain't very clean, but they'll put some water in the tank and you can set down.'

These seemed all the hospitalities he had to offer, and then he went. 'Don't get off the car, Delly,' he said to me. 'The train might hitch on and you'd be left.' I could see he was fooling, but my mother didn't. 'I won't let her get off,' she said earnestly, and told me to come and sit down.

She looked very worried and she was pale. Now, my mother was a robust woman, with dark hair and dark gray eyes, and she was very healthy, except for one thing. She was subject to periodic attacks of sick headache.

Well, when I looked at my mother

now I thought to myself she looked like sick headache. I said, 'You sick, Ma? You going to be sick?' And she said 'Why, no-o, I don't *think* I'm going to be sick,' but she looked around the caboose kind of wild and scared. 'I wish I had some cold water,' she said, 'so I could wet my handkerchief.' She went over and turned the spout on the big tin tank that stood on a little shelf, but there was nothing in it, so she came and sat down. She said, 'Maybe if you'd open that back door, Delly — it seems awful close in here.' So I went to open the back door, and at that very instant there was a huge freight car coming on the track smack-bang toward us with an engine ahead of it. The engine was steaming and smoking, the whistle was blowing and the bell ringing. A man was hanging to the iron ladder at the side of the car with one foot swinging out and one hand waving. I screamed and hollered, 'Ma! Ma! The train's running into us!' and started toward her, but the freight car hit us full tilt and knocked us ahead on the track almost as far as from our house to the barn. I fell headlong on to the floor, and my mother went down bang on the long hard seat. We kept bumping and clanging and rolling along, with bells blunting and the whistle shrieking, for a little way, and then we stopped. My mother was trying to hold her head up and looking very white.

While we stood there a man came in with a big piece of ice and put it in the tank. Then he brought a pail of water and poured it on the ice. Then he looked at us and said, 'How d'do? Hear you're goin' on a trip.' I got some water in the cup and took it to my mother. She wet her handkerchief, and she took a bottle of camphor out of her reticule and poured some on. Just as I was starting to go back to the water cooler, the train gave an awful jerk and I went bang to the floor again.

The train ran along smoothly for a while, and then my Cousin Fred came

in and he was shocked to see my mother lying flat on the hard wooden seat that ran along the side of the car and nothing to put under her head. He said, 'What's the trouble, Aunt 'Miry? You sick?'

She could only nod her head. I said, 'She's got a sick headache. She gets them.'

He looked awfully worried, and went and got some old coats and overalls and things and made a roll to put under her head. They smelled terrible, and she gagged. Then he went out and shut the door.

So I sat there and looked around at the grimy sides of the car and the grimmer floor. There was a small iron stove with a fat round belly and square base, and a big wooden cuspidor filled with fine shavings. There was a bracket on the wall with a red-handled axe, and oil bracket lamps on the walls. Lanterns hung by the door. The windows were small and very dirty. There was a cupola on top of the car, with two little seats in it. I wished I could ride up there.

My mother could not lift her head, nor even open her eyes. The day was unbearably hot. The caboose smelled worse than Old Covell's pipe and his old pants put together. Old Covell was our next neighbor on the farm. He was never clean. My mother said feebly, 'Open the door.' It was very hard to open, but I managed and it stayed open. I stood in it watching the rails slipping away from us. Cinders flew in, but the air was better. I heard my mother call and I ran to her. 'Stay away from it,' she whispered, and I sat down.

The paint was peeling off the water can. I looked at the axe and wondered if they stopped to chop wood. I thought if they did perhaps I could run out into the bushes for a minute. We stopped every little while, but I could see no woodpile nor any brush. Besides, I was afraid to get off for fear the train would go and leave me. And what would my mother do then?

At the next station the conductor

came to see us. My mother tried to sit up. The conductor asked to see our passes. Then he said he was awful sorry my mother was so sick, but she said she would be all right.

The engine shrieked every time a road crossed the track, and the bell clanged. There was another track alongside of ours, and once I saw a train coming on the other, tearing madly after us. It didn't look as if there were room to pass. The engine of the other train screamed and screeched as it went by. I could see faces in the windows — after I dared open my eyes.

Horses in the pastures gave us a look and then threw up their heads and tails and galloped away. A man in a wagon was standing at a crossing waiting for us to pass. His horse pranced, the way Old Ned would sometimes do when he saw a train.

I learned the stations along the Michigan Central that day, and even now can recall the different streets, stores, livery stables, blacksmith shops that we passed. Michigan Center — a mill pond and a mill. Leoni — a pond with water lilies growing on it. Grass Lake — a lumber yard, where the road crossed the tracks; then the track ran along behind the stores. Chelsea; Dexter. And at each place we stopped and shuffled cars back and forth from one track to another, the whistle blew, the bell clanged, men ran down the iron ladders on the freight cars and waved their hands. Sometimes they would uncouple the caboose and we would stand for an hour or more in the blazing sun, and when we stood alone I would go out on the platform and look every which way to see if I could discern some secluded spot to which I could dash, and get back again before my mother missed me. But I was afraid the train would come and I should be left.

Once when we were standing so, my mother got up and staggered out on to the platform and retched. She was very sick, but she felt a little better and sat

up. She said, 'Oh, if I only had a cup of tea!'

My Cousin Fred ran in. 'I'm awful busy today,' he said. 'We're a man short. You feel better, Aunt 'Miry?'

She said, 'Some better,' but she was white as a ghost. And Cousin Fred looked almost sick himself.

'Delly,' he said, 'what you got this door open for?'

'I told her to,' said my mother quickly. 'I couldn't stand it.'

Cousin Fred looked around curiously. Seemed as if he hadn't noticed it much before. 'It *is* pretty bad,' he said apologetically. 'I don't pay much 'tention. I ain't inside much.' He added, 'I'll have to go. I'll come in as close to noon as I can and eat with you. Delly, don't you get off, and you keep away from that door.'

IV

Pretty soon the train came and bumped us again and shot us off down the track and stopped, and then took a fresh hold and away we went, steaming and whistling and ringing and clicking and clucking, in and out of side tracks, over what my Cousin Fred called 'frogs' where rails joined, halting, and then bumping and jerking us ahead.

I watched the fields go by: farmers drawing hay, with children and dogs running around; a man drinking out of a jug; men hoeing corn. I wished I were with my father pulling suckers from the hills. I was very hungry, but there was a stronger call of nature which was paralyzing me with misery, and nothing to be done. If my mother had been well, she would have told my Cousin Fred; but a little girl — or a big one, for that matter — could not speak of such a thing to a man, even though he were a cousin. And either he did not think of it or else his own embarrassment kept him from mentioning it. And he couldn't have done much about it, for there were no sanitary conveniences included in the car's architectural design.

Then another trainman came in. My mother had had to lie down again as soon as the cars began to bump. He looked at her and then at me and said, 'How's your ma, sis?' He took his dinner pail and tiptoed out.

At last I could not look out of the windows. I did not want to see little girls riding on loads of hay or women ringing dinner bells. And when I saw a stoop-shouldered farmer with white whiskers and a felt hat walking across a hay field beside his team, I put my head down and thought about my own father and was almost as ill as my mother.

Finally my Cousin Fred came and said, 'Well, Delly, you starved? I'm hungrier'n a wolf. How's Aunt 'Miry?'

My mother opened her eyes. 'You go ahead,' she told him, 'you and Delly. I won't get up just yet.'

'Gosh!' My Cousin Fred looked sorry enough to cry. 'Don't you s'pose if you et a *little* something —' She shook her head and closed her eyes.

So Fred got our basket and unwrapped the bread and butter and the chicken. He *was* half starved, and he fairly gobbled. 'Got only a minute,' he said between mouthfuls. 'Here! Why don't you eat?' He shoved a chicken leg toward me, and I nibbled at it, but I could not eat. 'You sick too?' He looked scared and worried, and a little disgusted. I shook my head. He finished the dinner, — all but a chicken wing and a piece of bread, which he put away for me, — wiped his mouth with his hand, and ran.

I saw the train come backing up, but I did not care. When the bump came I tried to get up, but fell. And I fell almost on top of the huge wooden cuspidor — still uncontaminated. I did not think. I followed an impulse beyond denial.

The wooden container was not waterproof. My mother roused, lifted her head, and said, 'Delly!'

She fell back upon her pillow and groaned. I wept. My mother said, 'Oh, if I could only get up!' I could but sob

with shame. Then my mother said, 'See 'f you could find a mop.'

A mop seemed to be one household appurtenance left out of the Michigan Central's housekeeping budget, but I did discover a broom. I will pass over the result. Also, but not to seem chary of candor, the rest of that sultry, dusty, cindery, interminable afternoon. However, it passed, and I felt better. My mother, as the day waned, was able to sit up, her head swathed in wet handkerchiefs reeking with camphor.

As the day waned, too, the caboose came to be more bearable. Cool, pleasant smells came in from the woods at the side of the road — marsh grass, and little streams. A slight fog arose from the lowlands we passed through, and the windows blurred more than they had with dust. I lay down on the long seat, which was covered with cinders and grime.

The conductor came in from time to time to see how my mother was. I think he was worried as well as sorry. I think he wished we were safely off his train.

V

At sundown we arrived in Wayne. My Cousin Fred set us off with our satchel and the lunchbasket — now completely empty, since I had been able to finish its contents — and went on to Detroit with his train.

No one, of course, had been able to predict the time of our arrival, and so there was no one to meet us. We picked up our luggage and started off the short distance to Grandmother Bogardus's house. We got there as Grandmother and Emmy were sitting down to supper. Emmy, who was a lovely girl of eighteen with short black curly hair and blue eyes, sprang up, exclaimed over us with delight, and hugged us happily. My grandmother, who was shorter than my mother and plump of bosom and hip, approached us with dignity. Her China silk dress rustled.

'Well,' she said crisply, pecking my mother's cheek with maternal gesture, 'you've done one or *two* foolish things before now, Almiry, but I didn't think you'd take to riding on a *freight* train like a tramp!'

My mother was still white and shaken and had no repartee. My grandmother's eyes fell on me, shy and bashful, clinging to the shadow of my mother's skirts. 'Well, Delly,' she said, 'it's easy to tell where *you* rode. Emmy, take this child off and clean her up.' The inference was such as might apply to a mongrel cur picked up in the gutter. And, doubtless, not unapropos.

'You want to wash up, 'Miry, before you eat?' Her condemnatory glance swept my mother's soiled, crumpled, and malodorous attire. Tears came to my mother's eyes, but also a little of the dangerous spark that bespoke a limit to her patience.

'Yes,' she said, tartly, 'I should. I've had a sick headache.'

Grandmother Bogardus backed off. 'You look,' she said stiffly, 'and smell as if you'd had the plague. You can go in the spare room.'

'No,' said my mother with returning spirit, 'I ain't fit to go into the spare room. I'll wash here where I can get plenty of water. Then I'll put on a clean dress.'

Cleaned, refreshed, and presentable, we sat down to a beautifully set table, with spotless and daintily creased linen, shining silver, handsome glass. My grandmother had made fresh tea and my mother drank of it greedily.

'Now,' said grandmother, pouring tea and passing small biscuits and honey, 'I'd be glad to know, if you feel like telling me, *why* you're traveling around the country like *this*. I knew you'd married a poor man, but I didn't think he'd send you off in a *cattle* car!'

This was not a tactful thing to say, and after copious cups of tea my mother's asperity again asserted itself.

Her cheeks grew red and her eyes snapped.

'My husband,' she said with dignity, 'didn't send me. In fact, he was much opposed to our coming. But when Fred found he could get passes for us, we thought we'd come to see you.'

Grandmother passed the cake — white mountain cake with thick frosting — and dished the sauce. She wore a white lace cap and tossed her head. 'Well,' she said, 'I hope you enjoyed it.'

'Yes,' said my mother brazenly, 'it was quite an experience. For Delly, too.'

VI

We stayed two days. Cousin Fred had told us he would get passes for our return on Friday. He was home but little while we were there, but when he came to supper on Thursday night my grandmother told him that if he had any passes for us he could give them to somebody else. She wasn't going to have *her* folks riding on freight cars. Emmy was going to buy our tickets on the passenger train.

I think my mother would rather have gone back in the caboose, because she hadn't any money herself. She wouldn't have asked my father for any, because she was mad at him for acting as he did, and he wouldn't have offered her any because she was traipsing off away from home. She resented Grandmother Bogardus's bossy ways, but she couldn't do anything about it. Emmy bought our tickets and we went.

Fred had told my father that the train would probably be in around six o'clock, and, as a matter of fact, the train we went on (with red plush seats *and* a place marked 'Women') got in at half-past five. But there was my father. He was all dressed up with his best kip boots on and black alpaca coat, and he looked surprised to death. But the first thing he said, grimly, was, 'Well, you're late.'

THE NEXT HARVARD

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

I

COLLEGE presidents are supposed to be spending their most anxious thoughts these days on matters like the draft. Conceivably they are. But beneath these current anxieties there is an older anxiety which is no less urgent. Long before the present crisis had reached its present proportion, certain college presidents had begun to ask themselves — and their trustees and their alumni and their principal benefactors — a question with an ominous sound. The question was this: What is the future of privately supported institutions of learning in a world of rising taxes and diminishing gifts?

This paper is an attempt to supply, not an answer to that question, but a body of material relevant to its discussion — what the lawyers would call, perhaps, a record. The record is the record of present change and present directions at Harvard. It is a factual record only. But it has its meaning. What any institution will become a dozen years from now may be read in part in the facts and figures which indicate the direction of its development.

Like other private institutions, Harvard must face the fact that gifts to the university in the foreseeable future will not equal in bulk the gifts of the late twenties. Like other private institutions, it must admit that the peak of enrollment has probably been reached. And like other private institutions it must therefore accept the fact that this period of its history will be a period of organiza-

tion within existing frontiers, rather than a period of extension of existing frontiers.

Harvard is the oldest university in America and perhaps the richest in the world. Its endowment is close to a hundred and forty millions. Its library is the most complete university library of which there is any record. Its faculties include now, and have included in the past, an astonishing proportion of the most distinguished scholars produced in this country. The names of its famous graduates ring like iron bells across the history of the Republic. But Harvard, like other universities and colleges dependent on private gift, is threatened by the contraction of the securities markets and the decline of interest rates. And Harvard, for all its history, is endangered as are other universities by a European political revolution which attempts to substitute propaganda for science and mob emotion for disciplined thought: a revolution which would, if it could, grind Harvard with Yale and Princeton and Chicago and Pennsylvania and Stanford and the rest into the rubbish which was once the University of Prague and the University of Heidelberg and the University of Bonn.

John Harvard's Harvard was a small pocket of godliness in a profane world. Its four walls, with their eight divinity students and their parcel of treatises and classical texts, were a stockade against the wilderness. Its lofty purpose was to preserve, in the midst of the barbarities of the new world, the morality, the man-

ners, and the learning of the old. But John Harvard's Harvard was in process of change before the cows had been driven from the cow pastures where it was built. By the time two centuries were out, the college which had been founded as a stronghold of culture against the barbarities of the new world was itself a creator of the new world. The stockade was down, and the university had entered America. The growing Republic needed trained men, and Harvard built the professional schools to train them. Men graduating from Harvard in the century of expansion did more to create and re-create the complicated, curious, deeply old, strongly new culture of the United States than men from any other training. Men trained at Harvard taught other men, adapted the English law to the needs of the new country, built railroads, administered the government, cured diseases, fought wars, studied planets, trees, rocks, civilizations. Nothing could have been farther from the Harvard of the early seventeenth century than the Harvard of the nineteenth century, and yet both were Harvard and the second was the continuation of the first.

From the beginning of its history the next Harvard has been in process of evolution, and the next Harvard is in process of evolution now. Harvard, like other universities, is committed to one time and one time only — the future toward which the American Republic moves. The questions, therefore, of those who attempt to read the future of American private universities are questions to which Harvard is able to supply many answers.

II

The swing toward specialization and isolation of knowledge seems to have come to a temporary stop in our generation, and the thrust is now in the opposite direction. Like plants bred up to a point where further advance is possible only by cross fertilization, certain of the

isolated sciences seem to depend for their future growth upon interchange with other bodies of knowledge. Astronomers borrow from physicists, physicists borrow from mathematicians, mathematicians borrow from philosophers, philosophers borrow from psychologists, and psychologists borrow from neurologists. To the lay observer the consequences are confusing but exciting. To the universities they are more: they are a challenge. For the past organization of the universities — Harvard among them — has been such that commerce between the various fields of knowledge is difficult, as difficult almost as commerce between nationalistic states.

One of the most significant new developments at Harvard is a development which attempts to deal with this difficulty by making provision for experts in different fields to work together on problems common to them all. An example more or less typical may be taken from the Medical School. The innumerable sciences which have evolved around the study of the human body may be divided, as laymen know, into the sciences of analysis or diagnosis on the one hand, and the sciences of treatment or therapy on the other. As laymen also know, analysis has in general outrun treatment, so that physicians can recognize more afflictions than they can cure. What Harvard hopes to do is to establish a means of communication between the various fields of science concerned in the treatment of disease, so as to narrow that gap. Specifically, the university hopes to bring together in a working relationship the biological chemists, physiologists, and practising physicians whose coöperation is necessary to the advance of the chemistry of healing — pharmacotherapy.

The background of the proposal is one of the great achievements of modern medicine: the discovery of a cure for pernicious anæmia by Doctors George R. Minot and William P. Murphy of Harvard and the translation of that

discovery into terms of practicable therapy by Dr. Edwin J. Cohn and his co-workers in the Harvard Medical School.

When Dr. Minot began his researches in 1914, pernicious anæmia was a mortal disease. Patients sank and recovered in confusing waves of illness, but the end was invariably death. Dr. Minot suspected from the beginning that the red blood cell deficiency associated with the disease could be made up by proper food consumption. But because of the natural rhythm of the disease it was some years before he was able to state definitively that liver was a cure. Eventually, in 1926, the discovery was made public, receiving general confirmation. And in 1934 a Nobel prize was awarded to Dr. Minot, Dr. Murphy, and Dr. George H. Whipple of Rochester. Dr. Whipple's share in the work had been the study of the treatment of anæmia in animals experimentally made anæmic and the demonstration that daily feeding with liver produced more rapid recoveries than other forms of treatment.

The Minot-Murphy-Whipple discovery, important as it was, was not, however, the final solution of the problem. Liver in bulk was not a practicable remedy in all cases, and the essential therapeutic element in liver could not be isolated and extracted because no one yet knew *why* liver alone cured the disease. The job to be done obviously required the coöperative work of laboratory chemists and practising physicians. Dr. Minot and his associate, Dr. William B. Castle, provided the medical experience. As members of the staff of the Medical School they had access to many hospitals, some of them close to the school. Dr. Cohn, dropping all other activities, concerned himself with the laboratory end of the experiment. The result was the final conquest of the disease. The pure extract was isolated in such form as to be available for every patient, and pernicious anæmia disappeared from the lists of mortal diseases.

The possibilities of planned coöperation being thus established by experience, Harvard hopes to extend the practice. An organizational link between the Medical School laboratories and the hospitals already exists, and Dr. Cohn and Dr. Minot have proved to any man's satisfaction what can be done by the teaming up of biological chemists, physiologists, and practising physicians.

III

One of the incidental blessings of the great depression has been the enhanced status of the social sciences. As the social and economic order creaked across the dangerous years following 1929, undergraduates turned in unexampled numbers to courses in social and economic subjects, bringing new, pressing, and frequently unanswerable questions. And as the new Administration in Washington began its attempt in 1933 to deal with the economic evil by taking thought as to what should be done to cure it, more and more government departments turned to the universities for expert advice. Government, once having admitted the need of scholarship in dealing with social and economic problems, may be expected to turn to the universities again in time of crisis. And students, having once discovered the significance of economic and social learning in their own lives, may be expected to continue their search for such knowledge — so long, at least, as the present economic crisis continues.

To meet that changed situation the departments concerned with the social sciences at Harvard have initiated a variety of undertakings using techniques of coöperative scholarship similar to those already developed in the Medical School. The Harvard Business School, founded with the threefold purpose of training young men for business, conducting research projects in the general business field, and promoting the interests of industry, has organized one of the

most interesting of these experiments. The Business School realized that American business men had critical problems in handling human beings. Millions of dollars were being spent to analyze materials and to perfect machinery, but too little was being done to improve the physical and social adjustment of labor to industry, largely because too little was known about human beings and their social behavior. The common reproach, in the words of Dr. Mayo, was that 'modern America knows more about building machines than about building men.' Accordingly, Professor Elton Mayo's Department of Industrial Research and the Fatigue Laboratory under the lead of Dr. L. J. Henderson were established in the Business School.

These two undertakings are correlated. A variety of workers with different backgrounds, including psychology, social anthropology, biochemistry, business, and engineering, have been working coöperatively. They collaborate in the study of men in everyday life, thus contributing to what may be described as human biology. The guiding idea of the enterprise as it has developed is that certain aspects of human biology bear the same relation to the work of the Business School that other departments of human biology bear to the work of the Medical School. The importance of this view has been appreciated by the Rockefeller Foundation, which has provided generous support for both departments, and the university has recognized the wide bearing of the subject by establishing a Committee on Industrial Physiology, under which these and other departments coöperate.

The work of the Fatigue Laboratory in its relation to this whole task is closely associated with that of the Department of Clinical Medicine in the Medical School and with the work of the Department of Hygiene in its dealing with students. One of the first projects was an effort to define and measure the changes which occur under working con-

ditions. Equipment was installed to test the effects of physical effort at a variety of temperatures, altitudes, and atmospheres. Research workers, acting often as their own guinea pigs, are now engaged in checking, by blood and metabolism and other tests, biochemical, physiological, and psychological effects of exertion.

Even preceding this, studies were instituted bearing on the understanding and interpretation of working groups as social groups. In 1929, Professor Mayo and his associates coöperated with the Western Electric Company in an exhaustive survey of worker psychology in its Hawthorne, Illinois plant, involving thousands of interviews over a three-year period. Several inquiries along the lines of social anthropology were subsequently undertaken in the deep South and at Newburyport in Massachusetts.

Such work is correlated, interpreted, and the results made available to industry as rapidly as may be. Properly utilized, the results should prove valuable to industry and to government. Two of the conclusions reached at Hawthorne were that the most-used incentives — such as wages, bonuses, and even so-called good working conditions — are often definitely less important than effective handling of social situations, and that social sentiments and community conditions have a definite relation to the adjustment of workers to their jobs.

A second experimental undertaking in the social sciences uses the same technique of coöperative scholarship in an even more ambitious program. When Harvard University was founded, doctors learned their craft in barbershops, the law was a disreputable calling, and business men were known as 'traders.' Little by little these occupations became professions demanding of their practitioners both special knowledge and intellectual background. But while law and medicine became respectable professions with graduate schools of

their own, and while business became the principal American occupation with numerous and frequent academic recognitions, the profession of government, which was a respected profession in Massachusetts Bay and which John Adams considered the only study worthy of a mature intelligence, remained without academic standing. Not until 1935 did the university establish a graduate school devoted to the profession of government, as its great Law School and Medical School were devoted to the professions of medicine and law.

In that year Lucius N. Littauer gave two and a quarter millions for a Graduate School of Public Administration, and the university called together its political scientists, its economists, its historians, its social psychologists, and its lawyers to determine how and to what end the money should be spent. A million had been set aside to house the School, and the problem was what to do with the balance. For a year and a half, while the monumental granite building in front of the Law School was in process of construction, exploratory conferences were held on this question. And eventually a conclusion was reached. It was evident, first, that there were no useful precedents. Public Administration had only recently arrived as an academic subject. It was evident, secondly, that analogies were dangerous. Public Administration could not be taught like medicine or engineering, but required new methods to meet its unique difficulties. It was decided, therefore, to adopt an experimental practice. Men would not be trained to *get* jobs in government, but men *with* jobs in government would be brought back to the university to study the problems of the profession in which they were engaged.

The first, and the inevitable, consequence of that decision was to limit the student body to approximately fifteen men. The young government employee is rarely provided with independent means, and the scheme could therefore

function only if full scholarships were provided. Even Mr. Littauer's generous gift, invested at present income rates, would not supply stipends for more than fifteen scholarships. But the experience of the School seems to have justified this approach. Opening in the fall of 1938, with fifteen Littauer Scholars drawn from federal, state, and municipal services, and with 144 graduate students from other departments sharing the work of the seminars, the School of Public Administration has already established its place in the university. It has demonstrated the feasibility of the basic plan. It has demonstrated the possibility of bringing the various disciplines together, using, as it has, the social scientists already on the faculties. And it has demonstrated, further, the advantages to the university of a system which brings men from public life directly in contact with teachers and research scholars.

The principal gain in this latter direction is not from the Littauer Fellows themselves, who are necessarily men of limited first-hand experience of public affairs, but rather from the members of the School's faculty and the consultants brought in to direct its seminars. Dean of the School is John H. Williams of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Its most famous member is Dr. Heinrich Brüning, formerly Chancellor of the German Reich. And its consultants include, in addition to members of the university faculty, outsiders distinguished in business or public service.

The School is now, and will increasingly become, a centre for the social sciences where teachers and students from the departments of economics and political sciences may meet with teachers and students from the School of Law, the School of Business, and other such divisions of the university, for the discussion of those problems of government which touch upon the work of all. And it is now and will increasingly become a stage for the discussions of teachers and

public officials which must inevitably become more frequent as the interdependence of government and scholarship in a democratic state is more clearly recognized. The School, in other words, is a symbol of two of the principal tendencies in the university today: the tendency to break through the academic fences dividing fields of academic knowledge, and the tendency to recognize the function of the university in the modern world — or in that part of the modern world in which men still endeavor to govern themselves in the light of knowledge.

IV

That the Littauer School is bound to have a very considerable influence on the university is indicated by the fact that its basic conception has already been applied in another, if related, field. When Agnes Wahl Nieman of Milwaukee, widow of the proprietor of the *Milwaukee Journal*, left something better than a million dollars to Harvard to 'elevate the standards of journalism,' Harvard did not devote the money to the foundation of a new school of journalism. Instead it applied to journalism the principle laid down for the Graduate School of Public Administration. The Nieman Foundation would not educate young men at Harvard to enable them to apply for jobs on newspapers, but would award scholarships to men already on newspapers to enable them to study at Harvard. There, however, the similarity ended. For where the Littauer Fellows devote their time to study of their own profession, the Nieman Fellows devote theirs to a much broader field. The difference is implicit in the distinction between the two occupations. Public Administration is a profession the substance of which is public administration. Journalism is a profession the substance of which is the observation of man. What the public administrator can learn from schooling is public administration. What the journalist can

learn from schooling is the background — historical, psychological, economic — of the human conduct he is engaged in watching and interpreting.

In consequence the Nieman Fellowships are set up without a faculty. All courses in the university are open to the Fellows, and they are permitted, under the supervision of their Curator, to direct their study and their reading in the direction of greatest interest to themselves. In 1938-1939, the first year of the Foundation, the funds of the bequest were sufficient to provide stipends for nine Fellows, two from Alabama, one from Missouri, one from Kentucky, one from Illinois, one from Maryland, one from the District of Columbia, and two from Massachusetts. One of the Fellows specialized in Latin-American history and economics, others in labor economics, in Southern agriculture, in sciences, in political philosophy. Contact with their profession is assured by a series of weekly dinners attended by the Fellows and by members of the university faculties, at which visiting journalists of distinction such as John Gunther, Paul Y. Anderson, Alexander Woolcott, Walter Lippmann, William Allen White, George Seldes, Henry R. Luce and others discuss matters of journalistic practice.

These dinners, through the attendance of university scholars of various interests, provide another means, if a less formal one, for the breaking down of departmental barriers and the centring of different disciplines upon a common problem. The Nieman Fellows of the year 1938-1939 will not forget the excitement of an evening when Henry Luce discussed the magazines *Time* and *Life* under the questioning of a dinner table which included Harvard's great philosopher, Professor Whitehead, her great astronomer, Harlow Shapley, the most eminent of her jurists, Mr. Justice Frankfurter, the well-known Harvard anthropologist, Professor Hooton, a distinguished professor of English, Ken-

neth Murdock, and many others. The university will not forget, for its part, the impact of a Chicago reporter who had seen the Detroit automobile strike at first hand and a Kentucky editor from 'the Jackson Purchase' to whom the TVA was not a textbook abstraction but a living force in a living society.

Neither the Nieman Foundation nor the Littauer School has lived long enough to enable any man to pass judgment upon them. But the basic idea upon which both are founded — an idea, incidentally, for which President Conant must receive, though he does not claim, full credit — has already been appraised and accepted in other and older departments of the university. The School of Education may be taken as one example. Education, like the social sciences, was forced upon the attention of the university in the years following the war. The American school, as the cornerstone of American culture, was being subjected to considerable unfriendly scrutiny and was found to reflect the worst qualities of a hasty though efficient material civilization. The number of children in schools had quadrupled following the turn of the century, normal schools and university schools of education had done a land-office business. The education of teachers was often shoddy and careless, and the product of the public schools was inferior by any exacting standard — as Harvard discovered for itself when it began to offer scholarships on a national basis in 1934. The consequence, at Harvard at least, was a complete re-examination of the whole question of the teaching of teachers.

One result of that re-examination is a plan to bring practising superintendents back to the university for study as the Nieman Foundation brings practising journalists. Another is a new program for the professional training of teachers for secondary schools. The major feature of the new plan is to require students of the art of teaching at Harvard to pay

more attention to the *subjects* they expect to teach. One of the weaknesses of the situation obtaining in the twenties was that teaching was taught not as the teaching of *something* but as an abstract technical formula, bearing no more relation to the living content of knowledge than technical librarianship bears to the living content of libraries. A young man preparing to teach mathematics was therefore remitted to one of two undesirable alternatives. He could either do regular graduate work in mathematics and learn nothing about the technique of teaching or he could go to a teachers' college and learn next to nothing about mathematics. Harvard's solution of this unhappy and unreasonable division was the decision arrived at two years ago, to establish a degree of Master of Arts in Teaching to be offered jointly by the Faculty of Arts and Sciences and the Faculty of Education. The degree therefore becomes a certificate that the Master of Arts in Teaching is prepared not only to teach but to teach *something*.

But the change in policy did more than increase the value of the Harvard degree. It increased as well the prestige and the vigor of the School. The School's degree of Master of Education for men and women studying to be school superintendents and supervisors puts the School in touch with problems not only of public education but of public administration as well. This relationship results in surveys of public school systems in various parts of the country, conferences of educators, and a general ferment which is as useful inside the School as it is outside. The School runs its own laboratory and psychoeducational clinic, gives radio broadcasts for teachers and parents, makes movies to help slow readers, sends its students out to work and watch in the schools of seven neighboring townships, and devotes no small part of its time to the re-examination of the theories and practices of teaching and learning which continues so actively in this generation.

V

If the Littauer Graduate School of Public Administration may be taken as an apt symbol of new tendencies at Harvard, and particularly of the commerce between various disciplines which is so marked a characteristic of the times, the University Professorship may be taken as the most practicable vehicle for that commerce thus far devised. The University Professorship is an endowed chair attached to no specific department. Its significance is this: university departments, like all similar human institutions, have a way of twining themselves around the income from their endowments and their budgeted funds so completely that no free funds are left for the appointment to university chairs of the occasional distinguished scholar who becomes unexpectedly available. The result is, first, a rigid departmentalization of knowledge, since all available funds are divided according to department, and secondly a freezing of university personnel, since the unexpected and powerful influences which should be introduced from time to time cannot be introduced.

The University Professorships were established a few years ago specifically to meet this need. The immediate purpose is to provide flexible funds for the purpose of appointing men who might be expected to contribute to the total university life in any field or any combination of fields. The deeper purpose is to provide the beginning of that consolidation of the university within itself which is one of the profound needs of Harvard. For though Harvard has reconciled itself to the loss of the ever-expanding frontier, and has faced the need for an organizational and functional development within, it does not follow that there are no more lands to discover and no more adventures to expect. The techniques of coöperative scholarship are continually discovering new areas for exploration between the old boundaries.

The new science of Geophysics may serve as an example. Geophysics is the study, by laboratory methods, of the substances of the earth and the manner of their creation. It draws chiefly upon geology, physics, and chemistry, but it needs at certain points the data of the meteorologist as well, together with the aid of the volcanologist, the astronomer, and the oceanographer. The substances of the earth cannot be studied in the field. The earth is eight thousand miles in diameter, and the field geologist cannot collect samples at a greater depth than two miles. Laboratory study is the only practicable method, and to set up laboratory models of solids acting as they do at the core of the earth it is necessary to reproduce the tremendous heats and pressures which prevail there. Experiment under such conditions demands guidance by an extraordinary type of expert in advanced physics. Harvard has such a man in the person of Professor P. W. Bridgman, who is universally acknowledged to be the world leader in high-pressure technique. And Professor Bridgman's pupil, Dr. Francis Birch, has gone even beyond his master in actually applying the new technique to the many problems relating to the behavior of rocks under pressures reaching as much as 20,000 atmospheres. Although Professor Bridgman has been constantly at hand for consultation about difficult points in designing apparatus, Dr. Birch has been the operating manager of the various laboratories and is now the world court of final appeal in questions of rock properties at high pressure.

Another expert is Dr. Lewis Don Leet, Harvard's arch-detective in seismological problems. Working in his laboratory — at Oak Ridge, twenty-seven miles west of Cambridge — Dr. Leet has installed the best-equipped seismological station in existence. His sensitive instruments make continuous photographic records of earthquakes in all parts of the earth. He has won fame for his experi-

ments with artificial earthquakes (shocks by timed dynamite explosions), whereby he has improved measurements of the speeds of earthquake waves at various depths in the planet. Knowing those speeds and learning the so-called elastic constants of rocks under high pressures from the experiments of his colleagues, Professor Leet has been able to identify the nature of rock layers at invisible depths. His records of arrival times and sizes of seismic waves are being sought by seismologists of every continent. Thus the Harvard geophysicists are leading the development of method in deducing the internal structure of the earth. The practical results may possibly include a discovery of the principles governing earthquakes and volcanoes, the causes of deepening harbors and collapsing mines, the strength of the earth's crust and the weakness of its core.

VI

A university library is a university's most vital organ — and, like vital organs elsewhere, is both cherished and neglected. It is only when the heart is sick that the heart is noticed, and it is only when a library fails that a university is conscious of its library. The rest of the time it indulges in the appropriate platitudes, expresses the proper pride, and complains bitterly that the library must be paid for. For a library, unlike a stadium or a dormitory, is never bought: it is always in process of purchase. Even were its collections from the past complete, — an inconceivable situation, — it would still need to acquire year by year the new works of letters, the new scholarly apparatus, the new periodicals and publications, which link those collections to the present. Civilization is a spider that hangs itself from its past on a continuously lengthening thread. To lose the latest strand is to lose connectives which, whatever their intrinsic importance, may well change all the relationships, all the meanings. It is

moderately said that a lapse of ten years in library purchases would leave gaps which could never be filled. From the merely technical point of view, this statement is correct. From a warmer and more human point of view, it is a gross understatement. A university library in which the collections were all miraculously complete to 1929, but to which nothing had been added since that date, would be a monument to death.

Harvard's library is the glory not only of that university but of American education. In point of age it is the oldest in the United States. In point of size it follows only the Library of Congress and the New York Public Library. In point of quality there are important fields where it follows no other collection. Its total holdings in Widener Memorial Library, the eighteen department libraries, the fifty special libraries, and the seven House libraries number better than four million volumes and pamphlets. But of more importance than the quantity is the quality of the books — the number of irreplaceable volumes and the number not available elsewhere in this country.

But a library is not merely a collection of books. It is also a means by which books may be used. Its books must be available, and available in the most effective terms. Availability means efficient cataloguing, efficient servicing, and adequate space for reading and reference. Harvard's great collections impose on her libraries obligations in these regards which are at least as heavy as the obligation to increase collections. For here new and creative labor is required. The critical reëxamination of American culture which has paid its respects to the American school system has also turned its attention to the American library system, which will be forced sooner or later to find better means of bringing books to people and people to books than any yet devised. In this labor the greatest of the university libraries will wish to play its part.

Even in a more normal period these obligations would entail a heavy burden. In a period of economic strain they entail a burden which it is almost impossible to meet. University funds are contributed to the Harvard College Library at the present time in the amount of more than \$200,000 annually, but even this subsidy leaves the periodical files incomplete, the stacks overflowing, cataloguing in arrears, reading space and administration space inadequate, and certain collections out of date. The situation, moreover, will probably grow worse before it can grow better, for the cost of maintenance increases automatically every year as a result of the increase in holdings.

To relieve the library from that situation and to enable it to take the offensive against its many cultural problems would cost an enormous sum. But the stakes are also tremendous. A university could lose its faculty and its students and begin again as a great university if its library remained great. But if it lost its library no conceivable faculty and no conceivable student body would hold it to its rank. Civilization follows the libraries. When the great library of Alexandria was finally destroyed by the Moors, culture migrated from the Eastern Mediterranean to the West. The Church, through the monasteries, and later through the Vatican library, bridged precariously the gulf of the Dark Ages. And with the Renaissance the libraries of Europe became the houses of civilization. A similar migration is possible again today. For if the great libraries of Europe should suffer the fate of the library of Alexandria, the records of western civilization would be housed, if at all, in the libraries of America.

The Harvard Library, then, needs money to continue to be what it has long been. The Harvard student body, on the contrary, needs money to become something essentially different — something it has been in process of becoming for five years. Five years ago,

86 per cent of Harvard's students came from the states of the eastern seaboard, well over half from New England and a majority from large cities. Harvard men in the middle states and the West did not enjoy being told that Harvard was a sectional university, but the fact was nevertheless obvious. Boys preparing to enter college in the small towns and in the rural communities of the South and West did not consider Harvard.

The first attack on that situation was made in 1934 when the Corporation appropriated money for ten fellowships for boys from six Midwestern states and, in 1935, for eleven fellowships for boys from eight states. The Corporation felt that a national university must have a student body as representative of the nation as possible. It felt also that if equality of opportunity were to be a reality in our rapidly stratifying society some attempt must be made to give the finest education available to the most promising boys regardless of the address of their home town or the credit rating of their fathers.

The experiment, if experiment it may be called, has been a brilliant success. Of the first ten National Scholars, all graduated with honors and eight as members of Phi Beta Kappa. All, moreover, had been active in outside college activities. As a result the Tercentenary of 1936 was made the occasion of a request for more National Scholarships to be given over a wider area. Generous donors provided a number of new funds for this purpose. Under some of these gifts awards may be made without geographical restriction; in others, such as the 'Bronson Cutting,' 'Ogden Mills,' 'Noel Morris,' and 'Stern' Funds, awards to applicants from certain specified states are preferred by the donors. About twenty-five scholarships are now awarded annually to students in seventeen Western and Southern states.

The National Scholarships are unique at Harvard in at least two respects.

First, they are given on a merit basis, regardless of need. Secondly, they take care of the student's entire college expenses, if necessary, and permit him to get full benefit from his college education. Once awarded, the stipend is adjusted to actual need; it may be as much as \$1000 in freshman year and \$1200 thereafter. The amount given is never made public, and no stigma of charity attaches. On the contrary, the National Scholars arrive as freshmen distinguished by having won competitive awards. Since the competitions in each state are widely publicized, and since applicants whose examinations are promising are personally interviewed by one or another of the Harvard deans, the distinction is not inconsiderable.

Twenty-one holders of National Scholarships have completed their undergraduate studies and seventy more have passed one or more years in the college. Their records in studies and in extracurricular activities have justified both the plan and the means of selection. There is, however, one aspect of the experiment which weighs heavily on the Scholarship Committee. That is the necessity of turning down every year some four hundred candidates many of whom Harvard would be glad to have. The deans have discovered such startling talents and abilities in such unlikely habitats in the past five years that the limitation of the scholarships to about twenty-five has become embarrassing and in some cases tragic.

One of the most brilliant scientific students, for example, now a National Scholar, is the son of a beekeeper in a small rural community in the Middle West. This boy, whose teachers unanimously reported that he was the most likely student they had ever had, was a good athlete, a leader in his school class, an amateur scientist who had made his own collections of plants and insects, and had worked for years in a laboratory he had rigged up for himself in the farm cellar — a student whose reading had

ranged from Darwin to J. T. Adams. His parents wrote that their son was so much of a scientist and thinker they doubted if he would ever make money. As for themselves, they added they weren't much as money-makers either. Without full scholarship aid this boy would never have come to Harvard. All over America there are boys like the beekeeper's son — natural-born scientists, or engineers or artists or scholars. The deans of Harvard know how to find them. For one thing, they have advanced the technique of forecasting academic ability to such a point that they can select boys who will make honor records 90 per cent of the time. Here again the university would, if it could, greatly increase the investment.

But it is not only to bring the ablest boys to the best education that Harvard would spend more money on its students if it could. It would do more for them once they had arrived: specifically, it would carry farther the great housing program initiated in the '20s. Prior to the gifts which made possible the seven present Houses, many if not most of Harvard's undergraduates lived a highly individualistic, not to say atomistic, social life. Boys from the fashionable schools were held together in groups the climate of which was the adolescent climate of the school, and there were also club and athletic groupings which had a certain coherence. But broader associations on an adult basis of common intellectual interest were almost unknown. The system was defended as making for greater self-reliance and individuality, but the Administration has never counted the imaginary benefits as outweighing the obvious losses. The individualism of the Harvard undergraduate was too often the individualism of loneliness, and the sophistication was too frequently the sophistication of cultural ignorance.

The proof of the unhealthiness of the former practice is the speed with which it was dropped. There was considerable

talk at the time of the opening of the first Houses about the unwillingness of the rugged Harvard individualist to live in such 'dormitories.' It was short-lived talk. Within a few years the two hundred or so upperclassmen living outside the House plan, simply because there was no room for them, were complaining orally and in writing (even in parodies of Dean Swift) that their exclusion was rank and brutal injustice. Life in the Houses provided the kind of association, the kind of talk, the kind of relationship, which are essential to the most exciting part of an education — the part a man provides for himself. No one who has attended an economics session at Dunster or a political-literary-political ruction at Leverett, or seen a Restoration play at Eliot, has any doubt but that a large part of the education of the present generations of Harvard men goes on in the Houses. And not the book education alone. For when, two years ago, it was estimated that on the average each member used his House library every other day throughout the year, it was also found that three to four times as many men were participating in sports as in the pre-House Plan era. If the House library is a hard-worked, hard-working part of the university system, and if the forums, lectures, readings, and the like are largely and warmly attended, the House dances and inter-House sports also play their useful part.

Briefly, the whole record of the Harvard House Plan is a record of unqualified success — a record which justifies and more than justifies the extension of the scheme to the two hundred undergraduates and the close to two thousand graduate students who now lack university housing of any description. Not only is the present state of the unhoused two thousand regrettable, — boarding-house meals and boardinghouse rooms for the most part, with limited social relations outside their classes, — but the advantages to be gained by an ex-

tension of the House system are palpable and proven. Visitors to the Harvard Law School will remember the congested stairways and crowded doors where traffic is compelled to yield to conversation. Visitors to the Harvard Law School who have also seen a graduate school with adequate housing facilities like those at the Medical and Business Schools will make the inevitable comparison.

It has been observed above that the present period in the history of the university is a period of integration. But the integration of the university, the consolidation of its diverse parts, cannot be accomplished by official order. To bring living men together by their own volition it is necessary that they find congenial meeting places and that these congenial meeting places be always available. The Harvard housing problem will not be written down as solved until all students in the university, graduate as well as undergraduate, are given the advantages which have proved themselves in the seven Houses already built.

These, then, may serve as examples of the nature of new scholarly enterprise within the university, and of the directions the next Harvard might be expected to take. That the university stands at the opening of a new period of great promise requires no argument. The facts speak for themselves. That the university's scholarship, which is the university's lifeblood, is full and vigorous is also manifest. It is difficult to think of any period in Harvard's history when more, and more hopeful, work has been blocked out by abler and more courageous minds. But across these hopes and this courage cuts arbitrarily and unarguably the fact that the university cannot finance the work which must be done.

The true picture of the next Harvard is the picture of those hopes seen through this uncertainty.

WANTED: A FAITH TO FIGHT FOR

BY STEWART ALSOP

A COUPLE of years ago, I felt a good deal like the proverbial Frenchwoman who was surprised to discover that no one was right absolutely all the time except herself.

I was, like many thousands of my years and bent, that curious hybrid, a Marxist Liberal. Certainly it would never have occurred to me to join the Communist Party. Never did I consider myself a fellow traveler, or even an active Communist sympathizer. Indeed, nothing seemed more vicious than the charge of Communism directed against those who thought as I did. But for all that, Marxism, or the brand of Marxism which filters down through a liberal education, the kind which is bandied about after the second cocktail, dominated my political thinking. It was the supreme logic of Marxism which made everything in contemporary history so luminously clear to me, and, I think, to thousands of others of my kind. That is one of the beauties of Marxism, even the diluted Marxism which characterizes the thinking of the Marxist Liberal. For it is a magic touchstone, a bright and lovely mirror which reflects the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It does your thinking for you.

It is silly to underestimate the appeal of Marxism to young Americans with eyes to see and with hearts to feel in the last ten depression years. Hundreds of thousands of intelligent people in this country have had a certain secret, almost unconscious sympathy with the Marxist idea, many thousands more

than ever thought of carrying a C.P. card, more than seven Dies Committees with seven mops could sweep up in a hundred years. Confronted with the spectacle of bread lines in every city while wheat rotted on thousands of acres, with the supreme illogic of wholesale hunger in the richest country in the world, these people sought for an alternative. I do not think, and I never shall, that this search was criminal, that it was 'un-American,' that it was cowardly and unpatriotic, a danger to home and to religion. Indeed, the real cowardice and un-Americanism still seem to me to be in those who could look upon the America of 1933 and fail to look for an alternative; who could regard the conditions of that time with equanimity and who would welcome with satisfaction a return to the way of life which brought on those conditions. Be that as it may, many people, and especially many young people, sought the alternative, and found it, if not in Communism, at least in an approximation of Marxism. They became 'radicals,' although many were ashamed to confess, even to themselves, their radicalism, although their leftishness may have led them no further than an occasional *faux pas* at a Republican table and a perhaps furtive vote for Franklin Roosevelt in 1936.

And how infinitely comforting this do-nothing radicalism, this ruddy glow of the dining room and the cocktail party, has been. Although he may lack something of the evangelical fervor, the

early Christian-martyr spirit of the bred-in-the-bone, Stalin-worshipping Communist, the Marxist Liberal has known the pleasures of righteous conviction, of doubts stilled, of certainty in an uncertain world.

There are few questions he cannot answer to his own satisfaction. Men starve in an abundant world because goods are produced for private profit rather than public good, a system utterly illogical when machines are everywhere producing more things with fewer men to work them. Because the capitalist must find markets for his goods, because he must find new areas for investments and exploitation when his own country is exploited to the limit, a deadly competition between nations ensues. War is the result, the mass murder of the many to appease the greedy few. Fascism — and this, to the Marxist Liberal, was an article of faith to which he blindly subscribed at least up to the end of August 1939 — is but the invention of the wily capitalist, a means of reducing the masses to slavery to the glorious end of greater profits. Unemployment, Fascism, war, the triple terrors of the modern world, all are to be explained glibly and easily by the Marxist Liberal, who knows with a supreme faith that all three, together with such lesser evils as crime, bad housing, illiteracy, race prejudice, and perhaps astigmatism and ingrowing toenails, will disappear when production for use is substituted for production for profit.

Let us glance at the world of the last few years through the starry eyes of the Marxist Liberal. Within the United States, his position was clear; few doubts on any score assailed him. Anyone who leveled criticism, from whatever source, at a trade union, and especially at a CIO union, was *per se* a reactionary, a capitalist or a tool of the capitalists. Anyone who attacked Russia or the Communist Party was a Red-baiter, a wielder of rubber hoses, a little Hitler. Republicans, anti-New Dealers, were either callous or just plain stupid. The

New Deal was conceived in a generous spirit, although it didn't go far enough. The newspapers were for the most part little more than propaganda sheets, the media of the distorting propaganda of the rich, and the servants of the rich. They were owned by the rich in the first place, and their editorial policies were controlled by advertisers. In general, capitalism was the source of all evil, and should be done away with as soon as possible, though preferably without any bloodshed or unpleasantness. It was all very simple, fitting together as neatly as a child's picture puzzle.

The world situation was, in its broad outlines, equally simple. The great powers were, like Caesar's Gaul, divided into three parts. There were the rich, sated powers, their capitalist gluttony satisfied by their great possessions, the capitalists provided with sufficient opportunity for the exploitation of their fellow men. These were, of course, Great Britain, France, and the United States. Then there were the Fascist powers, the slave states, lusty for power, eager to exploit as richly and profitably as the great empires, hungry for a slice of the evil capitalist pie: Germany, Italy, Japan. Certainly of these two great groups the first was the lesser evil; but there was one power and one power only with the courage, the morality, the virtue, to oppose aggression and injustice with deeds, not merely words — and that was the Soviet Union.

To the Marxist Liberal the foreign policy of Russia, from the annexation of Manchuria right up to the end of August 1939, shone like a good deed in a naughty world. While the British-dominated League of Nations condoned feebly, the Soviet Union protested the rape of Manchuria vigorously. It continued sanctions against Italy long after the sanctions of the other powers had become a farce. It helped China with goods and men while the other powers *tsk-tsked* and sat around twiddling their thumbs. It was ready (apparently) to

come to the aid of beleaguered Czechoslovakia until France and England backed down at Munich and Chamberlain simpered about 'peace in our time.' Through it all, the speeches of Litvinov, divested of the fiddle-faddle of professional diplomacy, sounded an inspiring counterpoint, with his defense of the rights of small nations, his offers to cease all armaments manufacture whenever the powers should agree.

To be sure, disquieting rumors came out of Russia itself in these years. There was the famine of 1932-1933, but this was undoubtedly largely the invention of capitalist propaganda, and whoever did starve probably deserved to starve. There were the purges, but obviously the purgees were guilty; any socialist state would be the object of capitalist sabotage. Meanwhile there were the lovely statistics, the mounting production, the crèches, million-copy editions of books, free theatres, the 'most democratic constitution in the world.' To the Marxist Liberal the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics was the rock of ages, the one sure foothold in the slithery swamp of a disintegrating world.

The outlines of the future were dim around the edges, perhaps, but in the main they were clear enough. A war was of course on the way, a world war of unprecedented dimensions and unmitigated horror. The hungry Fascists — Germany, Italy, and Japan — would be lined up against the bloated capitalists — England, France, and a little later the United States, finally forced to fight against the spreading poison of Fascism. And of course the Soviet Union would be right in there supplying the most effective antitoxin. By the war's end, the beautiful truth of socialism would be known and practised all over the world.

Today the Marxist Liberal of yore feels a little like the college senior who comes unexpectedly on the diary he wrote when he was thirteen, filled with the embarrassing inanities of adolescence. He has only to recall the Russo-

German alliance or Finland or the Baltic States or the ideological trapeze act of the United States Communist Party to regret his intellectual love affair with Soviet Russia. He is a little like a man suffering from a toothache, hay fever, or unrequited love: his pain is funny to everyone but himself. Yet in a larger sense his pain is not so altogether funny.

The Colonel Blimps of America, particularly in the last few months, have been grumbling over their cigars and coffee about the flabbiness, the cowardliness, the lack of patriotism of the nation's youth. And not only the Colonel Blimps either, for the sincere and intelligent idealists have been startled by the apparent indifference of young men in the face of the creeping menace of Fascism. There is good reason for their alarm. As this is written, there is no more martial spirit — the spirit that made our raw, untrained army a great army in the last war, and which, indeed, has made the German army a great army in this one — in the men who will have to fight if we go to war than there is in a turtle. We are building an army great in numbers. Men are joining that army. Some are joining it because they haven't got a job, or because they don't like the job they've got. Most are joining it because they have to. In proportion to the total number of Americans of military age, very few men are joining the army because they want to fight the Fascists, or in the expectation that they will fight the Fascists.

The American people, and among them the men who will make up the American army, have come to believe in a comfortably bloodless war, a war of blockade, a war of the assembly lines. It was just such a war that the French and the English believed in before a few weeks in the spring of 1940 proved how wrong they were.

It is not a pretty thing to ponder — that in the spring of 1941 the leaders of American thought, from the President

on down, can shake oratorical or editorial fists at the aggressors to their hearts' content, can intimate repeatedly that the defeat of the Axis is essential to American safety, but can never so much as breathe that some American boy might get hurt in the process.

Some indication of the root cause of which this bloodlessly bellicose double-talk is a symptom may be found, perhaps, in the dissection of the Marxist Liberal mind above. I do not mean to imply that most of the young men of America are conscious or even unconscious Marxists. I do mean that they are searching for a faith, for something to believe in, to live for and die for. That some have searched in such unlikely places as the Soviet Union does not make their search any the less serious. The young men of Germany today have found such a faith; however vicious we on the outside know it to be, to them it remains something for which they would gladly die. The Americans who went abroad to fight in 1917 had such a faith. The Americans of today have not.

I do not think this means that the American men of today are flabby and decadent, enervated by too many automobiles, too many movies, too much gin, or too much politics. If this country were invaded tomorrow it would fight to the last man, with baseball bats and fists, if necessary. But the policy of this country is not confined to defense against invasion. We are now committed to the defeat of the Axis powers, and if this can be done by lambasting them oratorically and building supplies for Britain, it will be a military miracle indeed.

To fight the war which sooner or later we shall be called on to fight we need a crusading faith, the kind that inspired the soldiers of 1917, setting forth to war to make the world safe for democracy. We haven't got it; certainly the men who will do the fighting haven't got it.

You will not give it to them by rephrasing the battle cries of 1917. It is

not that democracy — the kind of democracy that was written into the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights — has become meaningless to them; if anything, it means more than it ever did before. It is that, to a generation which for the most part has been brought up to think that the silliest mistake the United States ever made was our entrance into the last war, the kind of democracy we fought to make the world safe for leaves a bitter taste in the mouth. A kind of democracy that leaves somewhere between nine and sixteen million unemployed for ten years in the richest nation on earth hardly seems worth imposing on the rest of the world. The things America fought for two decades ago gave her a great army. They will not give her a great army today.

The disillusioned cocktail-party Marxist is a more ludicrous than pathetic figure. The members of the American Youth Congress ought undoubtedly to be spanked. But they are a symptom of a serious disease, a disease which shows itself more generally in the curious apathy of most American young men in the face of the most desperate crisis the country has ever known. The disease from which these young men suffer is this: they have not found a faith.

A great army is an army of fanatics, an army of men with a dream. Germany has a great army, an army of soldiers who dream of a world ruled by uniformed young men with blond hair.

Give the soldiers of America a dream. Give them the dream of an America in which any man who is willing to do his honest share will receive his honest share of America's plenty; give them the dream of a world in which the people of the world will share honestly in the plenty of the world.

If this is Bolshevism or Red radicalism or un-Americanism, then so be it. America is today face to face with the greatest war of her national history. Without a great faith, we shall lose that war. With faith, we shall win it.

A NATURALIST IN THE CITY

BY DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

I

I LIKE a city, if it is great enough, or small enough to be lovable. But it took time and good luck for me to discover that even Manhattan may be, for a naturalist, an open door to the field. When I was small my city was Chicago, and I so hated it that I would mentally adjourn from the stone-cold city and dirty grey environment in which my scrawny, bronchitic body found itself to a world all Nature's.

Of the first time I actually found myself there, I can recall nothing except that I was standing alone in a country that was green and blue and red. The red was the deep cuts in the clay soil; the green was pine forest, and blue was mountains and dreamy melting distance. In that place I felt warm and vigorous; I could no longer hear Lake Michigan shouldering up its ice and stones to smack them on the beach, nor the thrumming of the old furnace, nor my father's desolate coughing. I was free, and explored where I pleased. I was rich, with a piece of quartz in my pocket, and there was sunshine on my hand.

I learned the mayflower and trillium by name, and the Carolina wren and the cardinal, all the singing birds except the one who sang alone in the rain, lifting his voice and letting it fall in a long silver whistle. I had a small hatchet, and made trails in the woods, hacking sweetgum and spice bush and sassafras, shearing their pungent bark so they bled odors that I got by heart, though the plants were nameless to me. There amid

the glittering leaves I stood a long time listening for the thrush to sing again. Slowly the notes came ringing through the woods, a mile away and bell-clear. I knew what they were saying; I had the verse by rote, out of that book by a young man whose melancholy portrait I admired in the frontispiece. To me, too, the thrush said: —

'O fret not after knowledge. I have none,
And yet my song comes native with the warmth.
O fret not after knowledge! I have none,
And yet the evening listens. He who saddens
At the thought of idleness cannot be idle,
And he's awake who thinks himself asleep.'

Fret after it or not, knowledge comes. The grey wintry waves of school life in a Northern city closed over me again. Till with time I forgot to remember how I used to lie on my back on a rock under the hemlocks, watching the buzzards soar up and up, with never a wing flap. Not for years did I go South again. I was not homesick for it any longer; sometimes, as I grew too tall and my wrists shot out of what was still a new suit, I thought it was because I could no longer feel that sweet nostalgia that I was sad. But the populous, stimulating city life was triumphing then.

I was headlong in the business of growing up. I was six feet in my seventeenth year; I was an adolescent in first evening clothes, whose after-dinner sip of Benedictine burned his vitals, and I stood very thin and stiffly in my costume of manhood, a broomstick made of green wood. The opera was *La Traviata*.

I had such health now, I was so much more innocent at seventeen than at ten, that I could revel in the musical glitter draped over prostitution and tuberculosis. I knew every note that was coming; with a voice now well established in the deeper register, it was the coloratura rôles I hummed when I was gay. But now I was too happy to be gay. Rapt, I sat looking not at the stage but at the glister of pink taffeta, pink amethysts, in the box beside me, and the big pink feather fan that played, with a skill borrowed from the *diva*, over a half-bared childishly thin shoulder where the brown curls lay.

In those years Nature was simply the out-of-doors; it was outside my house of life. Within, I spent my youthful ardors on the great performances of other men; I was happy among their muses, their tragedies and comedies, pictures, architecture, and music. But I had no such mistress of my own.

So, at twenty, I found myself hungry, empty, gone astray. I supposed, however, that I had begun the business of living at last, because I had a job, and in New York City, at that.

At no time in my life did I know more nervous stimulation; nowhere else was I ever so miserable. I suppose I ought to have been happy. Raw as I was, I had got a job in a publishing house by asking for it — for the reason, no doubt, that the president of the company had been, upon a time, one of the countless young men for whom my parents had found jobs. This job of mine paid fifteen dollars a week, in theory, but three dollars were removed from the envelope to buy me the compulsory security of a Liberty Bond; the president was making a patriotic showing from his employees that last year of the war.

The work was interesting and pleasant. I can thank it for such knowledge as I possess of the way that books are read, judged, refused, accepted, proof-read, publicized, and sold. I observed the firm's authors being handled, in

person and by letter, and was presently detailed to do a little handling myself. So now I recognize the technique when I am treated to it.

My associates were kind, and many were cultivated. Some have dropped out of the picture, others have come forward in it to greater prominence. I meet them occasionally around the different shops in New York, for the personnel of publishing is ever being stirred with the Great Horn Spoon. But when I go back to the outfit where I worked nobody remembers poor old Rip. Twenty years ago in New York is as far back as the Eocene.

But then it was an aching present. For one thing, to be in love there was a torture of loneliness. It seemed the fault of the entire city that she did not come, did not write, did not say, when she wrote, what I wanted to hear. She had escaped me; she had emerged from the chrysalis of pink taffeta and, more mature though younger than I, moved now beyond my reach in the world that belongs to men. And because I knew myself for a boy, I hated myself for it. There are still streets in New York on which, when I walk them today, I meet this old despair. I see myself stalking there like an unhappy green heron, hunting for some feeding ground, some cheap restaurant where the noon meal might for once have savor.

It makes an old joke now, shared between us. But once it was a curse upon the stones of Gotham. They rang for me with nothing but defeat, mine and that of all the unwitting multitude around me.

All day and all night I heard that mortal beat, the sound of footsteps, the tread of a city of fourteen million soles, pellmell down the subway ramps, up the elevated stairs, into Grand Central and out, marking time in the theatre lobbies, stampeding in the ferry exits. Forever — when you came to listen — they tapped, pounded, shuffled, limped, lagged, faltered, pelted. The smallest hours of

morning were still loud with the leaderless army.

Of this I too was one. In the wilderness of Manhattan I had no glimmer of direction. Every day I grew more politely difficult for my family to live with. Every evening the barrel organ on our corner of West Ninth tinkled the *Addio al passato*. The humanoid eyes of the monkey, I thought, — looking down into them, into the little upheld cap, — were kinder than any you see on Fifth. And emotions rose up in me like dark arterial blood in the throat of a man wounded in the chest, choking, startling when it comes to light, incredible as belonging to one's self.

II

Yet in a city of seven million, all hiding their wounds from one another, I would grimly have agreed that I was one of the fortunate. If the job had come easily, so did a variety of pleasures. I was that useful supernumerary, the 'odd,' the 'extra' young man. I went much to the theatre; on other nights I resolutely danced to the strains of 'Dear Old Pal of Mine' with 'nice, wholesome girls' trotted out to me. Others as wholesome but not so nice were offered by generous young males who wanted me to feel at home in New York City.

But I had no such desire, though I explored it nook and cranny, seeing all the parts I never see now. They were the sights possible for a young man who had Sundays and a few Saturday afternoons to spend, and what was left over, from necessities, of twelve weekly dollars. I knew the fish in the Aquarium well, and the Battery, and the calm of St. Paul's and Trinity. I went abroad, to the limit of my means; my knowledge then of Staten Island was enviable, and I had some acquaintance with the Palisades and Tarrytown. Towards far-off Montauk I cast wistful eyes, but the fare lacked me, the time was not vouchsafed. Once on Labor Day the dispensa-

tions of Providence got me as far as Tilly Foster.

Wherever I went, even in the metropolitan district, I took my Gray's *Manual of Botany* with me. Humboldt his Brazil, Banks his Australia, Hooker his India. And for me the flora of Hackensack and Tottenville and Far Rockaway.

It took me time to learn it, green as I was. I might sit down, with my manual and my pocket lens, in a midge-haunted lot somewhere in the suburbs, to identify a small crucifer, and only after a long hour would I discover that what I had got hold of was a stray from somebody's radish bed. I had no vasculum in which to carry home specimens in a fine state of freshness. I had never even heard of a plant press, and couldn't have afforded one anyway. Instead I spent a dime on a notebook, and in it I drew up from the living plants my own description of every detail, often adding a sketch which might be bad enough; but there is no way to observe like trying to draw what you see.

So I began to know another citizenry, the plant population of Greater New York. It is perhaps the most exotic in the country. For just as the metropolis is the first catch-all of the immigrant races of the world, some of whom never leave the sight of its towers, so there is a waif flora of immigrant plants as firmly rooted around their port of entry. They have been established here since the days of the old ballast dumps from the sailing ships. They have come in holds bringing cargoes from all over the globe; they stowed away in the bales and bundles, perhaps on the very shoes, of incoming foreigners, as burs in wool, as seeds in the soil sometimes so reverently transported from the old country to the new.

They are cosmopolites, these plants, tramps to whom all ports are alike and every city is home. Many appear to have no native land, or none that will claim them. No written flora anywhere in the world admits as indigenous that

lusty weed, a chenopod, called Good King Henry — or fat hen, city goose-foot, low amaranth. They reached us from Europe, but in western European manuals they are assigned to eastern Europe, which in turn passes them to the Caucasus. And in the Caucasus they refer these wanderers across the Caspian, for an origin, to the country whence the Huns and Turks came from Europe. Not that for certain these plants first issued from there, but it has long been popular with botanists to fix this as the source of mysterious roving plant tribes, just because so little is known about the land of the Oxus and Samarkand.

And what little we do know about our waif weeds in Turkestan shows them clinging close to the heels of man. Just so the crisp-leaved amaranth has stuck to the streets of Manhattan and Brooklyn. Like a chorus girl, it regards Jersey City as the Far West, though it plays sometimes to Albany.

Had they not been aggressive, had they not been able to outwit man's efforts to destroy them through these many centuries, such city weeds would never have been able to keep their foothold around the wharves and new-made land, along the highways and up the alleys. Some have a lusty alien beauty of their own — king devil and orange hawkweed and cotton thistle — all harsh and fierce as they are. I came to understand this, to pluck a stalk of stramonium, its white trumpet-shaped flowers exhaling a warning of their poison, with zest because it had come here out of the tropics; to snap, with gritted teeth and pleasure, the prickly stem of a blue devil arrived from the hard-pressed flora of central Europe.

Not that I did not long, amid the stone and steel and asphalt, for bluebells and a thrush. Even Chicago, sprawling over its prairies, had let a little of Nature into its borders. But there was a minimum of natural life here on Manhattan, an island on which millions crowded together and many

were yet as lonely as on the Dry Tortugas. Like a maroon escaping, one day early in the summer of my coming I got away to Staten Island; there, toiling through a swamp, I pushed abruptly into a clearing bright with flowers I had never seen before. The woods were encroaching upon it; the brambles claimed it; a solitary chimney told the story of a house here once, and an abandoned garden. It was a garden, I began to discover, planted to flowers once popular but long since relegated as Victorian in style. For by my manual I named them all, that long, sweet-scented, drowsy afternoon as the sun slipped west. Day lily, prince's feather, dame's rocket breathing an odor like a violet sachet. Hyssop, and spearmint, gill-over-the-ground, and apple of Peru. Moth mulleins and lamb's lettuce, dusty miller rioting from its once prim bed, and cypress spurge weeping on a grave mound all but sunk to earth's level, under the shade of a tree of heaven. Of such, survivors of old gardens and wandering escapes, is formed another plant society which clings to the footprints of man and is regarded with hostility by the native American woods.

I came back that evening on a churning ferry with people who were hurrying in to New York to dinner, the theatre, the night shift. We passed the opposing boat bringing the day shift home. Everybody was reading the newspaper; coming or going, all were absorbed in the doings of the city as reported that day, in the events of the world — and those were stirring times. Alone, I did not read; I had no part. I was sad at the thought of my idleness; I thought myself asleep. Was I not storing up for myself an early but lasting failure?

The near-by salt marshes were rusty with sunset light, and filling up with the might and sorrow of the ocean rising in its tide. The crooked creeks, bordered with black mud where long-legged wader birds went mincing, were gutters of blood reflecting the sky. Across the bay

the towers of Manhattan were lighting up their violet points; they prickled and trembled in the murky conflagration of the sky. Each building's pattern was a constellation, the whole a galaxy.

Thus, from afar. But once within the city, I knew, I should find it nothing that it seemed across the water in the twilight. Like the interior of a star, it was all a seething storm of light and motion.

Now, said I to myself, there are young fellows all over the country would give their bottom groat to be in my shoes, coming into New York of a Saturday night. To have a foothold, even shallow as mine, on those fabulous cliffs, a place to make in the mightiest and tallest city in the long history of the world. And I could not wake to any of it; nor did the evening listen.

III

I recollect the very moment when that sorry young man astray in New York City started off in what was, for him, the right direction. He asked how to go, of a policeman on Madison Avenue — asked the way to what was his destiny, though of that no least suspicion was as yet awake. The officer said to take the local from Grand Central Station.

The Bronx Botanical Garden is attached, more or less, to the Zoo, and there are few who are not diverted from it by the charms of a giraffe or blue-bottomed mandrill. For those who wander in, as I did on that day, the garden is a prospect pleasant but not exciting. It all resembled Nature as a flower show resembles a garden. I investigated the greenhouses; the high glass roof sheltered tropical ornaments in a steamy atmosphere not unlike my aunt's conservatory off her old back parlor; nursemaids and children and a few old men with canes loitered on the walks. I wandered out again. Presently I found some beds set out, not formally for a floral effect, but planted in families.

This was strictly botanical; my attention pointed like a bird dog. I was not meant for a horticulturist. Over the trees there glimmered at me the roof of a high bald building, and I walked toward it, certain as the dog on a scent.

In the botanical museum I spent some time over the public displays, the series of labeled specimens in swinging frames, of plant fibres and essential oils, the charts and photographs. But it was something gamier I was after. When at the bottom of a top flight of stairs my way was barred by a chain with a pendent sign, I knew that I had found it. The sign said NO ADMITTANCE.

There was a guard at hand, and he was watching me. Point-blank I asked him for permission to ascend those stairs. For answer he asked whom I wished to see, and I said, 'Anybody.' Therefore he demanded who I might be, and, suspect, I replied that I was nobody.

This ended it, of course. But not for me. All that I knew was that those Olympians in seventh heaven up above were my friends, and that it was my business they were conducting, without me.

The guard stepped off to lend benevolent advice to some more orderly visitor than I, and because Nobody was admitted up there, Nobody jumped over the chain in one long-legged scissors vault.

The librarian, as I entered, looked up with welcome behind her eyeglasses. I had got past the bureaucrats, it seemed; I was entering the democracy of science. Out of his office came Dr. Barnhart, the historian of botany, probably the best-informed man in the Western Hemisphere on even the most obscure botanists. The obscurer the better, evidently, for me he welcomed with incredible kindness and affability.

I had not learned, in those days, that all scientists welcome one another, and that you begin to be a scientist from the moment you wish to be one. I had not

then found out that, so far from keeping to themselves their knowledge, men of science eagerly desire to share it. I did not know that the advanced are not supercilious to beginners, for the fine and humble reason that they know themselves, even the highest, as beginners all.

Did I wish to see the herbarium? suggested Dr. Barnhart.

At first it looked to me like a vast loft, lighted from above, filled with rows and rows of tall narrow cases arranged like houses on streets. There were avenues and cross streets, and a main artery with a park of tables running down the centre. And every house door, I discovered, bore the name of its occupants — Orchid family, and Canna family, Ginger family and Arrowroot family; behind their Latin I knew them. I saw how all were arranged in the same order as the families in my now well-worn *Manual* of Asa Gray — the order of their evolution from the first and simplest flowers to the modern splendor of orchids and composites.

And I, still overwhelmed by the four thousand, eight hundred and eighty-five species in Gray's range (which is from Virginia to Newfoundland and west to Kansas and North Dakota), was here confronted by dozens, scores, hundreds of families I had never heard of, tropical groups from Demerara and Cayenne, Antigua, Yucatan, Tobago, Maracaibo, and the Keys. Here in this gigantic repository were the plants of Paraguay and the plants of Baffinland, and the flora of any point between. Nearly a million specimens were housed here, Dr. Barnhart remarked, and he opened a case and showed me how they were stored — dried, pressed, fixed to a stiff white sheet measuring eleven and a half by fourteen and a half inches, which is a size standard all over the world, so that specimens, when exchanged, will fit into cases at Kew, Tokyo, or Cape Town. And every one was ticketed with a label bearing its identity, the time and place

of collection, and the name of the collector.

Unlike an amateur collection, which is a personal possession oftenest emphasizing the rare and lovely, this great one belonged to nobody in particular. Yes, even to me. I or anyone else could come here to study it; and any number of plants would be sent to the ends of the earth for study by others. Here plants gathered by the hand of Asa Gray himself, or Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, were merged in with the humblest beginner's specimens. The purchase price of a rarity was exactly the same as of a common thing — ten cents a sheet. For specimens are judged on their merits as materials for the advancement of knowledge. And that knowledge is forever widening, describing several thousand new species a year, working out the course of evolution, discovering new economic plants and new uses for old ones, completing the provincial floras of state after state and country after country.

Among the cases we encountered a young man, gentle and deliberate, by the name of Pennell. I was also introduced to Dr. Small, authority on Southern floras, and to Dr. Britton, here the chief. I listened to these men and marveled, never having encountered science before outside the classroom. These men were not teachers preparing others to teach; the way in which they talked of travel and research took my breath away. If you became interested in a tropical island whose flora was unknown, you simply went there; business first, you know. If a plant you required to see grew on top of a far-off mountain, you climbed that peak. They seemed to assume that I had just come back from somewhere fascinating, and when I told them it was Staten Island, they did not smile. They asked me to sign in the book of visiting botanists. Because, when I wrote my name there, I did not feel like a forger, I knew that I had begun to identify my weedy self.

IV

On a day late in winter, upon one of my frequent visits to the herbarium, I was turning over specimen sheets when the next one in my hand looked back at me from out its neat Manila folder familiarly. I knew before I looked at the label what would be written on the spot where the place of collection is entered. For, though there are many kinds of trillium in the world, there is no other place where this kind springs.

Therefore the label bore the name of the mountain where I had heard the thrush when I was small, and that once-nameless bird that sang in the rain. The word was like a secret between myself and Nature. Deeply it had lain buried with that other life closed years ago, which now opened suddenly beyond this flower. All at once I could remember how this trillium smelled, a dark honey perfume, where it grew on mountain tops that rolled in misty blue away to the south.

I took my specimen in to Dr. Barnhart. I said — most casually remarking it — the place name which was passport to me. Dr. Barnhart reached for his atlas, and turned to the page that mapped the Carolinas. Historian of botany that he is, he began to trace out the route that Michaux took through that country, searching the wilderness for new plants commanded by his king for Marly and Marie Antoinette's Versailles. Somebody, Dr. Barnhart remarked, ought to get down in that country again. He might find that rare plant *Shortia galacifolia*, discovered by Michaux and then lost again for a century to science.

On Horsepasture Creek, near Toxaway, in the Blue Ridge, I stood at last with the loam-bound roots of *Shortia* in my two hands, and felt myself to be at the centre of things. I had simply

walked off that map which shows New York City as the axis of America.

For weeks thereafter I was alone with Nature every day and all day long. No one knew in what glen or on what ridge I wandered; no one was there to watch me as I changed identity, tramping and climbing and sleeping noons or nights whenever I felt weary. Confusion and uncertainty ran out of the soles of my boots. Conviction slowly came.

The new vision added dimension to a world that had been flat. Everything in it now had atmosphere behind; far-off ranges came at a stride miles nearer in this clearer air. I saw newly; I knew at last what it was that I wanted to know. I understood how I wanted to think. I found that for me the natural world, seen with the eyes of science, was — and is — reality.

I did not know much, but what I had learned I had to believe. As art (which had been the preoccupation of my youth) *feels* its way intuitively toward reality, through emotion and sympathy, so science *knows* its way, step by hard-won step. And Nature was what I wanted thus to know; it came to me with the exaltation of a conversion.

Now, twenty years later, I have all that most I lacked, when I was a maroon upon Manhattan. I have her arms now, and the arms of our children, around me. I have a job in life that sends me every morning to my desk impatient for it as a horse to feel its master in the saddle. I have about me, as I write, that apple of my eye, my working library, here in my study with its fire and its long window looking on the pines and mountains, all at the heart of this spacious old nautilus of a house beside the Pacific. If ever any man had riches, I have and know it. And I know too, as I began to guess at twenty-one, that the last of these with which I would ever part is the one that nothing in heaven or on earth could take away from me. Call it my faith — my belief in the Nature of things.

DOCTOR IN HADES

BY THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

I AM a woman of forty-three, Catholic and 'Aryan.' My family lived in Vienna. At the Sacré Cœur school the two most important things I learned were good French and good manners.

In 1922 I married a young Viennese physician. Fritz was Catholic, but non-Aryan. He had a good practice, and with what I earned we were very happy.

We were not much interested in politics. We regarded ourselves as liberals, but since there was no liberal party we sometimes voted Christian Socialist and sometimes Social Democratic. Only on one point were we firm as a rock — no union with Germany! We shared the general Austrian aversion to Prussians.

To us and our friends in a small Viennese suburb, Hitler's seizure of power on January 30, 1933, was totally unexpected and inexplicable. We had read of him in the newspapers, but we had not taken him seriously. Now came stories of all sorts of Nazi atrocities and of anti-Semitism. My brother wrote from Berlin: 'Begin to liquidate everything. You must leave Austria. I don't know how much time you'll have. But some day the wolf will eat you. You can bet on that!'

This seemed to me ridiculous. Emigrate? Simply from fear of the Nazis? Leave our lovely little home and garden, our friends, and my husband's good practice? And what if the Nazis should come? To be sure, Fritz did not have the right kind of grandparents, but he was born in Vienna and his medals were proof of distinguished war service.

In the autumn of 1937 my elder brother came for a visit. He could not stand it any longer in Berlin. As he was leaving us, he took my hands in his: 'Farewell, Sister. And for the last time — sell everything! Transfer your money abroad! Leave Austria!'

'You're an idiot,' I laughed. '*Auf Wiedersehen* in the spring!'

When I next saw him nearly two terrible years had passed, and he was standing on the pier in New York to meet me and my little boy Max.

That winter in Austria the Nazis became more and more provocative. There were constant fights in the streets. Schuschnigg visited Hitler at Berchtesgaden and promised to take a couple of Nazis into his cabinet. The feeling grew more tense. One saw it everywhere in people's faces. My husband and I talked very seriously. Perhaps my brother had been right. If things got any worse, we would leave. He would begin to wind up his practice and prepare to sell a part interest in a house we had inherited.

Too late! On Sunday, March 15, 1938, German troops, trucks, and tanks were in our streets, airplanes roared overhead, Nazi flags flew, church bells rang. Annexation!

A fortnight later I took little Max for a promised trip to the Kahlenberg. Like his school friends, he wore a swastika on his coat. He knew I did not like it, and offered to take it off. But I knew how hard it would seem to him to sit naked, so to speak, among the other Aryan children. My boy, who was a baptized

Mischling (part Jew), had the right to wear the swastika. He had the privilege of drawing it in his school copybook and of learning the *Horst Wessel* song by heart. The sprinkling of Jewish pupils had been set back on the rear seats and forbidden to join in the song. So Max wore his swastika. He evidently regarded it, and not without reason, as a badge of protection.

The road to the Kahlenberg was more beautiful than ever. Flowers were blooming in the valley of the Danube. Below us lay the beloved city, the beloved river. If only so many Brown Shirts had not been standing around! I realized suddenly that I was seeing it all for the last time. But Max was enchanted. A Brown Shirt explained to him the mechanism of his revolver, and promised that when he was a couple of years older he would get one like it and could then shoot down as many Jews as he pleased.

'Get the child away from this crazy country as quickly as possible!' I said to myself. 'That is our first duty. If we hurry, we can leave in a week.'

When we came home, Mother said that the Nazis were searching houses in the neighborhood. 'Thank God, they have left us in peace,' I replied. Fritz was out visiting his patients.

The doorbell rang. Three secret police in civilian clothing! 'A search is ordered,' said one of them in an embarrassed way. 'May we examine your desk?'

'Precisely what do you want?'

'To prevent the smuggling of money out of the country.'

He sat down at the desk and began pulling out the drawers. My conscience was clear. I had already taken the precaution of destroying all dangerous letters and papers, and we had not transferred any money abroad, worse luck. He examined my husband's checkbook and made sure no suspiciously large sums had been withdrawn from the bank.

'Now the passports, please. Only a

formality. In three days you will have them back again.'

So that was what they had really come for! Without our passports we could not leave. It was months before I was able to get them back.

Meanwhile we filled out the endless papers and executed the innumerable formalities — emigration permits, tax payments, photographs, French visas, an affidavit from America, and passage on a ship sailing in August. On a day early in July I telephoned my husband at his hospital to tell him that at last I thought I had arranged successfully for the return of our passports (I had followed a hint that a bribe of \$500 would do the trick.)

Instead of my husband's voice, I heard a nurse sobbing, 'Gestapo men are in the Herr Doktor's office.' I flew downstairs, caught a taxi, and rushed to find him. His secretary was pale and trembling in the outer office. I tore the door open. Inside stood Fritz with two strange men in civilian clothing. One of them was cramming notebooks, patients' records, X-ray photographs, and other papers into a portfolio. All the desk drawers were pulled out.

Fritz was pale, but smiled reassuringly at me. 'My wife,' he explained to the men, and added, 'I believe, dear, I am under arrest. Don't get excited. Take care of the boy and of Grandma, and especially of yourself. *Auf Wiedersehen.*'

We kissed each other, and I made the sign of the cross on his forehead, mouth, and heart, according to an old custom before a long journey. We did not weep, and the Gestapo fellows were relieved. 'Sensible people who make no fuss,' murmured one of them.

'Where are you going to take my husband?'

'We have no idea.'

I followed Fritz down the stairs. He stepped into a waiting auto, sat down between the two men, and sped away around the corner.

Eight terrible months later I stood at midnight in the railway station at Tours, trembling and waiting for the train from Paris which would bring my husband back to us.

My cousin's coachman had driven me to the station. As the train pounded to a stop, the kindly old man whispered to me, 'When I came back on furlough — after a year at Verdun — my Maria did not recognize me, Madame.'

The train stopped. A man sprang out and ran up to us. It was Fritz — pale, thin, head shaven, but the same old Fritz, laughing and gay. His voice was husky, but he was well.

That night we had supper by the fire. Max was asleep, but Fritz kissed him in his bed. Then, as we sat before the fire throughout the night, Fritz began to talk. The pages that follow are part of what he told me of his months in concentration camps. . . .

I

We were herded in the train from Vienna for nearly twenty-four hours. Finally, the station at Weimar. I had always wanted to see Goethe's town, but — Black Shirts everywhere. Here we got a foretaste of what a concentration camp and S.S. troops mean. 'Quick, you beggars! We'll make you run!' They struck us with whips and sticks. There were old men among us. We were hindered by our clumsy parcels, badly wrapped in old newspapers. Rough, brutal faces peered at us. They were the masters, and we the captive animals.

My service in the army aided me more than anything else from that moment on. At the front I had lived for years in misery and danger. I had seen stupidity and brutality and had had to hold my tongue. Valuable knowledge, that proved to be.

We were still as death. We would have been quiet, even without the S.S. bawling at us that anyone who opened his dirty mug would get a blow in the

face. We were driven rapidly to the gate of the camp, flanked by watch-towers with machine guns. Above the gate in giant letters: 'Right or wrong, Thy Fatherland.' The Vienna police who had brought us were just as terrified as we were.

We were taken to a muster ground. The commandant, a sadistic, drunken swine, looked us over. Then he ordered the Vienna police to fish out for him the more important personalities — a kind of prize collection of samples: State Secretary Karwinsky; Count Colleredo; the Rotter brothers, film directors; former Minister of Justice Winterstein; and a few others. They had to step forward. They were berated, cursed, spat upon, and beaten. The Vienna police stood by pale as death.

Then we all had to cross our arms behind our heads and remain standing in this position, the Aryans two hours, the non-Aryans five hours.

The barracks were not finished. We slept on the ground among the cleared tree stumps. No straw. No covers. We lay close against one another, with our parcels under our heads. We had been given no food, and were hungry and thirsty, but I slept really well.

The next morning we learned that we were in the outer camp. That meant that we had worse quarters but no striped prisoner uniforms; we wore our own clothes and did not have to work in the chain gang.

At 4.30 A.M. we had to get up. The food was miserable: an unsweetened brew of roasted oak galls and a bread ration — a loaf for Aryans, a half loaf for non-Aryans. Then roll call. The main meal came in the afternoon: soup with potatoes, beans, or carrots, in which, for a hundred men, there were five little pieces of sausage or bacon. At night we got a piece of cheese or a herring. There was no water for washing, and no place to wash; no sanitary arrangements except the latrines. The drinking water, I soon found, was unsafe. During the

five following months in Buchenwald I never drank a drop of the water — only the oak brew, because they had to boil that in order to make it at all. We prisoners had no way to boil water. I warned and warned, but the others wouldn't believe me. We soon had a beautiful typhus epidemic.

All day long we had practically nothing to do. We did fix up some sleeping barracks — banks of bare boards in four rows one above the other. We also were provided with some covers, but we had to sleep in our clothes. That was prescribed by the rules. Reading or studying was out of the question. There was no quiet, no room — too many men. It got cold and we froze.

One thing, unfortunately, I must say: in general the Aryans behaved better than we Jews. Here and there, naturally, there were exceptions. But we all lost our nerve, all of us together. We lived like animals and were treated like animals. Beatings were common — twenty-five or so practically every day. They beat us with long bamboo sticks. I treated many men who got bad festering wounds.

Our money was taken from us, except for ten marks. But we political prisoners, almost without exception, were able to get the permitted five marks weekly sent us from home. You could also get more money very simply. You wrote home that you owed Fräulein Lieschen Müller, such and such an address, a couple of hundred marks; please send her the money. She then sent the money to certain Black Shirts in collusion with her. Naturally about half the money stuck to their fingers on the way, but you got a hundred marks or so. It was strictly forbidden to have possession of more than ten marks. If you were caught, you got a severe beating. I was never caught.

You need money in the concentration camp. Now and then you can buy food in the canteen. You need money to give a couple of marks for the privilege of being allowed to walk for an hour in quiet

in the wooded enclosure surrounded by barbed wire. Everywhere in the world you need money, but especially in a German concentration camp. The Black Shirts were bribable down to the last man. Every Block Senior, every Room Senior, took money. These 'Seniors' were mostly professional criminals, quite nice regular fellows. They had inside control of the camp well in hand. Since it was no use for them to write home that they owed Fräulein Müller money, and since no one sent them any, they had to devise ways and means of getting it.

They were mostly men who had already served prison terms. Others were not exactly criminals — just men whose wives were coveted by some influential Black Shirt and who had to be got out of the way. The professional criminals had a green sign sewed on their clothing. There were about 300 of them. Then we had 500 Bible Searchers (religious fundamentalists); they had a sky-blue sign. The overwhelming majority in Buchenwald were the 'blacks' — the men charged with being 'idle' and 'antisocial.' There were also about 3000 Jews, of whom 90 per cent were reckoned as 'political' — that is, 'reds.' There was a small group of homosexuals — less than a hundred — marked with a violet triangle. Finally, some two-dozen so-called 'émigrés,' men who had fled across the frontier and been recaptured; they had a dark blue sign. The normal total for Buchenwald was about 12,000. But don't think that all the prisoners were noble persecuted human beings. Far from it. Many of them I would have prevented, with the best of conscience, from running around loose if I had been in power.

II

In November, young Grynspan shot Herr vom Rath in Paris. That was bad news. The *Völkischer Beobachter* fulminated, and every Black Shirt acted as if his own child had been murdered. It was lucky that we were in a concentration

camp, we learned. We knew that the event boded evil for Jews, but we did not suspect that a couple of days later the heroic period for Buchenwald was about to begin — the most terrible for us and the most profitable for the Black Shirts.

On November 10 the Gestapo tried to arrest all the male Jews in Germany. They wanted to make a 100 per cent seizure, but did not succeed. To Buchenwald they delivered, from all parts of Germany, 10,000 harmless Jews who must have been exemplary citizens, else they would not have been left undisturbed so long. Ten thousand uprooted, helpless human beings were pumped into a camp which was already completely full. The crowd slept — my God! they couldn't sleep — they lay over, under, and against one another in a heaving mass. They could not wash themselves or their clothes. At this time we were being fed stew made from preserved whale meat. Either whale meat is not fit for human consumption, or the canning process was rotten. The whole camp got dysentery. I will not and cannot describe the way the men looked and stank. It was hell.

We Viennese prisoners had already organized our life a little. We had been able to get a little water and empty food cans — naturally by paying something — and so to wash out our drawers. One night when a Block Senior refused to let a comrade have even the bit of water to which he was entitled — for which he had paid — the prisoners killed him. It served him right.

The authorities did not interfere at all in such internal affairs of the prisoners. If the prisoners found it necessary to kill a crude blackmailer, a spy, or a traitor in their midst, that was clearly their own affair, according to the S. S. Human life was not at a premium in Buchenwald. A single complaint by a prisoner against a fellow prisoner — and the complainant was a dead man. Any prisoner who had dealings with the administration was our enemy, who must be got rid of.

The new unfortunates upset everything, including the bit of order we had already established. Among them were many insane people, whom the Nazis in pride of race had thrown out of insane asylums and dumped into Buchenwald. You can't demand of a poor insane fellow that he observe discipline — that is, you can demand it, but it won't do you any good. Many previously normal men came into the camp with severe fear neuroses. Housed with the insane, they grew rapidly worse. A couple of dozen maniacs can make more disturbance among 10,000 tolerably normal human beings than you can imagine.

After a few days the S. S. had enough of it, and let us know unofficially that if we ourselves could not bring about order in the outer camp they would come with machine guns and mow us down.

So Dr. X, a Viennese gynecologist, and I and a few others established an insane asylum in the wash kitchen. This was a dilapidated shed, full of holes, on the border between the outer camp and the main camp. The pipes and faucets were there, but, since there was no water, it had never been used. It was in a tumble-down condition, but had a cement floor and a roof.

We caught the insane and bad neurotic cases who were upsetting the camp and endangering our lives, and forced them into the wash kitchen. Twenty men volunteered to help us.

That wash kitchen in those first weeks was simply a hell. Two doctors, plus twenty lawyers, industrialists, and journalists, who were dependable enough but without the slightest knowledge of medicine. No drugs except a little luminal. No beds, straw, or coverings. We took up a collection among the prisoners in order to procure some drugs in Weimar through the agency of an S. S. man, but he merely pocketed the money for himself. A second collection brought results, but it took a fortnight to get the drugs. The first days we spent in tying up the more violent maniacs by force in

order to isolate them in a locked room in the wash kitchen. The camp administration had willingly put a lot of electric wire at our disposal. Day and night we struggled with these poor insane creatures, until we had them bound and under control.

The floor was a filthy mess of dirt, blood, and excrements. Some of our own helpers went insane, but it was quite a while before we noticed it. New insane people were constantly handed over to us from all the other barracks. We had as many as 150 or 160 patients. Many of them died. From the very first day I tried to write a case record for each patient and establish his identity. But with the insane, and in the circumstances, this was by no means easy. When we left the fifth corpse lying because we could not identify it, the lieutenant commandant of the camp, the famous Jonny, a sadistic blockhead of the first order, threatened me with twenty-five blows, 'because it was evidently my fault.' The whole camp was made to file by the corpse, and no one recognized him, not even his own brother. Only later was he identified upon a careful examination at Weimar. On the same day that Jonny threatened me with a beating because of slovenly administration of the wash kitchen, the commandant gave me a box of cigarettes in recognition of my services. I don't smoke cigarettes, but naturally I accepted them in order to give them away, and because I understood it was like a decoration of honor.

The S.S. liked to stand outside the wash kitchen looking through the holes in the tar-paper walls with drawn revolvers in their hands, waiting to see if they could help us by a well-aimed shot in our wrestling with the maniacs. It was difficult to tell the patients from the nurses. We tied handkerchiefs on our left arms as badges. But the insane are sly. Some of them imitated our arm bands, and helpers had their arm bands torn off and were battered down and bound by their colleagues. We all of us became crazy,

more or less. Finally we marked a number in ink on the forehead of each insane person. But that was no sure help. The patients rubbed the ink off. Dr. X and I once worked thirty-six hours without a moment's rest.

One day an S. S. man came and took a look at the hell from the inside. 'Look here, Herr Doktor,' he said sympathetically, 'we see how you are plagued here. We recognize it. So long as you have these absolutely rabid fools on your necks, you cannot establish order. Pick out the twenty worst cases and we'll take them off your hands. Then you'll have an easier job.'

'At last a glimmer of common sense,' I thought; 'now the poor devils will be taken away and given proper care.'

I picked out twenty incurables whom it was impossible to calm. Then Dr. X came from his meal, and I went out for mine. When I came back, thirty-five of the patients were gone, among them several quite mild cases — harmless neurotics. One was an old man who had never wanted to harm anyone, only he kept talking, talking, without ceasing. His son, a nice young fellow, had volunteered as one of my helpers in order to stay by his father. The whole thirty-five were pounded to death in the camp prison.

Another S.S. man came and took a look at us. He bawled out at an old bearded Jew who was praying and sobbing. The old man didn't hear him at all, but went on praying to his God and sobbing. 'That will be dangerous,' I thought to myself, and quickly went over to them. 'A harmless case of fear neurosis,' I explained. 'Give me a little time. I can quiet the man down.'

'Try it, if you want,' said the S.S. man, shrugging his shoulders.

'I want to help you,' I said to the old man. 'Take this pill, and you will feel better. I am a doctor; I know; I take them myself when I feel bad.' I tried to soothe him with simple kindly words. But that takes some time when one

is dealing with a completely disturbed brain. The S.S. man had been looking on with his watch in his hand. After two minutes he said, 'You see? You can't do anything.' And he knocked the old man down with the blow of a stick and stamped on his head a couple of times with his heavy boots. The old man died in three hours.

III

I had made a certain name for myself because of the wash kitchen. This was both advantageous and dangerous — advantageous because I could now get food more easily and because the S.S. left me in quiet, and even treated me with a certain respect. The dangerous thing was that I had seen too much. That often cost a man his life.

The first thing I had done when I came to the camp was to inquire for Dr. R. Yes, I was told, Dr. R. had been brought in from Dachau and was sitting over there. Ten men were sitting close together on benches around a table. I looked at them one after another. He was not there. I tapped one on the shoulder: 'You there, I am looking for Dr. R.' He pointed to an old man opposite, gray-haired, shrunken, and bent; two front teeth had been knocked out.

I had not been able to recognize among ten men a man I had had for years as a patient and friend, and had seen for the last time half a year before!

R. was terribly broken, both physically and mentally. He was half starved, frightened, and full of anxiety. He had worked in the stone quarry, and, with the miserable, insufficient food, he could not stand the hard labor. He had used up the last bit of energy and strength to live from one hour to another, trying to escape blows. R. had been an excellent organizer, a clever and thoughtful fellow. But he never understood men. Such a lack brings dire consequences in a concentration camp, more quickly and severely than anywhere else. He never attempted to better his position by

bribery. He also hadn't enough money, because he never dared to try Fräulein Lieschen Müller. He slaved in a bad work group because he feared to fall into a worse one if he tried to better himself. He wanted only to live and hold out. He did not understand that in this way he would some day drop exhausted.

The first thing I did was to see that R. got something to eat. The average prisoner in the main camp did not get a bite from the canteen, which never had portions for more than 200 men. How could they be divided among 12,000? The few men like myself, who had access to the canteen, naturally bought up everything in order to provide for their own group and friends.

I stole sacks full of bread and smuggled them into the Jewish quarters — in broad daylight and right across the muster ground. One day an S.S. man asked me what I was carrying. 'Bread,' I said and went on. You see, that was the secret. If I had appeared frightened and tried to hide a loaf of bread under my coat, I should have been discovered and beaten up. Since I made it a point to have at least twenty loaves in a sack and went openly across the empty muster ground, the S.S. fellows assumed that I was simply a good prisoner who was attending to his job. I tell you, if I had been walking around with hand grenades, and had told the S.S. fellow that I was just carrying hand grenades to the Jewish quarter, he would have let me pass without objection in exactly the same way.

One day a certain Willy came to me. He had been a printer and Social Democrat. He was arrested after the Reichstag fire and had been in concentration camps for six years — *six years!* But he was still unbroken in body and spirit. A head like a Roman Cæsar; some natural gift in medicine. In a previous camp at Esterwege, in order to have an easier life, he had asked to do hospital work on the lying pretext that in the war he had belonged to the sanitary corps. Since he

was skillful, and the S.S. doctors are not, no one discovered the deceit. In Buchenwald he ran the hospital practically alone. It was prisoner-administered, the camp doctor merely a matter of form.

In small surgical cases the prisoners were fairly competent, but they knew nothing of medicine. The best thing about the S.S. doctor was that he too knew nothing, and was willing to be shown. Willy had heard of the wash kitchen and wanted to get the help of Dr. X and myself. He also asked me whether I would be willing to work unofficially in the hospital after 8 P.M. I naturally told Willy I should be glad to help him. A typhus epidemic was giving him plenty to do. I was a physician.

The first thing that Willy told me under strictest secrecy was that the S.S. doctor was helping all typhus cases or typhus suspects into the next world by giving them injections of strophanthin. But Willy and a couple of others in on the secret had emptied out the strophanthin and replaced it with boiled water.

At one of my first rounds of the hospital, the S.S. doctor joined me. A prisoner hospital assistant, strong as a bear, passed us. The doctor said, 'You can't depend on strophanthin, Herr Doktor. You see that fellow? He had typhus. I gave him injections of strophanthin, and he is still alive. You see for yourself, *he is still alive!*'

'Isn't that fine?' I said. 'Now you have him as an assistant for the typhus division.'

'To be sure,' he replied, 'but you can't place any reliance on strophanthin.'

I was frozen with fear when the S.S. head doctor calmly told me what Willy had confided to me as the strictest secret — that strophanthin was being used against typhus. He evidently assumed that I would never come out of the camp alive, so what I knew made no difference.

However, in the case of Dr. X, he behaved very decently. Dr. X was due to be released, but a quarantine was also due on account of the typhus. So the

doctor honestly made an effort to get Dr. X out, and when an S.S. man proposed to shoot X before his release, because he had seen and heard too much, the doctor stood up for him. 'No,' said the doctor, 'Dr. X has worked hard and been a real help. It would be a dirty trick to use the "shot in trying to escape" gag.' Willy was present at the conversation and immediately told Dr. X, so that he should be careful in his last days and go around only in the company of the S.S. doctor.

For me the work in the hospital was a blessing. I could be active in my profession. It also had practical advantages. Willy got his food from the S.S. kitchen and took care to get me fresh meat and green vegetables. I had freedom of movement within the barbed wire. The danger was that too many people were acquainted with me. Theoretically it is best in a concentration camp to win an exceptional position by work and civilian courage and at the same time not attract attention. Practically, however, it is impossible. Men in exceptional positions are noticeable.

The period before Christmas was frightful. It was bitter cold. Our uniforms were made of a miserable substitute material. Jews got no coats. I wore two suits of underclothing — also forbidden — and three sweaters. But I shivered terribly at the morning and evening muster.

One day two prisoners were missing at the muster. At first we and the S.S. men hoped they had hanged themselves, but they were nowhere to be found. With the thermometer at thirteen above zero we had to stand stiff and still on the muster ground *for six hours*. About a dozen froze to death. After six hours it was clear the two had escaped. Next day the hospital was full of pneumonia cases. They died like flies.

To try to escape from a concentration camp is usually stupid, and always disloyal — disloyal toward one's fellow sufferers. This escape cost dozens of lives.

IV

At the beginning of January a kind of unrest suddenly swept through the camp. No one knew exactly why. The nerves of all of us — prisoners, S.S., and the administration — were shot to pieces. And when the S.S. had bad nerves, life was in danger. The floggings, hangings, and deaths increased. It was then that Willy took me as a patient into the hospital, in order to bring me into a little more safety. I was at last spared the long painful daily musters.

Slowly releases began to take place, without any discernible system. Apparently it was a lottery; a handful of numbers were drawn out of a hat. The thing I most feared was that a camp quarantine would be imposed before I got out. The typhus had increased and a quarantine seemed imminent.

One of the greatest scourges which prison life produced, from a psychological point of view, was the fanatical hater. One such, a Jew, was a self-made man, a fine, clever fellow. His only aim in life was to rush out and destroy everything German and Aryan. Since he was really a clever and able man, he will probably do a lot of damage, once he is free and outside of Germany. Every Aryan who for any reason remained in Austria after the annexation was his deadly enemy. Viennese who suffered just as we have, perhaps even more, because they did not emigrate, were too old, or didn't have the opportunity to begin life anew abroad with their children, are the object of this man's hatred just as are the S.S. themselves. I tried to preach a little sense to the fellow. I explained to him how much real friendship and true help I had found among Aryans both in and outside of Greater Germany; told him that to regard all German Aryans as scoundrels was just as stupid as Hitler's notion that all Jews were criminals and scoundrels. It was useless. He hated. That was his life's purpose. Buchenwald

saw to it that hate will not die out for the next two hundred years.

At last came the orders for release. At last! I took leave of my friends and learned by heart the usual messages for their families. From Buchenwald no one can carry out a single written word. We heard, to our astonishment, that we were to go in a transport: barred windows and a guard armed with revolvers. In Halle and Munich, to take us from one train to another they chained us together like common criminals.

In Vienna we were taken to the Liesl Prison.

After the usual waiting and filling out of papers, we were led to the common prison room. It was late in the evening, and we were weary. Whom did we see sitting on the old straw beds? Old Buchenwalders! Men who had left the camp the middle of December, and who at the end of February were still sitting in the Liesl, unheard and uncared for. We peered at them as if they were ghosts. We had imagined them already far away somewhere beyond the seas.

That was the worst shock of all of those terrible times. Were they going to leave us to rot in the Liesl? That night I was in despair.

After a week I was brought before the Gestapo and asked my plans. My passport was ready, taxes were all paid, the French and American visas were all right. 'In half an hour, you are free, Herr Doktor.' . . .

My husband fell silent. Early next morning I heard voices in the adjoining room. Our boy was telling his father, partly in French, partly in German, about the horses and the Indian huts he had made. . . .

A few weeks later we sailed for the United States. It is a kind and peaceful land. There is a new home, new friends. We realize that the wind rustles through the trees all over the world, not merely in the garden of a Vienna suburb.

TOUR DE L'ÎLE

(Tahiti, French Oceania)

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

THIS small island is, for me,
Everything a home should be:
As far from any continent
As they are far from discontent
Who, from whatever vantage ground,
Behold the sea that rings them round
Lonelier than the morning sky
Where the waning moon is high.

Here no great plantations are
Owned by men who live afar,
But little lands, where those who toil
Own the food and own the soil
With trees to bear them fruit, and shade
Where their fathers' bones are laid.
The sons have no great store of wealth
Save peace and tranquil minds and health.

I often think how more than wise
In planting islands of this size
Was Mother Earth, and how remiss
To plant so few the size of this.
A world of lesser worlds could be
Scattered on this empty sea,
Though sea enough should still remain
For isolation, fish, and rain.

Five-score miles, or, better, four,
Should island circuits be — no more;
So that, when he wished it, one
Could bike around from sun to sun;
Or, circumscribing more at ease,
Loiter 'neath the breadfruit trees
Of his friends, engaged in talk
Of matters pondered on the walk;

For he will walk as much as ride
To look at things on either side;
Then moving on, with matter new
To ponder for an hour or two
Until another halt is made,
This time in a mango's shade,
Cool beneath the midday sun,
There to rest from twelve to one;
Or, if Inclination said,
'Why the haste?' to nod his head
And, 'Why indeed?' to make response.
He has a dwelling for the nonce:
Let him make a longer stay
Of half an hour or half a day,
Reading his book till evening comes
And the brisk mosquito hums.

Bordering the still lagoons,
Orion's mirror and the moon's,
Now fares he on, in deep content,
With a silence round him bent
Wider than the dome of Night
There for his express delight.
Let him now drop all but peace;
Tell his arrogance to cease
Concern with other-where, or how,
Accepting only here, and now.
Thus his mind is healed and whole
And large as the inverted bowl
Of heaven, it seems, for influence
That comes — he knows not how, or whence.
Truth the passive spirit gains
That mind may not, for all its pains.
Unaware, the seeker tries
Varied paths to where it lies
Or doesn't lie, for even wells
May not be receptacles,
And biking round an island road
May lead to some half-truth's abode.
If not, at least he's bound to come
Back to the place he started from.

Now is heaven bare and wide;
Now through checkered gloom he'll ride.

Here, along the sandy shore
 Where the feathering breakers roar,
 From the corner of his eye
 Mermen's children he will spy
 In the surf, and from their tails
 Moonlight falling off in scales.
 Farther on his way he views
 Children with no tails to use
 Leaping from a palm-tree bole
 Into some deep water-hole
 Where the foam and broken light
 Lacquer bodies creamy white
 Over brown. . . . Felicity,
 The world is far too small for thee,
 And all the wide world knows it not,
 Or if it knew, has since forgot,
 Save children in such lands as these
 Lost in the farthest, loneliest seas.

WHEN GREEK MET GREEK

BY RICHARDSON OKIE

IT was the work of defeat, yet men were whistling at it. Sledge hammer, chisel, and pickaxe were clanging and banging. Athens was casting down her Long Walls. Running from the city to the sea and enclosing between them the Piræus, — the harbor, — they were, like her ships, symbolic of her Empire. Now, beaten after a long struggle, even the Athenians were glad the war was ended. Triumphant Sparta had placed the Thirty Tyrants in the saddle; Athens was to lose her ships, her walls; she was to bow to Sparta in all matters of foreign policy; Corinth and Thebes were clamoring for her destruction.

A little knot of men were destroying a bastion that overlooked the Piræus. Below them in the harbor lay a Spartan fleet, under the command of Athens' mortal foe, Lysander. The proud Athenian navy, mistress of the Mediterranean for so many years, was utterly destroyed — shattered in the final tragic fiasco of Ægospotami. Three thousand captured Athenian citizens had been put to death at Lampsacus, on the Hellespont. Besieged thereafter by land and sea, Athens, starving, had finally accepted the Spartan terms in April of 404 B.C., after twenty-seven years of war.

A white mantle of rock dust settled

slowly over the workers. In charge of them, yet working like the rest, was a grizzled, strongly built man who might have been in his fifties. Unlike his crew, all much younger men, he was not whistling; he worked with a grim determination to see the thing through. Younger men remembered only the desperate losing struggle of the last years, but he, Menocles, thought of a day when the stiff-necked Spartans had sued for peace, and Athens had haughtily rejected their suit.

As the sun rose toward noon the men stopped work to eat their lunch in the shade of the remaining wall. Grateful for bread, wine, and olives after the long famine of the siege, Menocles ate silently for a while; then, leaning back comfortably against a stone, he spoke the words that were in his heart.

Surely — he said, gazing at the bronzed, attentive faces around him — surely, it is right for you to whistle as you work. The war is ended, and Athenians should be lighthearted even in disaster. Yet I cannot whistle. My grandfather helped fortify the Piræus on the advice of Themistocles after the Persian War. My father helped build these Long Walls; now I help to tear them down. But if I cannot whistle I can tell a story, and it is fitting that it should be told here, in the face of the Spartan garrison. I shall tell you the story of Pylos, to remind you that Spartans have not always beaten Athenians.

It was in the seventh year of the war — about the time when you were born, Achilades. I was one of the hoplites in an expedition of forty ships sent out under the generals Eurymedon and Sophocles to aid our allies in Sicily. But our fleet had got only to the western shore of the Peloponnese when that old fox, Demosthenes, spying the strong and precipitous promontory of Pylos, demanded of the generals that they land some men and fortify the place as a base for raids into the heart of Laconia. It

was in a deserted countryside; stone and timber were at hand for whatever walls needed to be built; and there was a convenient harbor behind Sphacteria Island, which stretches southward from the tip of the promontory. At that very moment the Spartan army in its annual invasion of Attica was destroying our crops. Why not give the Spartans a taste of their own medicine?

Pylos in the hands of Athens would indeed be a thorn in their flesh. It could be garrisoned by Messenians, from whom Sparta had wrested the district years before. These staunch allies would ask nothing better than a chance to harass their Spartan enemies, and to stir up revolt among the enslaved Helots.

But the generals called him crazy and would have pressed onward, when a sudden storm caused our whole fleet to take shelter in the harbor of Pylos. The storm lasted several days. I tell you, we soldiers lost no opportunity of stretching our legs ashore, for the ships were crowded. We explored the rocky point, while Demosthenes vainly argued with the generals. Even the subordinate officers were against him, and most of the soldiers thought him cracked. But I know not how, unless it was because the natural strength of the place enticed our eyes, — yet really more for sport and exercise than for aught else, — we soldiers began to move a rock here and a fallen tree there; we surveyed the point, every man a general, and agreed on those few short spaces that would need to be walled. Enthusiasm swept suddenly through the ranks, and in a twinkling our idle play turned to earnest work — we began fitting stones and mixing mortar.

Demosthenes was triumphant. He won his point, and the whole force fell to work on the fortifications. My friend Oniachus solved one of our problems.

‘Well, comrades,’ he said, ‘let no man ever say that Oniachus was a hod-

carrier!' And stooping forward, with his hands clasped behind his back, he bade us load him with the wet mortar — for indeed, we had no hods. Then he trudged briskly to where Demosthenes was marking out a wall.

In a few days the most essential walls — on the neck of the point and a little stretch looking toward the sea — were finished, and the fleet went on its way, leaving five ships with Demosthenes. He was to send for help when the Spartans attacked. My ship was one of those that stayed. You can imagine our feelings as our fellow Athenians disappeared over the horizon; we knew ourselves a small force in a hostile country, with Sparta only forty-six miles away. Our enemies already knew of our presence. In Sparta, at first, they laughed at us, saying we would run away as soon as they drew near, but King Agis, invading Attica with the Spartan army, took a different view of the matter; he cut short the invasion and hurried home with his men.

News filtered in to Demosthenes that Sparta and all her allies in the Peloponnese were marching to a rendezvous at Pylos, determined to crush him like a fly. He got wind, too, that the Peloponnesian fleet had sailed. Demosthenes sent two of our five ships at once to bring our fleet to the rescue; he feared to entrust such a vital message to only one. Zeus! Did anybody sleep that night? In the morning we found ourselves besieged from the land by the Lacedæmonian army; the next had scarcely dawned when we saw their fleet swarming down upon us, like kites to a carcass. But we were not dead yet — though a few hundred men seemed only an appetizer for the host surrounding us. You can be sure Demosthenes was not idle. He had our sailors make themselves wickerwork shields; then fortunately a Messenian cutter and privateer came in, bearing extra arms and forty hoplites, all eager for a brush with the Spartans. Some say that Demosthenes had talked this plan

over the previous year with the Messenians at Naupactus.

Now I shall tell you the situation as I saw it on the morning of the Spartan attack. The greater part of our little force faced the Spartans at the fortified neck of the promontory. Another detachment guarded the only possible approach from the bay. On Sphacteria Island, across the channel from the tip of Pylos, the Spartans had landed a force of heavy-armed soldiers with their attendant Helots. It's easy to see now what a mistake that was, but it seemed a natural thing to do at the time, when Spartan ships commanded the bay and the near-by seacoast.

Our three ships were drawn up behind a stockade on the seaward side of the point, under the fort we had built there — for it was the only landing place on that side, though very rocky.

I shall remember what happened that day as long as I live. Demosthenes chose sixty hoplites and a handful of archers to hold the landing. Oniachus and I were among them. To fight shoulder to shoulder with a friend, under such a commander — what more can a Hellene ask? Rather than trust everything to the hastily built fort, our general determined to prevent the Spartans from landing. He pointed out to us clearly the difficulty they would have in disembarking in the face of their enemies, whereas we all knew that they were stubborn fighters once ashore.

'I call on you to stand fast,' he said, 'and not let the enemy touch the beach. Thus you will save yourselves and the place.'

We raised a cheer and he led us down to the very water's edge, where we formed a line, every man filled with a determination to succeed. It was a determination born of despair no less than bravery, for behind us rose the clash of arms as the enemy attacked from the land, and before us the Peloponnesians bore down from the sea with more than twoscore ships.

'Only stand firm,' said Demosthenes, 'and, having so many advantages, do not take fright at the numbers of the enemy.' And with other quiet words he steeled our hearts.

Then it was that we saw how wisely he had chosen his ground, for the rocks and the narrow approach fought mightily for us. Only a few ships could attack at a time; they came against us in relays. So it went, through the whole day — charge after charge, and again and again we thrust them back. Well do I remember using my long pike as a pole, pushing them off with both feet braced, while Oniachus shielded my head and back from the Spartan missiles. Or again, we would foul their oars and knock the rowers from their benches as they strove to drive the ships ashore. You have heard of the Spartan, Brasidas. His bravery is no myth, as I have good cause to know. Captain of a ship, he hurled her boldly upon us, deliberately running in upon the rocks to force a landing.

'No time to spare timber now, when the enemy have built a fort in our country!' he cried, urging on the overcautious. I saw him leap to the gangplank as his ship ran aground; he launched the javelin that killed my friend Oniachus; then, struck by our fast-flying spears and arrows, he fell, many times wounded, down from the bulwarks into his own ship — but his falling shield was washed ashore, a fitting trophy. Far better for Athens if he had died then — but the man was harder to kill than an Egyptian cat.

We were faint from hunger and thirst as the long day ended and the Peloponnesians finally withdrew their ships into the sheltering bay. But we had held them off, by sea and by land, and the next day it was the same. I tell you, that stout defense gave many a Spartan a new idea of what the men of Athens could do when fighting ashore.

There was a lull the third day. We were drawing in our belts for a long, hungry siege when, toward evening, we

heard a joyful shout from the sentries on their high rocks: —

'The fleet!'

Zeus! Was there ever a sight more beautiful than those Athenian sails? But to our chagrin the vessels stayed warily clear and put back up the coast in the twilight.

'What, are they afraid?' we asked one another. But Demosthenes only laughed at us. Many a time I have thought that the old fox had the whole thing planned from the moment he left Athens. He knew very well that the only way to get a fight with the Spartan ships — in those days — was to trap them. They wanted none of Athens on the open sea.

Watching from the point next morning, we could see the Spartans along the bay shore launching and manning their ships. It was easy to suppose they intended to hold the channels at either end of the island against our fleet; but the sluggards were too slow — perhaps they thought the Athenians would not dare attack within the bay. But that has been the glory of our city — to attack boldly whenever there was something to be gained. For it has always been our saying that 'to miss an opportunity is to lose a victory.'

At any rate, when our fleet came down again from the north it lost no time, but attacked gallantly through both channels at once. What a fight it was! The Spartans were no match for us in the open bay. Five ships were taken and many rammed as they fled to shore. Then with ropes and grappling hooks our men strove to drag the Spartan vessels from the beach, but the Lacedæmonians rallied under the support of their army and fought stubbornly to save their ships. It was hammer and tongs for a long while, a bloody tug-of-war, but eventually our men drew off, forced to be content with the five already taken and the wreckage in the bay.

Only then did I realize the full value of our victory, for part of our fleet sailed immediately around the island, on which

the Spartan garrison was now hopelessly cut off.

When our bold sailors came ashore on the promontory for water and their mid-day meal, we embraced them as deliverers, and they in turn saw to it that we did not lack provisions. Demosthenes and the other generals worked out a system of guarding the island, their intention being to starve out the garrison.

Then it was, I tell you, that the proud Spartans sued for peace, for they could not bear to see their comrades starved or massacred before their eyes. A truce was signed wherein all Spartan ships, not only at Pylos but in all Laconian harbors, were to be placed in Athenian hands till the truce was ended. Meanwhile the Athenian naval guard was to allow a certain limited amount of food to reach the Spartans on the island each day, and both sides were to abstain from assaults. There was water on the island — a well, near the centre; the island was a little over two miles long and heavily wooded. During the truce Lacedæmonian ambassadors were sent to Athens to discuss terms of peace.

Here we are today, humbling our beloved city before an enemy who, at that moment, earnestly begged us to accept an honorable, even a victorious, peace. The more fools we, for while we soldiers were cooling our heels at Pylos, the politician Cleon at home was clamoring for more than the Spartans could possibly grant. He bellowed that the garrison should be surrendered to us and certain cities restored before any further peace terms were discussed. Elated by victory, our people listened to the demagogue rather than to wiser voices; the ambassadors could make no headway, and returned to Sparta. The truce was over, and Athens now had the task of capturing or slaying the garrison on Sphacteria Island.

Fighting was resumed at once. We in the fort stood off assault after assault from the landward side. The Spartans

were desperately trying to get aid to their comrades. They were enraged the further because Athens duped them by keeping their ships, on a trumped-up pretext, contrary to the terms of the truce. Still, I have heard that many an old-fashioned Lacedæmonian thought they were better off without their ships, saying that men and money ought not to be squandered on seagoing toys — this even while we Athenians were giving them lessons a-plenty in how those 'toys' could be used.

It was not long before we found that starvation would be a very tedious method of reducing the garrison. For the Spartans on the mainland promised gold and freedom to any Helot who succeeded in getting food to the island. Many tried and some succeeded, swimming in the dead of night from the shore or descending swiftly from the sea in small boats at times when a high wind and a lee shore made the naval guard impractical. Trying to elude the ships, they sometimes came within bowshot of the point. Not one but three nights when I was sentry did I shoot at foolhardy swimmers towing skins full of linseed meal or poppy seeds and honey.

Our own situation was far from comfortable. We were dependent on food brought by ship from distant places; also, the well on the promontory was inadequate for such a large force — for the fleet had been swollen by reinforcements to seventy ships. All the shore was held by the enemy except the point itself, and there the landing space was so limited that our sailors got but little rest ashore. Some of our ships risked landing at midday to eat lunch on the near-by tip of the island, posting sentinels to warn of any approach by the Spartan garrison. This practice had a bearing on the outcome of the siege.

After a delay of some weeks it happened that a party from an Athenian ship, eating their customary lunch on the northern tip of Sphacteria, carelessly set the woods afire, so that most of the

island was burnt over. Able at last to see what he had to face, Demosthenes laid his plans for an attack.

Meanwhile in Athens people were growing very impatient, fearing that winter might arrive to end the siege. Cleon, thrusting himself as usual into the public eye and trying to distract critical attention from his own part in rejecting the Spartan overtures, berated the generals vociferously for their delay, abusing especially Nicias (who was then the senior general at Athens) and proclaiming that if *he* were general he would 'sail with an expedition to the island and take the garrison.' Much to his surprise, Nicias took him at his word and resigned his generalship in Cleon's favor. The people deliberately confirmed his action, and there was Cleon, forced to be a general whether he would or no! It was the best joke in Athens in my time. Unable to back out, he took with him some light-armed auxiliaries and set sail, promising bold as brass to bring back the Spartans dead or alive within twenty days. My father has told me that many hopeful Athenians congratulated themselves that either the city would gain a great victory or — still better — Cleon's loud mouth would be hushed.

Yet in the light of what happened we cannot take Cleon to be a fool. He had sense enough to choose Demosthenes as his colleague in the undertaking, and placed himself and his reinforcements under Demosthenes' direction.

Ah, how I loved the way the old fox went about it! He was not one to waste his men — he took full advantage of all the points in our favor: an overwhelming force, command of bay and sea, Spartan characteristics (the enemy were too conservative ever to make a night attack, so they never thought we would) — and finally Cleon's light-armed troops. He took all the hoplites he could spare from our fortifications, and assembled more from the fleet and from the allies. He and Cleon called upon the Spartans

once more to surrender the garrison, but they refused. Two nights later we made a landing just before dawn on two sides of the island at once, putting 800 Athenian hoplites ashore. I was with the first detachment. We made our way unchallenged through the charred thickets left by the fire and stormed a little hill at the southern end of the island. Our prey was a Spartan outpost. Confused by sleep, they fought desperately, but it was soon over; they died to a man. Moving down again to the shore, we stood guard while the main force was landed. There were the crews of some seventy ships, and many hundreds of bowmen and targeteers — in all, perhaps ten thousand.

For my part, I think the glory of the tale goes now to the Spartans, whose resistance was so valorous. Epitadas, their leader, waited for us in battle array near the well, with his little army of four hundred heavy-armed men, of whom the officers and about half the men were citizens of Sparta herself. Now indeed Demosthenes profited from his earlier beating by the savage Ætolians — he sent detachments of light-armed men all about the island, and, surrounding the Spartans with bowmen and spearmen, rained arrows and javelins upon them. When they charged, the light-armed men scampered before them, fighting as they ran and raising a choking dust of ashes from the burnt wood. We Athenian hoplites stood ready but were not engaged — a horde of bowmen kept the Spartans from us, though they would gladly have closed. After several hours of struggling over broken ground — wounded by arrows, tormented by dust and thirst — they were well-nigh exhausted.

Only then did they beat a stubborn retreat through thick-flying arrows to the northern part of the island, where the last of their small garrisons still held a fortification on a rugged hillside that closed off the approaches to that end. Many were killed on the way, but the remainder won through and were at last able to face us from the hill, no

longer outflanked, for the cliff behind them appeared unclimbable. Now we hoplites came up and joined in the fight, which raged hotly most of the day, the hard-pressed Spartans clinging tenaciously to their position. Finally the leader of our Messenian allies, stealthily concealing his movements, found an unsuspected and precipitous way around the hillside and up with a few men to the top — unguarded, for the Spartans thought it inaccessible. With stones, arrows, and javelins the Messenian band took the enemy in the rear, and their position became hopeless. Weakened by hunger and dismay, they fell back at our charge, and we were pressing in to finish them when Demosthenes stopped us.

For he and Cleon agreed that Athens would gain far more by obtaining the surrender of the remaining Spartans than by killing them. Throughout Greece it was the well-known boast of the Lacedæmonians that they would never surrender to a foe, but would die sword in hand. This they had done at Thermopylæ, and this had been their reputation ever since. On it depended much of their prestige among their allies. Our two generals knew also that Spartan prisoners at Athens would be a powerful lever in any negotiations that might take place, for Sparta could ill spare men: it was known that her population was diminishing. For these two reasons, therefore, they caused a herald to announce that the enemy could, if they laid down their arms, still surrender at the discretion of Athens. Many were willing, but Styphon, their leader (for Epitadas and his lieutenant, Hippagretas, lay among the dead), first consulted through heralds with the Lacedæmonians ashore — the Athenians allowing this to be done. Powerless to help, his countrymen cast the cruel decision back at him with their final message: —

‘The Lacedæmonians bid you act as you think best, but you are not to dishonor yourselves.’

After a final desperate and bitter dis-

cussion among themselves the garrison agreed to lay down their arms. Of 420 hoplites, 292 remained alive, the Spartans among them numbering 120. The prisoners were brought to Athens, and all Greece rang with the news.

Foolish men taunted the survivors with cowardice. I heard one such ask a prisoner, ‘Where were the brave men — all killed?’ and the Spartan reply: ‘Of great worth the spindle if it picked out the brave’ — referring to the undiscerning arrow of the light-armed foe.

For my part, I know not what to think, since prestige was very important to Sparta. Many prominent Spartans were among those taken; their captivity was a sore hurt to their city. I am certain of one thing, however, and that is the courage of those men, for I fought against them. It was not until the bitter day of Mantinea that Sparta wiped out the sting of that defeat.

What of Cleon? He sailed triumphantly back to Athens with the prisoners, within twenty days as he had promised. Nicias and his other enemies were confounded; truly, he was the child of fortune. I shall say little of him — he has been well enough roasted by Aristophanes for stealing the ‘cake’ baked by Demosthenes at Pylos, and for many other things. But at the play no Athenian laughed louder than Cleon himself.

Well, those days are all over now. Where are the men of whom I have spoken? Cleon was cut down as he fled the field at Amphipolis, where the Spartan Brasidas died in the moment of victory. Demosthenes and Nicias lie dead in Sicily with our Athenian dreams. At home we are casting down the walls behind which the city rose to greatness. Success went to our heads, so that we never valued what we had, but always wanted more. Now the game is finished and we have nothing. No one can say what the future holds for Athens. Come, let us get on with the work — I see the guard over there making angry gestures at us. Strike up a tune, you whistlers!

LADY LUCK

BY DEAN A. L. CLARK

[LADY LUCK, like a tossed coin, has two aspects; one is based on personal, applied superstition, the other derives from a scientific study of probabilities. In this article Dean Clark, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, discusses both phases, but, like a good scientist, devotes most of his time to the theory of probabilities. As the result of an extraordinarily patient and careful series of experiments he demonstrates how closely empirical findings approach the formulæ of pure mathematics. What are the odds against a bridge hand of thirteen spades? — THE EDITORS]

I

To believe that good luck follows some people and that bad luck follows others is pure superstition, which is merely an irrational approach to a situation, as opposed to a scientific approach. A gambler usually believes that if he is unlucky for a time his luck is maturing, and presently it must change. He believes that if several bets have gone against him he must win presently. Most people hold a similar view perhaps unconsciously, and, if asked to bet on the turn of a coin after, say, five heads have come up, would be willing to give odds against a sixth head. They believe in the maturity of chance. When the game is going badly, a bridge player may be seen to get up from his chair, walk around it three times, and sit down again, all to change his luck. A poker player may for the same purpose ask for a new

'deck.' This may not be entirely irrational.

Roulette is played by systems by many of its devotees. Some of these are highly ingenious, but in the long run produce no better results than random play. In the long run, the 'house' wins. Some people play only when the stars are propitious.

Then there are people who have great faith in their own luck. They may even convince others that they are in some manner possessed of special gifts. They are usually optimists. If a group of people decide to play a slot machine the lucky man may be selected to operate the machine. If he fails to win they say, 'Oh well! He can't always win,' and the whole affair is forgotten. If he wins, then their belief in his luck is substantiated.

Superstitions are associated with sports of many kinds. Baseball players and followers of the race track are proverbially superstitious and resort to absurd practices to bring good luck. If superstitions were confined to such people, the subject would have less interest. But who is free altogether from superstition in some form? Queer beliefs have come down to us from antiquity and have been kept alive by writers of all times. These beliefs are nearly ineradicable — at least they will be with us for many years to come. A black cat crossing one's path at the beginning of a journey is supposed to be a very bad sign. The writer had the amusing experience of having three black cats cross his road during the first

few hours of a motor trip. Nothing untoward happened; tires remained intact, and gas and oil did all that was expected of them. To walk under a ladder is supposed to be very unlucky — particularly if someone is at work on the ladder with heavy tools or with paint. Astrology and Numerology have their devotees in large numbers. The number 13 is so ominous that some hotels omit room 13, and indeed the thirteenth floor may be missing. Sailors have a strong feeling against sailing on Friday. And Friday the thirteenth is supposed to be very bad. For most of us it is exactly like any other day.

Many people are very unhappy if they find that there are thirteen people in a party. Sometimes, indeed, either someone leaves or a fourteenth is brought in to allay fears. It is supposed that if thirteen are present one of them must die in the near future. How many people died last year who had sat down at table with two, three, or any number except thirteen? The breaking of a mirror is a very bad omen. It is said that Napoleon once broke a mirror which was hanging above a portrait of his wife Josephine. He was so distressed that he sent a courier to find out if all was well. There was no occasion for alarm.

Farmers have great faith in the good and bad effects of the moon on planting, rainfall, and so forth. Storms or clearing weather are associated with the changes of the moon. There are really no changes; the moon passes continuously through the different phases which, according to the calendar, occur every seven days. So any weather change can be not farther than four days from the so-called change of the moon. A statistical study of the weather records shows that there is no relationship whatever between the phases of the moon and weather. Railroad men have a firm belief that if there is an accident on the road there will be two more in the immediate future. If there are not, the first is forgotten. If one or two more take place, then they say,

'I told you so.' 'Misfortunes never come singly' is another familiar superstition. They do come singly, as we all know. If more than one occurs, then we remember the adage.

Disraeli is said to have made a practice of writing the names of people who had injured him on slips of paper, which were then put away in a drawer. When the men whose names were thus filed disappeared from the scene, the slips were removed. There is a slight odor of superstition here, and we are reminded of the practice of some savages of sticking pins in the effigy of an enemy to injure him.

Almost all of these superstitions, and particularly those that have to do with affecting one's luck, are egotistical. The holder thinks himself of very great importance in the vast mechanism of Nature. Each of us is the centre of a universe, and therefore each is of especial importance (to himself). It is inconceivable that the universe, a vast machine of which the earth is a small part, — but still a part, — could have its operations interrupted or diverted so as to make a single individual suffer or to benefit him. How many of us at one time or another have not shared the feeling of Margaret Halsey in her rather caustic little book, *With Malice Toward Some?* She was passing through a Norwegian fiord in a small boat which had to sail under some overhanging rocks. She imagines the rocks saying to each other: 'Here comes Peg Halsey after all these years.' Most of us have an instinctive feeling that the rocks may fall just as we pass under them in spite of the fact that they have been hanging there for thousands of years. Anyone else would be perfectly safe.

Birds and animals foretell weather, rheumatic joints give warning of approaching storms, only because they respond to present conditions which are the preliminaries of the storm. A storm is much more than rain and wind. It begins long before these obvious phe-

nomena with falling barometer, rising temperature and humidity. These preliminaries begin almost imperceptibly and gradually pass into what we commonly call a storm. Different people begin to respond at different times according to their powers of observation and memory of past conditions. Earthquakes are supposed to be associated with 'earthquake weather' and comets with wars, but statistics show otherwise. If sensible people would establish a habit of recording in parallel columns (even mentally) signs or omens and the actual course of events supposed to be related to them, many superstitions would disappear, and with them many of the absurd fears so much a part of human lives. *We 'count the hits and forget the misses.'*

II

With human beings there seem to be two kinds of luck. We may give two explanations for a run of favorable or of unfavorable events. The intelligent, forward-looking person will see the trend of past events and by foresight avoid what would catch the unwary and may so shape his course as to seem to make future events conspire for his benefit. In reality he merely seizes his opportunities, and events are favorable to him. The unlucky person is unable to foresee the future and by blundering may do exactly the thing that will bring disaster. There is a very real connection between ability and good fortune, between lack of ability and ill luck. Goethe makes Mephistopheles say: —

*Wie sich Verdienst und Glück verketten,
Das fällt den Toren niemals ein.*

This is not the whole story, however. There are roughly two billion people in the world, and the population has been very large for a long time. We have here the large numbers where the application of statistical methods is so fruitful. We may all be regarded as taking part in a great probability experi-

ment. Each will have his ups and downs of a minor character, and it may be agreed that there is a most probable kind of life although there are no measurements which may be made to express this life in precise terms. It is what we think of as the normal life and is the life which the large percentage of the population enjoy — or endure. There will be departures from this most probable life, and these departures, though small, will involve a large number of people. Greater departures will occur for smaller numbers of people, until we reach the point where very few people are concerned. These will rise to great heights or sink to very low depths. It is certain that some people will suffer great reverses in no way due to their lack of ability, and others will be elevated by circumstances with which they have but little to do.

This departure from the normal is our second kind of luck and may have no connection whatever with the victim's mistakes or wisdom. From a study of a sample million people properly chosen to be representative, humanity as a whole may be catalogued with some accuracy, provided, of course, there is no cataclysm or other theory-shattering series of events.

If life insurance companies can construct mortality tables from a study of sample lives, we should be able to construct tables in many other fields. Statistics tell us the number of deaths per thousand men of a certain age and of insurable condition of health. We could also find, by statistical data accumulated for a sufficiently large sample, how many broken legs or arms will require treatment in the next month throughout the United States and Canada. We could find out how many will lose the sight of an eye or their hearing, or how many appendectomies will be performed. From data accumulated over a period of years it is possible to predict with fair accuracy how many students will fail in the final examinations of any year, how

many will graduate, and how many will graduate with honors.

The luck of human beings involves many factors. Where only inanimate objects are involved, the whole matter is much simpler. At a recent popular lecture before a group of engineering students, each member of the audience was asked to take a coin from his pocket and report whether it showed a head or a tail. There were thirty-three heads and thirty-five tails. The result was about what was expected, — a little better, in fact, — but it gave a striking verification of an elementary principle in probability. A coin may lie in only two ways and, if it is perfect, neither face should show any predilection. So about one half of the coins in the experiment should show one face, and one half the other. We say that the probability of either face is 1 to 2.

If two coins are taken at random or are tossed into the air, in the usual manner, with each face of one either of the two faces of the other may appear. Thus there are four ways in which the two coins may fall, or, in the jargon of probability, there are four complexions. One of these is two heads, another is two tails, and then there are two in which a head and a tail come up together. The probability of two heads or two tails is therefore 1 to 4. In general, probability may be defined as the ratio of the favorable cases, or cases of some specified kind, to the total number of cases.

If three coins are tossed, with each of the four complexions of the two coins there may appear a head or a tail for the third; thus there are eight complexions. Only one of these is the case of three heads, so the probability of the three heads is 1 to 8. It is immaterial whether three coins are tossed simultaneously, or one coin three times, provided that the throws are entirely independent of each other — that is, the fall of each is absolutely uncontrolled.

If a coin is tossed very many times it would be expected that approximately

one half of the trials will show heads and one half tails. The results would not be expected to be exactly alike, but with a large total number of trials the difference between heads and tails ordinarily will be small compared to the total.

The ordinary six-faced die, if fairly made and fairly cast, may fall so that any one of the six faces appears. The probability of any particular face, say a six, is therefore 1 to 6. If two dice are cast, with any face of the first die any one of the six faces of the other may appear, so that for the two there are 36 complexions. For three dice there are 216 complexions. So the probability of any particular doublet with two dice is 1 to 36, of any particular triplet with three dice is 1 to 216. With a large number of dice, then, the probability of all showing the same face is very small. Again, if a single die is cast a very large number of times, we should expect to find the six faces showing about an equal number of times.

In an ordinary pack of cards there are four suits of thirteen cards each. Consequently the number of different bridge hands which may be dealt is the number of combinations of fifty-two things taken thirteen at a time. By elementary algebra this is 635,013,559,600. The probability of holding any particular hand is then $\frac{1}{635,013,559,600}$, a very small number. Thus perfect bridge hands cannot be expected very often.

There are some on record, however — which may mean that an excessively large number of bridge hands is being dealt every day.

The probability of holding any five cards named in advance in a poker game is again very small, but not as small as for the named bridge hand. There are 2,598,960 possible combinations of five cards or poker hands, so the probability of being dealt a royal flush is small, but such hands have occurred. The probabilities for the different hands are given in any book of games. Bridge and poker,

as games, involve much more than a knowledge of probability, but such a knowledge would improve the chance for success of any thoughtful player.

These illustrations from games of chance are given merely to make clear the meaning of probability. Indeed, the subject grew out of certain problems put to mathematicians by men who spent a great deal of time in 'gaming' or 'play' — polite names for an aristocratic kind of gambling.

III

The probability defined above as the ratio of the number of cases of a particular kind to the total number of cases, when treated simply as an *a priori* calculation, may be called the theoretical or mathematical probability. If, on the other hand, experiments are carried out, the number of favorable cases being counted and divided by the total number of trials, the result is the empirical or experimental probability. If the mathematical probability is calculated, and then by trial the empirical probability is found, the two results may not be exactly the same. If, however, the number of total cases is made very large, the two results, theoretical and empirical, will be found generally to agree very closely indeed. By the term 'agree' is meant that the discrepancy between the two results is small compared with the number of events in the experiment. This point is important. Tests with coins, dice, and cards have been made so many times that there is no doubt whatever that the agreement generally is good.

In all experiments, however, the experimenter must be prepared for unexpected results; indeed, as will be seen later, the theory of probability demands departures from what may be called normal happenings. For example, if one were to take five coins and toss them at random, he might find that in spite of the fact that the probability of the oc-

currence is only 1 to 32, all show the same face. It might not happen in very many throws, but conceivably it might happen on the first trial. A large number of trials is needed, therefore, to find the value of the empirical probability, and conclusions must not be drawn from meagre information. Further, it cannot be emphasized too strongly or too often that absolute randomness must obtain throughout any experiment. There must be no direction given to the coin, die, or card.

In the opinion of the writer, there is a fallacy that has come into writings on probability by those who should know better. It is this: where the probability of an event is very small we must wait a long time for this event to occur, and if we do wait it will certainly occur. Neither idea is correct. The occurrence or non-occurrence of the awaited event is not a matter of time. If it may occur at all, it may occur early or, of course, very late. What has happened in a random tossing of a coin has no influence whatever on what may happen later. A coin has no memory or will, and even if it had either it would be powerless to influence the manner of fall. The improbable, as just pointed out, may happen early and the probable late. If a coin is tossed and a head has appeared five times in succession, not many people would be willing to risk a wager that the next toss will show a head. The probability that the next throw will show a head is, however, 1 to 2, just as before any trial. Another head is as likely as a tail. Many people find this hard to swallow.

A little experience with probability shows that the improbable does happen and the probable need not happen. Everyone can remember the occurrence of events in his life which, before they occur, would have been declared to be highly improbable. Indeed, our lives have much of the improbable in them.

The methods of probability which grew out of games of chance have been

extended to a great variety of different fields. Almost every large commercial enterprise, consciously or unconsciously, employs the laws of probability. Industries manufacturing large numbers of small articles cannot inspect every one, but by selecting samples at random can predict fairly accurately how much allowance must be made for defective articles. Here they assume that in a large lot the defective ones will be distributed at random, so that, if a sufficiently large sample is taken, the evidence obtained may be used for appraising the entire product. Sampling to determine the possibilities of a mine must be properly done or the conclusions based on the assays may be far from the truth.

Insurance companies do almost exactly the same thing with human beings instead of inanimate objects. By taking sufficiently large samples and observing the length of life of the individuals in the samples, they build up mortality tables. Then, on the basis of what has happened to one group, they can predict what will happen to another group of the same kind. While the man who takes out his little book to tell you what an insurance policy will cost (if you allow him to get so far) has no information about your future life, he can tell you your expectation of life. All these data about life prospects have been accumulated by a process of sampling, which assumes that one sufficiently large selected group will behave like another large group of the same kind. So that, if an insurance company has a large enough group of clients, the directors may rest assured that, unless conditions of life change, their profits from policyholders are secure.

The accumulations of data regarding past events are known as statistics, and statistical calculations using these data are based on the probability that a proper sample gives a true picture of the entire situation and that other events, or whatever the data represent, will run true to form. For example, coffin manufacturers as well as clothing manufac-

turers are interested in the distribution of heights of the population they serve. Transportation companies must know in advance something about the probable demands on their equipment, and therefore collect the necessary data. H. C. Levinson in his interesting book, *Your Chance to Win*, says that a firm in New York employing several hundred delivery men has accumulated data regarding the number of times its employees have been bitten by dogs, and by what kind of dogs. They found the Airedale the most intelligent, as 'he bites after the parcels are delivered.' Telephone companies have elaborate tables by which the demands on their lines may be predicted. Thus statistics are gathered by all sorts of enterprises so that the future trends may be predicted. It is always the probable future only which is indicated, for unexpected conditions may arise which upset the calculations. The tables, however, are indispensable in modern business.

A properly aimed gun with good ammunition is surprisingly accurate. For example, the quick-firing 18-pounder will place its shots so closely that at 2000 yards one half of them fall with a deviation of less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet. How these shots will be distributed on the target is entirely a matter of chance. Some will lie close to the point of aim, some farther away, and the distribution may be calculated with some accuracy — what proportion will fall, say, inside a six-inch circle, and then what proportion between this circle and another circle one foot in diameter. Slight variations in the ammunition, the weight, and the shape of the projectiles all have their small effects. Unless the gun is moved between shots, the shots will fall within a very small area, so the feeling that shells never enter the same shell-hole may be only a superstition. In Marryat's *Peter Simple*, one of the midshipmen on the *Diomedé* informs Peter 'that he always made it a rule, upon the first cannon-ball coming through the ship's side, to put

his head into the hole which it had made, as by a calculation made by Professor Inman, the odds were 32,647, and some decimals to boot, that another shot would not come in at the same hole.¹ Of course the probability that the second or any other shot will strike the same hole is very small, but so is the probability that a shot will strike *any* designated place.

To determine whether or not a roulette wheel is true, a great many trials are made in order to find out if certain numbers come up more often than they should. This is a statistical test. A similar method is possible to determine the fairness of dice. The dice in a set of 24 were suspect, and to determine whether or not they were true 36 casts of all at a time were made. If the dice were true, each face should appear approximately 144 times. Fives appeared 184 times and fours only 87 times. There was obviously something more than chance operating here, and the dice were certainly not fair. Another set of 12 was tried with 250 casts, with the result that sixes appeared 568 times when they should appear only 500 times. These dice, too, were probably unfair. They were well made, however, and, as with most modern dice, the markings were put on by means of a little coloring matter in small holes. These holes apparently displace the centre of gravity enough to affect the result of a cast, for certain critical cases. This raises a question as to the fairness of dice in general.

Dr. Rhine of Duke University has attracted considerable attention by his claim to the discovery of what he calls extrasensory perception. It will be recalled that he uses a pack of twenty-five cards made up of five sets of five cards each. The five varieties have simple designs or patterns easy of identification. The cards are shuffled and placed face-down in a pile on the table; then the subject is asked to name the cards. In some experiments the

top card is removed after each trial, in others the subject is expected to name the cards in order down through the pack.

The probability of a correct random guess is 1 to 5. If the subject knows that one or more trials have been successes or failures, the probability is modified. The results of the trials are recorded and form a statistical table from which Dr. Rhine concludes that the number of correct results is greater than random guesses could possibly yield.

There are many writers who have observed the work and believe that Dr. Rhine has made his case. Others equally competent believe that the results are merely in accord with the probability theory. Continued experiment should reveal whether or not we have here a genuine case of extrasensory perception. The accumulation of data by different observers would give the statistical material on which a final judgment could be based. The subject is of sufficient importance to justify a complete investigation.

IV

Many years ago a French mathematician, Buffon, invented a problem since known by his name. If a series of equidistant parallel straight lines are ruled on a plane horizontal surface, and a short rod or needle, whose length is less than the distance between the lines, is thrown on to the plane at random, what is the probability that the rod will come to rest lying across one of the lines? If the distance between the lines is a and the length of the needle is c , the theoretical probability is easily found to be $P = \frac{2a}{\pi c}$. The appearance of the number π gives great interest to the problem.¹ For if a large number of trials are made we may calculate the empirical proba-

¹ π , of course, is the ratio of the circumference of a circle to the diameter, and appears in this problem since the probability sought involves the angular positions of the rod about its centre. π is 3.1416 to four places of decimals. — AUTHOR

bility, substitute this for P , and calculate the value of π from the formula. The experiment has been carried out by a number of observers, and the value of π is found to be very close to the true value.

At the Century of Progress World's Fair at Chicago a few years ago, an automatic device for carrying out the experiment and for recording the results was shown. This device made possible the accumulation of a large amount of data, so that a fairly accurate result for π could be obtained. There is, however, a limit beyond which it is not profitable to carry such experiments. It will be seen that the calculation of P involves knowledge of the distance between the lines and the length of the rod. Neither of these distances can be measured with sufficient accuracy to warrant the securing of, say, 1,000,000 observations. As soon as the number of observations reaches the point where the empirical value of the probability can be found with greater accuracy than the theoretical value, it is useless to go further.

An understanding of the laws of probability is so important in modern physics that the writer felt that an experiment which would bring these laws home to students would be of great value, so the work was begun about ten years ago, and has been continued to the point where some important results have appeared.

The 'Queen's experiment' consists in dropping steel balls at random on to a horizontal steel plate pierced with holes bored in a regular array, to see whether or not they pass through a hole. These balls, the ordinary steel balls used in bearings, are extraordinarily accurate in both shape and size. The holes in the plate are bored with specially made tools and are very uniform in size, and they are so accurately spaced that all parts of the plate are alike. Of course the holes are larger than the balls — indeed, more than twice as large. They are staggered so that they form a network in tri-

angular arrays resembling the top of a honeycomb. It is easy to calculate the probability that a ball falling vertically on to the plate will pass through a hole without contact with the plate. This theoretical probability involves merely the ratio of the free area to the total area of a properly chosen part of the plate.² The value is $0.3555 \pm .0005$.

As in Buffon's problem, there is a limit to the accuracy with which measurements may be made, hence the small uncertainty in the value.

With the assistance of students, members of the staff, and employees in the laboratory, 500,000 observations have been made — that is, this is the number of balls that have been dropped with recorded results. Of this number, 177,785 passed through holes without contact with the plate. The empirical probability is therefore 0.35557, which is very close to the theoretical value. The plate and dropping tube are supported on arms so that the plate may be moved through a distance of about six inches and the dropper about three inches. Both the plate and the dropper are moved at random after each ball is dropped, so that the half million shots are independent, random events.

It was to be expected that the two values of the probability would be very close together, since we have a very large number of events. That they were so close was gratifying but is not of great significance, as such verifications of theory are fairly common. Nor is the fact that π may be calculated from these results of great importance, although it adds greatly to the interest of the work.

² Since the plate is made up of a series of triangles, the free area is the area of the parts of the circles enclosed in any triangle whose vertices lie at the centres of the circles. These circles are really the circles whose common radius is the difference between the radii of the actual holes and the balls. The total area is the area of the triangle itself. The expression for the probability is $P = \frac{\pi(R-r)}{a^2 - 3}$. A microphone attached to the plate makes contact between a ball and the plate evident by a fairly loud sound. — AUTHOR

If we substitute the empirical value of P in the formula, the value of π is 3.145. This result is about as good as may be expected, since the measurements of radii and distances are not perfect, as already explained. If, however, the record were studied, a place might be found where the value of P for that part of the record would yield a more accurate value of π . For example, the number of free passages of the balls in the first 275,000 observations is 97,697. The value of P for this run is 0.35525, and the resulting value of π is 3.14167. This method obviously is unfair, because in a probability experiment we have no right to make such a selection. Randomness is the essence of probability.

Two results from the Queen's experiment should be mentioned as distinct contributions to the subject. One is relatively new, but both are important. Unfortunately a little mathematics is unavoidable. As already pointed out, the probability of throwing one head with a coin is 1 to 2; of two heads with two coins, or two heads in succession with one coin, 1 to 4; of three heads in succession with the one coin, 1 to 8; of n heads in succession, $(\frac{1}{2})^n$. So if a very large number of coins are thrown simultaneously or a single coin thrown very many times, one half of the total throws in either case should show heads and one half tails. Pairs of heads or tails should appear a number of times, about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the total number of casts — that is, if a coin is thrown 1000 times, two heads or tails in succession should appear about 250 times, threes about 125 times. If one were to take ten coins and shake them up well and lay them down on the table, the probability that all would show heads is only 1 to 1024. If, however, this experiment were repeated again and again until, say, 100,000 trials were made, theory says that there would be approximately 100 cases of ten heads at the same time. Probably the actual number would depart somewhat from this theoretical

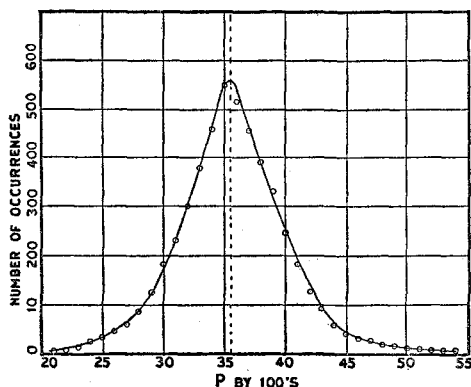
number, but we may be sure that there would be some cases of a complete set of heads. Further, such a set of ten might come very early in the experiment or it might be delayed. Neither time nor place in the total series of trials has any influence on the result. It is entirely a matter of chance.

So in the experiment the probability that one ball will pass through a hole is 0.3555; of two in a row is $(0.3555)^2$ or 0.1263; and of n in a row is $(0.3555)^n$. It can be seen, then, that if n is a large number the probability of that number of successive passages through the holes becomes very small. In the experiment the number of events — that is, balls dropped — is very large, so the number of times that a series of any length may be expected to occur is the probability of the series multiplied by the total number of balls dropped. Thus in a series of 500,000 we may expect that there will be 63,215 cases where two balls in succession will pass through holes; 22,477 cases of three in succession; 7992 of four. There were actually 62,559, 24,482, and 8579 respectively for runs of two, three, and four. The agreement happens to be better for certain longer runs. For example, eights, nines, tens, and elevens should appear 128, 45, 16, and 6 times respectively. They actually appeared 146, 46, 16, and 8 times respectively. The probability that there will be thirteen successive passages is about one in a million.

According to theory, then, if a million balls are dropped, there should be one case where thirteen balls pass freely. As a matter of fact, a run of thirteen came in the nineteenth thousand. Again, a run of twelve might be expected once in 500,000 trials, but such a run was recorded in the forty-ninth thousand. These results are important, as they show very clearly that one does not always have to wait a long time for the improbable to happen. What may happen at all may happen at any time. All thousands are alike, and a run of

twelve or a thirteen or an even longer run might have happened at any time, early or late. On the other hand, neither of these phenomena need have appeared at all.

The other point brought out in the experiment is the distribution of the numbers of free passages of the balls when the observations are grouped in series of definite length. The record is kept so that the results appear in groups of 100 trials each; thus for this number the point may be studied easily. The entire record was examined, and the numbers of times each number of passages in 100 trials occurred were tabulated. For example, the smallest number in 100 trials was 21 and the largest 54. Each of these numbers appeared only once. Then between 21 and 54 the number of times that 22, 23, 24, and so forth, appeared was recorded. Next,



points representing all of these numbers — 21, 22, 23, up to 54 — were laid off horizontally on graph paper. Then, vertically over these points, other points showing the number of times that each value appeared were laid out and a smooth curve drawn as nearly as possible through these points. This curve shows graphically the distribution of these numbers.

It will be noticed, as might be expected, that the largest numbers of passages in 100 trials are 35 and 36. This is because the probability of a

passage is 0.3555. From 35 and 36 in either direction the numbers of times that each number appears decrease rapidly. The further one goes from the most probable value in 100, the smaller is the number, until the end of the experimental results is reached. This curve is a close approximation to the probability curve and is very important. Wherever statistical data are collected, such a curve may be drawn. In many cases it is exactly like the curve shown; in some the shape departs from the symmetrical form.

We are able, then, to see that in the human experiment with two billion cases the normal life may well be represented by the highest point on the curve, where the greatest number of people are involved. As we go away from the peak in either direction, we have the less probable life which concerns relatively fewer people. Very far from the middle of the curve is the highly improbable life which comes to a very few. On the one side is good fortune, with health, beauty, pleasant surroundings, recognition, while on the other are suffering, malformation, idiocy, obscurity, early extinction. Good or bad luck is not all a matter of intelligence or industry, but may be due in part to causes which may be entirely beyond control and perhaps unknown, but which are in accordance with statistical laws. No one would be so foolish as to attempt to apply them to any individual at any particular time.

In a universe governed by laws which are only partially understood and sometimes, no doubt, not known even approximately, where the simplest phenomena are very complex, as they are in the operations of human beings, it is hopeless to attempt as yet to bring all into an orderly, theoretical arrangement for study. We have seen that when the number of events becomes very large we may pursue statistical methods with great success; we may rely on probability.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

'AFTER THE WAR . . .'

THREE words — and as they fall upon my ears

They form a fence through which no man may pass:

A barrier of weeks or months or years,

Impenetrable as a wall of glass,

Which, being seen through and approached, gives hope,

Then sharply comes against an outstretched hand,

Grim, merciless, and leaving one to grope

For an open door to a free and peaceful land.

JANET MAXTONE GRAHAM

RHODE ISLAND, 3 — INDIANA, 1

IF I spend the rest of my life in New England and see my sons grow up here, I may eventually adopt Yankee ways, or at least become reconciled to them in others. I will try. But at the moment I am not sure that I shall succeed. I am not at all sure. Although I have spent the past ten years in Rhode Island, today it is more obvious to me than ever that I am still a Hoosier and shall probably always remain one.

It is the Hoosier's irrepressible urge to express his feelings that makes me feel like Ruth amid the alien corn. Natives of Indiana are inclined more than most people to wear their hearts on their sleeves. They lose their tempers quickly and fall in love readily and grow excited over the things they like and furious over the things they don't like. Five minutes after meeting a stranger, they are telling him all about themselves, what they are partial to at table (which is usually fried chicken and butter beans), how they vote (which may be either Democratic or Republican, but always emphatically), and what the weather was like on the day they were born (which was sure to have been hot as blazes if their birthday was anywhere between the first of June and the first of October). Hoosiers are great talkers. They do not always say what they think, but they

invariably say what they feel. They can't help it.

Now, in New England, people may sometimes say what they think; but they never say what they feel. Either they say the opposite or, more likely, they say nothing. Once I saw a Yankee fall off a ladder while he was picking apples. It was a magnificent fall, beautifully executed, with several revolutions in mid-air and a crash at the end that caused a minor earthquake. Surviving as he did, I should have got up and systematically smashed the ladder to splinters and then probably chopped down the apple tree and afterwards sold the farm. But the Yankee did no such thing. He lay quietly on the ground for a while and ended by poking his finger inquisitively into the earth beside him. 'H-m-m — mushrooms,' he said, and nothing more.

Another time, when I was gathering wild flowers for my wife's table, I met up with some Yankee farmers haying in the rain. Thinking I'd make polite conversation, I said, 'Not very good weather for haying, is it?' They looked me over in silence for a long time; then one of them replied, 'Tain't no worse than it is for pickin' flowers.'

That's the principal difference between me and the people I live among. I have never got used to it. Today my Yankee-born sons have made me realize that I probably never shall.

Two of those sons were born only a few hours ago — twins. When a man has twins, he can be expected to have emotions, even in New England, — mingled emotions perhaps, but emotions nonetheless, — pride and joy and amazement and no small dash of anxiety. Being a Hoosier, I have all of them today in good measure; and when a Hoosier has emotions, he expresses them.

The first thing I did after leaving the hospital was to call up one of my oldest friends here in Rhode Island. He is all Yankee, with a Yankee name, a Yankee altitude of frame, a Yankee mind, and a Yankee accent; and, both in spite and because of these characteristics, I regard him as one of the best friends I have.

'It's twins!' I announced excitedly over the telephone. 'Twins — born at noon today and both over six pounds and their mother is fine. Twins!'

There was a long silence at the other end of the line, but at last my friend spoke.

'Twins?' he said.

'Yes,' I said. 'Twins! Two of them!'

'H-m-m,' he said. 'Boys or girls?'

'Both boys — fine, big boys!'

Another silence. Then: —

'H-m-m — too bad you didn't get a boy and a girl.'

'Well,' I began; but he interrupted me: —

'Are they identical twins?'

'Yes.'

'Be hard to tell them apart, won't it?'

'I suppose so,' I said, lamely now. 'But we don't have to dress them alike, and anyhow they say the parents can always tell.'

There was another long silence, and I began to think my friend had hung up. But he hadn't.

'Reckon they'll make good book-ends,' he said; and that was all.

After that, I decided I would not announce the news to anyone else until my six-year-old son came home from school. My son, named for me but known as 'Wigs' among his intimates, was born in Rhode Island; but it has been said that he looks like me, which makes him part Hoosier at least; and after all, in spite of his six New England winters, he still has some of the fresh bloom of youth left upon him. I could count on him to rise to the occasion. The twins were *his* brothers and *my* sons, and we would celebrate together in good, open-hearted Hoosier fashion. We might even shed a few sentimental tears together in our happiness.

I waited impatiently at the front windows, watching for him; and finally I saw him coming down the street. It took him forever to reach the house. He zigzagged across the sidewalk, swinging his legs. He stopped for a game of hopscotch. He tried a standing broad jump, then a few running broad jumps. He got down on his hands and knees to examine a minute object which he discovered on a neighbor's lawn. He loitered at the curb waving a gaudy red-and-green sample of his first-grade work in water color at passing motorists. He turned a somersault. He made a long speech to the house across the street, with many gesticulations for emphasis. But, Hoosier that I am, I knew bet-

ter, after ten years in Rhode Island, than to open the door and shout the news at him for all the neighbors to hear. Instead, I waited as patiently as I could until he entered the house and had begun to fling his wraps about the parlor.

'Wigs,' I said then, breathlessly, 'you have two baby brothers!'

He sat down on the floor and began to pull off his snow suit.

'Have I?' he said, without looking up. Then he stopped suddenly and stared at me. 'Two?'

'Yes,' I said. 'Two.'

For a full minute he sat still in the middle of the floor, staring at me in amazement; and my heart began to beat fast. In another moment he would fly to me and we would go dancing about the room in our joy, and afterwards we would go out and have ice-cream sodas and stick candy and I would answer his thousands of questions about the new brothers as best I could. But, when the minute of amazement was past, Wigs began again methodically to remove his snow suit and his face became once more matter-of-fact.

'Oh,' he said quietly, 'you mean twins. Daddy, may I have a cookie?'

Yes; if I spend the rest of my life in New England, I may eventually adopt Yankee ways, or at least become reconciled to them in others. With three Yankee-born sons now, I shall have to try. But I'm not at all sure that I shall succeed. At the moment, although I have just become the father of twins, I feel rather ineffectual and lonely — and cheated.

WILLIAM E. WILSON

DEFENSIVE BACKLOG

I WAS brought up to believe that there was something peculiarly male about investing money, like whiskers and a newspaper at the breakfast table. It was a world which women might never enter and retain their charm, a sea in which they merely dabbled their toes when they tried to balance their checking accounts, a trackless desert in which they walked with veiled, bowed heads while their men charted the course from the stars, like Arabs. Even the questions of Whither and Why were forbidden. It was unnecessary for

them even to learn to read stock-market reports. When things went well they received presents. When things went badly they had to rally instinctively, offering a lovely refuge from circumstances beyond all human control. When a man died his helpless widow sought out the nearest faithful friend most resembling her husband in investment verve or reserve and entrusted all to him, unless her husband had made other and more remote arrangements. She was never expected to be able to take over any of the responsibility herself. One sees these women traveling now, saying tearfully to pursers or porters, 'Mr. MacKenzie always did this for me.' Those who set out to discover for themselves the man-made intricacies of the maze were accorded only amused incredulity. Men thought them foolish and women considered them nothing short of grotesque — abnormals who tried to get along without a man to show them the way.

The first investment I ever made was by cable. I was visiting in England and had so lost touch with my native land after a few months among the primroses as to cable my father to buy ten General Motors for me at thirty. I did not realize what a moment this was. I had refused a tip on the Derby and missed a chance to make a lot of pocket money (this would have been a perfectly acceptable female move — part of traveling, in fact), but the idea which occurred to me, after hearing an English engineer welcome the increase in the importation of American motors, had repercussions which approached those of an elopement. I gathered, when I got home, that important people had been rendered nervous, cross, and physically upset by my peremptory request. I could have made the investment myself if the treacherous idea had occurred to me. No one would have known, or have had to know, if I had bought myself a fur coat, but when it came to investing money, instinct sent me to the fountainhead. Those in the household remembered the breakfast during which the cable arrived. Their word was 'shocked.' 'Why,' I was reproached, 'did you have to do *that*?' It was something I had done *to* the family.

After that I did not invest on my own again for several years. Then a cousin, visiting his rubber estates, came to stay with us in Burma. He brought such a dreadful wedding present and was so impressively head-of-

the-family that I felt I could save my hostess soul and repay him for so much unexpected joy only by some major move, so I gave him my household savings to invest in rubber stocks. Several years later he advised me to sell and I unearthed the shares for a handsome profit. But I did not deserve the luck. I have never had it since.

However, I was one step nearer to the mysterious door. I began to keep a little black book and I asked for a list of my holdings. This was strange and unfilial of me, but it was sent, although I, of course, was not encouraged to have any ideas on the subject. I began to be interested.

I think that I probably belong to that small and tender group of people who have things left to them 'in trust,' and that it was only a succession of early deaths which allowed me to think of my money as really my own. I was still serving an apprenticeship with the little black book, and I had never seen a broker face to face except proposing marriage, when I was left in sole charge. I began my wrestling with figures with only my first two investments as experience. My husband refused to advise in any way, and no one else realized that I was managing my own affairs.

When my husband suddenly went to war and left me his list to manage for him, I saw the world had not changed. Kind friends assumed that I would appeal to the nearest man or bank or counselor. I was asked very discreetly by husbands of friends if I was really trying to manage our investments by myself, and I was given the names of the very best firms.

All the sympathetic and penetrating hospital looks so frightened me that I did go to the biggest and best firm of investment counselors that had been mentioned and poured out all my investments to a tactfully prodding gentleman who elicited from me family secrets I did not know I knew. But for the fact that I did not lie down in a darkened room with my face turned from my questioner, it seemed to me I might be being psychoanalyzed. Except that I was not enjoying it — especially when the gentleman blanched to hear what my income was and that I was entirely dependent upon it. I gathered there was something threadbare and churchlike in raising a family of children on investments only, and something unique in that house of soft chairs in having as little as

I had. He prodded and prodded, but I could think of no other source. . . .

So he said finally that he was there to save me money and that for five hundred dollars he would reduce my income by a third and make my list into a fine pile of defensive backlogs that I could contemplate with real confidence. He was afraid — and he shook his head — that I had gambling instincts, wanting to *make* money. I gathered there were styles in stocks, and that there were some that everyone had to have in case one ever walked in an Easter Parade with one's list around one's neck. And there were things with which this very respectable house simply had nothing to do — chewing gum, for instance. My husband had, he felt, a well-tailored, manly list, but there again was evidence of a hope that better times might some day come. One should never, I could see, let this show. Better to stick to bonds whose dates of maturity sounded like the Pharaohs read backwards and have something your grandchildren could leave untouched. So, feeling as if I had been married to him for at least a year, and that not quite legally, I sent back his handsome volume dedicated to my problems. And when a beautiful young man was sent to call on me six months later to see if I had rued the day, I was able to say I had not as yet lost the five hundred it would have cost me. . . . Since then I have not dared to look.

But I can tell investment counselors' offices that they are on the wrong track with people like me. There is no point in sending me modulated-voiced athletes in pin-stripe suits. There is no charm for me in cozy offices behind ground-glass walls, so that one is at once private and safe. To people who are used to having their money passed out to them that may represent a very cheerful change, like a nursing home instead of a hospital. But the sort of man who would draw me in would be an older man with nothing to say to women on the subject of money, a man who did not even want to hear what I might think and who would try not to smile at the idea of my thinking I could invest. A long look of well-bred derision would put me right back in the harem, paying for the privilege.

ANONYMOUS

MILLENNIUM

It will be soft, the sound that we shall hear
When we have reached the end of time and
light.

A quiet, final noise within the ear
Before we are returned into the night.

A sound for each to recognize and fear
In one enormous moment, as he grieves —
A sound of rustling, dry and very near,
A sudden fluttering of all the leaves.

It will be heard in all the open air
Above the fading rumble of the guns,
And we shall stand uneasily and stare,
The finally forsaken, lonely ones.

From all the distant secret places then
A little breeze will shift across the sky,
When all the earth at last is free of men
And settles, with a vast and easy sigh.

LEWIS THOMAS

LIBRARY NOTE

DICTIONARY needs redoing,
overhauling, new construing:

the page of the M's is too well-thumbed
(Murder, Misery, Maimed).

The same is true
of W;
we need to rescind
Wicked, Winter, Wind.
Likewise must be replaced
those clichés War, Woe, Waste.

As for the T's, we shall have to renew
Treachery, Terror; and worn out too
are Trickery, Tempest, Tears.

Also the F's: Fighting, Fears;
they're damaged hopelessly.

Only the H's seem to be
available clearly printed,
fresh as the day they were minted:
Honest, Harvest, Happy,
Honey, Humanity.
No one's attempted to mark or bruise them.
Maybe we should use them.

EVE MERRIAM

THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

Black Lamb and Grey Falcon

BY REBECCA WEST



CHAPTERS XXXI-XXXVIII

Black Lamb and Grey Falcon

BY REBECCA WEST

The luminous story of
the Balkans



TODAY, as so often in the past, the Balkans are a storm centre. Why is it that the Balkan peoples have lived, not for decades, but for centuries on the Powder Keg of Europe? Why is it that their passions, once kindled, have spread to people as remote as the English and ourselves? These were the questions which Rebecca West set out to answer for herself when, in 1936-1937, she and her husband made their personal exploration of the Balkan Peninsula. 'Violence was all I knew of the South Slavs,' she wrote. 'And since there proceeds steadily from the southeastern corner of Europe a stream of events which are a danger to me, which for years threatened my safety and deprived me forever of many benefits, that is to say I know nothing of my own destiny.'

She remembered the assassination of Empress Elizabeth, the pathetic wife of Franz Josef; the assassination of Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo, and the shooting of the King of Yugoslavia at Marseille. With such tragedies in mind, she embarked on the long trip to Zagreb. The train was crammed with German tourists, and as she talked with them Rebecca West began to realize why it was that the Slavs had suffered such unhappiness during the centuries when they were bound to the chariot wheel of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

At Zagreb, she and her husband were met by her three friends — Constantine, the poet; Valetta, a lecturer in mathematics at Zagreb University; and Marko Gregorievich, critic and journalist. They took her and her husband behind the scenes into the tempestuous life of the Balkan Peninsula. They showed her the hidden beauty of Zagreb. They told her of Bishop Strossmayer and his heroic intervention for the liberation of the Croats. On Easter Sunday they took her to hear Mass at the village of Shestine, and then, through a blizzard, they drove far up the mountainside to the mediæval castle of a noble Hungarian family — a castle which by some magic had now been converted into a hospital for Yugoslav peasants. Everywhere they went — along the Dalmatian coast, at Rab, at Split, at Trogir — Rebecca West felt herself drawn into the passionate, the tragic uprising of a people who for centuries had struggled for identity and liberation. From Dalmatia they journeyed into Bosnia to see what life was like for those Slavs who had been conquered by the Turks. When she and her husband reached Sarajevo they learned from eyewitnesses the inside story of that assassination which has wounded every man and woman of our generation. . . .

BLACK LAMB AND GREY FALCON

BY REBECCA WEST

XXXI

WE were going to see the village outside Sarajevo where the Austrians built a race course and where Franz Ferdinand stayed the night before he died. The road was so extravagantly bad that we bounced like balls, and Constantine had a star of mud on his forehead as he told us, 'Sarajevo has a soul like a village, though it is a town. Now, why has it the sort of soul that it has? In Sarajevo,' he continued, as the car lifted itself out of a rut with a movement not to be expected from a machine, credible only in a tiger leaping out of a pit, 'Slavs — and a very fine kind of Slav, endowed with great powers of perception and speculation — were confronted with the Turkish Empire at its most magnificent, which is to say Islam at its most magnificent, which is to say Persia at its most magnificent. Its luxury we took, its militarism and its pride, and above all its conception of love. The luxury has gone. The militarism has gone. You have seen what has happened to the pride. But the conception of love is still in the city, and it is a wonderful conception; it refreshes and revivifies — it is clean water and strong wind.'

'What is peculiar about this conception of love?' asked my husband, who had just been thrown on his knees to the floor of the car.

'It is,' said Constantine, failing to remove his stomach from the small of my back, 'the conception of love that made us as small boys read the *Arabian Nights* with such attention, so that Grand-

mamma always said, "How he reads and reads! We must make a priest of him." Is it not extraordinary, by the way, that all over Europe, even in the chaste nurseries of your own country, this should be regarded as a children's book? It is as if our civilization felt fear that it had carried too far its experiment of bringing up children in innocence but would not admit it, and called in another race to administer all the knowledge which had been suppressed in an exotic and disguised form, so that it can be passed off as an Eastern talisman engraved with characters which naturally cannot be read, though they are to be admired aesthetically.'

'About this conception of love,' said my husband, struggling up to a seated position and wiping the mud off his glasses. 'You mean the old women arriving with messages and the beautiful women in darkened rooms, and the hiding in jars?'

'Yes, that is it,' said Constantine. 'It is a conception of love which demands that it should be sudden and secret and dangerous. It seems to you that a man insults a woman if he wishes to make love to her without delay, and that a woman is worthless if she gives herself to a man before they have killed a great part of the calendar. Love may be as slow as the growth of a plant: a man and woman may come throughout many months to a full understanding of each other's natures and take serious vows to fulfill each other's needs. But there is also another

love, so ecstatic that it could come into full being at a single encounter, that it would need only that encounter to satisfy the lovers.

'If you offered them a lifetime together you could not offer them more than the night that follows when the old woman has opened the door. — No, the car is not going to turn over. And when you come back next year the road will be better. We are a young country, and we will do all, but we have not yet had the time. — Such love could properly be engendered by a single glance from the eyes. Indeed it could not claim to be this kind of love, this ultimate affinity, if the most infinitesimal contact were not enough to declare it. That is why it must be sudden.

'It must be secret because jealousy is a part of both this sudden love and the other slow-moving kind. A man who performs the miracle of keeping a woman happy for forty years cannot bear it that on one night during those forty years another man should be necessary for her happiness; and a man who meets a woman once and makes that meeting as fabulous in her memory as a night spent in the moon cannot bear it that he should not be the father of the eleven children whose noses she wipes. Hence these men must not know of each other. We roar like bulls about our honor, but so it is.

'Also this love must be dangerous, or it would not be itself. That is not to say that one does not value a thing unless one has paid a great price for it — that is vulgar. But if a woman did not know that to lift her veil before a stranger was perhaps to die she might perhaps lift it when she had received no intimation of this great and sudden love, when she was merely barbarian. And indeed neither she nor her lover could fully consummate this kind of love without a sense of peril. They would not shut the eyes of reason and precipitate themselves into the abyss of passion unless they knew this might be their last chance to experience it — or, indeed, anything else.

'It is a more marvelous conception of love, I think, than anything other nations know. The French make love for the sake of life; and so, like living, it often falls to something less than itself, to a little trivial round. The Germans make love for the sake of death; as they like to put off civilian clothes and put on uniform, because there is more chance of being killed, so they like to step out of the safe casual relations of society and let loose the destructive forces of sex. So it was with *Werther* and *Elective Affinities*, and so it was in the years after the war, when they were so promiscuous that sex meant nothing at all. And this is not to speak ill of the French and Germans, for the love of life and the love of death are both necessary things. But this conception unites love and life in a single experience. The men and women in it have another dimension given to their lives, because they have kept in their hearts the capacity for this second kind of love. They are not mutilated by its suppression, and they have hope. All of them may yet have this revelation, and some of them have actually had it. I think that is why so many of the women here have lips and eyes that shine like children's, and why the men are not bitter or grudging or hurried.

'A sensuality that is also a mysticism,' he cried, 'what can a race invent better for itself? But here is Ilidze! Here is our marvelous Ilidze!' He leaped in one second from well-battered reverie to shaking indignation. 'Ilidze, our Potemkin village! They built it to show the foreign visitors how well they had imposed civilization on our barbarism, just as Potemkin built villages on the steppes to impress the foreign ambassadors with Russian prosperity: hollow villages that were built the day before and were pulled down the day after. Come, look at their civilization, at our barbarity!'

The spa waited for us behind the scrubby, half-forested edge of a park, and indeed it was not pleasing. In earlier days it had certainly been better kept;

it now looked like any of the other Yugoslavian spas, which are patronized by the peasants and small shopkeepers, and showed a certain homely untidiness, though nothing worse. But the place was unengaging in its architectural essence. A string of shapeless hotels were joined by a covered corridor to a central restaurant and pump room, a pudding of a place. Every building was smothered in heavy porches and balustrades and balconies of craftless but elaborate woodwork. The hotels were all closed at the moment; they did not open till the heat brought people out of the city. We strolled about looking for the proprietor of the Hotel Bosnia, the largest of the hotels, at which Franz Ferdinand and Sophie Chotek had spent their last night.

'I think they have kept the chapel that was made for their coming,' said Constantine, 'and I know they keep their room as it was, for I have seen it. It was the suite reserved always for the Royal Family and for the governor, and it was altogether Moslem, but a terrible Moslem. It was like a place I saw in your London when I was there for five days during the war, called the Kardomah Café — all little inlaid tables and a clutter of many things, whereas, as you have seen, the chief furniture of a Moslem house is the light. But here is a man with keys.'

They fitted, however, only the door of a little shop in the Hotel Bosnia's arcade; but the man was glad to have a talk. 'He says,' said Constantine, 'that they do their best to keep the place neat, but there is not enough money to do much. Many people come here in summer, but they are not rich, like the nobles who used to come here from Austria and Germany and England to see how beautifully Bosnia was being governed by the Austrian Empire. He would not have it different, however, though he has been here since a child and loves the place, for he is a very patriotic Yugoslav. But really it is disgusting, this Ilidze. They

did nothing for the country, but they built these hotels and the race course which I am going to show you presently, and all the grand people came and looked at it and said, "Ah, it is so in Bosnia, all weeded gravel paths and new houses and good beer; it is too good for these cattle of Slavs." He mimicked the tone of a fine lady, turning his face from side to side and twirling an imaginary open parasol.

The man with the keys had been watching. He suddenly threw down his keys on to the pavement and began to shout straight past us to the horizon: like the young man at Trsat, like the young man on the boat whose soup was cold. 'Yes, yes!' he cried. 'And they had our men and women brought in to dance the *kolo* for them. We were for them the natives, the savages, and we had to dance for them as if we were bears at a fair.' He bent and picked up the keys, then remembered something and threw them down again. 'And what they did to us as soldiers! They made us become soldiers, and when a man goes into battle he may be called before his God, and they made us Christians wear the fez! Yes, the fez of the accursed Turks was the headgear of all our four Bosnian regiments!'

He picked up his keys for the second time and led us along the corridor to the railway station, which indeed was very grand, in the manner of Baden-Baden or Marienbad. 'I find this grotesquely unpleasant,' I said.

'I did not bring you here to please you,' said Constantine. 'When I take you to see things that were left by the Turks and the Austrians it is not to please you — it is so that you shall understand. And now will you please look where I tell you? This station is very untidy, is it not? The paint has gone and there are no flowers growing in wire cases. Will you please look at the chestnut tree that stands in the middle of this piece of gravel outside the station? Do you see that there are growing round it

many weeds? Now, I apply a test. If you are saved, if you know what the soul is and what a people is, you will be able to see that that tree is better now, standing among weeds, than it was when it was spick-and-span. For those weeds are the best we can do, they are all the order we can yet attain in Bosnia; and the spick-and-spanness came from another people, and was therefore nothingness — it could not exist here, because it was not part of the national process.'

'There I cannot agree,' I said. 'I do not believe that it was wrong of the English to drain India and abolish suttee. I do not believe that the Pères Blancs did wrong in medicining the sicknesses of Africa.'

'Do I not know such things must be done?' said Constantine. 'We Yugoslavs are stamping out malaria in Macedonia and we are raising up peasants that have been trodden into the mud by the Turks. But it should be done by one's people, never by strangers.'

'Rats!' said my husband. 'If a people have wholly gone under, without a fringe that has kept its independence and its own folk ways, strangers must butt in and help it get on its feet again. The trouble is that the kind of stranger who likes helping unfortunate people usually does not get leave to set about it unless other members of his group see a military or commercial advantage to be got out of it. But if you mean that the Bosnians had enough force and enough remnants of the old Slav culture to look after themselves once they got the Turks off their necks, and that the Austrians had nothing to give them and had no business here, then I'm with you.'

'Ah, you have said something true, and so untidy,' complained Constantine, 'and what I said was so beautifully neat.'

But it was where the race course drew its white diagram on the gardeny plains that the irrelevance of the Austrian intervention appeared most apparent. The

scene was now enchanting. All over the course, sheep and cattle were grazing on the turf, ringing faint little bells as they were pressed on by greed slow-moving as abstinence or met the active air, not quite a wind, which flowed quietly down the great tawny valley that led back to Sarajevo. Where there was not grass, the earth showed red, and the poplars stood like jets of chill green-gold light. Scattered on the plains were the rough white farms and cottages of Christians; and on every slope which promised a fine view there stood a Moslem villa, smoothly and solidly white among the white clouds of its orchard. One such villa stood on a little hill close by the race course, as compact a delight as if an enormous deal of Spring had been boiled down till it would fill just a little pot, according to the method of making rose-leaf jam.

And the white rails, of course, recalled another delight. I saw a string of horses going like a line of good poetry, under a roofless morning on Lambourn Downs. I remembered what the author of the Book of Job had said about the horse: 'The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength. . . . He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.' A pleasure, undoubtedly, but how irrelevant to the starving Bosnian peasant, and how irrelevant, how insolent to Sarajevo!

The scenery before me was distressing in its evocation of Austrian society as it was in the time of Franz Josef, as Metternich had foreseen it must become if the Empire were not allowed some measure of freedom. Banality rose from the tomb and stood chattering about the lawns: women with heavy chins and lively untender eyes and blond frizzes of hair under straw boaters, wearing light blouses and long skirts and broad waistbands; men with the strongly marked expressions of ventriloquists' dummies, with sloping shoulders and ramrod backs.

They chattered loudly, with the exaggerated positiveness of those who live in a negative world. They were bound by etiquette and recognized no discipline; they were the descendants of connoisseurs, yet neither produced nor appreciated great art; they sacrificed all civil interests to a military caste that proved as soon as war broke out to be wholly civilian in everything but its splendid, suicidal valor.

These people had come to govern, to change, to civilize such men and women as we had seen in Sarajevo: the Jews with their tradition of fine manners and learning; the Moslems with their houses full of light and their blossoming gardens and dedication to peaceful nature; the old women we had seen in the market place, whose souls had attained to wit; the men whose long strides were endurance itself, who would know, like our friend with the keys, that an honest man must not dance before tyrants.

XXXII

Later that afternoon we drove out of Sarajevo by the road that leads to Trebiviche, the mountain which rises too near the town and too steeply to be seen from it. The craned neck can only see its foothills. Halfway up, we stopped the automobile and stood on a grassy ledge to look at the orchards and villas beneath us, all little pots of spring jam, like the villa by the race course. On a ledge above us were standing some gypsies, eight or nine girls in jackets and trousers of printed curtain stuffs, and two men who were jumping and gesticulating in front of them, the upturned toes of their leather sandals looking like cockspurs. Something about the gestures of Constantine's plump little arms as he showed us the city brought them tumbling about us.

A good many people of the lettered sort recognize Constantine from his caricatures in the papers; but the unlettered see him for what he is with astonishing

quickness. He has only to swing an eloquent hand at a street corner and there are men and women about us looking at him with an expression which sums up the twofold attitude of ordinary folk to the poet: a mixture of amused indulgence, as of a grownup watching a child at play, and ecstatic expectation, as of a child waiting for a grownup to tell it a fairy story. These ran down the grassy slope and stood about us giggling in a circle of crimson and plum and blue and green and lemon and cinnabar, the wind blowing out their full trousers and making them hug their shawls under the chin. They bring a lovely element into a community which allows them to exist without sinking into squalor. It is as if one could go out and make love to a flower, or have foxes and hares to play music at one's parties.

We went back to the chalet and drank warming coffee under the pictures of the boy king and his mother and his murdered father. They are found in every public place in Yugoslavia, even Croatia. I think they are present in anti-Serb territory because they are sold by some charitable society which nobody wishes to refuse. But in other parts, where there lingers the mediæval conception of the king as a priest of the people, they have nearly the status of holy pictures. At the back of the room sat a handsome young man playing the gusla and singing, apparently the proprietor, and two very pretty young women, all with that characteristically Slav look which comes from the pulling of the flesh down from the flat cheekbones by the tense pursing of the mouth. On the face of the murdered king there was the same expression, hardened to woodenness by the fear of death coming from assassination without or tuberculosis within.

'When you look at things, try to remember them wholly because you have soon to go home to England. I think of a story I heard from a monk of how King Alexander came to see the frescoes in his monastery, which contained portraits of

the Serbian kings of our old Empire, in the thirteenth century — real portraits, mind you. Before one he stood for three quarters of an hour, looking terribly, as one would look on one's father if he came back from the dead, sucking him with the eyes. The monk asked him if he had a special cult for this king, and he said, "No. For all kings of Serbia must I have a cult. All kings I must understand, in order that the new dynasty be grafted on the old. And this king I must make a special effort to understand, since nothing that is written of him makes him quite clear to me." You see, he was a mystic, and because the channel of his mysticism was Yugoslavia, nobody outside Yugoslavia can understand him.'

'There is something,' I said, 'that has been worrying me. Listen. The predominantly German character of the Hapsburg monarchy and the concessions they had to make to the Hungarians meant that the Austro-Hungarian Empire oppressed its Slavs and feared the kingdom of Serbia as a dangerous potential ally to these discontented subjects. At the same time there were these economic conditions in the Austro-Hungarian Empire which meant that there must sooner or later be a revolt, in which the discontented Slavs would be specially likely to do the brunt of the fighting. Therefore precisely this war that happened in 1914 was bound to happen sooner or later.'

'But certainly,' said Constantine. 'It had nearly happened in 1912, when Franz Ferdinand's friends nearly succeeded in starting a preventive war over Albania.'

'Then it mattered not at all what happened in Sarajevo on June 28, 1914,' I said.

Constantine was silent for a minute. The man behind us stopped playing his gusla, as if he understood what had been said. Constantine said, 'In a sense you are right. The little ones need not have died. And of the two big ones the poor angry one could have gone on shooting

his beasts, and the poor striving one could have continued after the little things the other poor ones did not want her to have. We should have had the World War just the same.'

'What a waste!' I said.

'Well, Sarajevo is the one town I know that could bear with equanimity the discovery that her great moment was a delusion, a folly, a simple extravagance,' said Constantine. 'She would walk by her river, she would sit under the fruit tree in her courtyard, and she would not weep.' After a pause he added: 'But she is not an imbecile. If she would not weep it is because she knows we are wrong. By the *attentat* she took the war and made it a private possession of the South Slavs. Behind the veil of our incomprehensible language and behind the veil of lies the Austrians and Hungarians have told about us and our wrongs, the cause of the war — more than that, the reason for the war — is eternally a mystery to the vast majority of the people who took part in it and were martyred by it. Perhaps that is something for us South Slavs, to know a secret that is hidden from everybody else. I do not know.'

XXXIII

We left Sarajevo in the early morning, picking our way over the peasants who were sleeping all over the floor of the station. Nothing we believe about peasants in the West is true. We are taught to think of them as stolid, almost physically rooted to the soil and averse from the artificial. Nothing could be less true, for the peasant loves to travel, and travels more happily by train than on horseback. In old Spain I first remarked it. At the junctions, trains used to stand packed as they are in the English Midlands, where there are myriad commercial occasions to set people traveling; but these had nobody in them except peasants who can have had the slenderest material motives to leave their homes. Now that Yugoslavia is self-governing

and there are fewer restrictions, every train and motor omnibus is stuffed with people amiable with enjoyment, as if they were going to a Cup Tie, but with no Cup Tie whatsoever in view.

The journey out of Sarajevo is characteristic, leisurely and evasive and lovely. The train starts at the bottom of the bowl in which the city lies, and winds round it and comes out at a nick in the rim. There is a high station at the nick, and there one looks down for the last time on the hundred minarets, the white houses, and the green flames of the poplars. Thereafter the train travels through a Swiss country of alps and pine woods, with here and there a minareted village, until it goes into a long wooded gorge, which has one superb moment: where two rivers meet, they thunder down on each side of a great rock that has been sharpened by ages of their force to a razor-edged prow. Sometimes we looked at the scenery and sometimes we slept, and often we listened to Constantine, who throughout our entire journey, which lasted thirteen hours, talked either to us or to some of the other passengers. The first time I was in Yugoslavia, Constantine took me down to Macedonia so that I could give a broadcast about it, and when we arrived at Skoplje I thought I should have to run away because he had talked to me the whole time during the journey from Belgrade, which had lasted for twelve hours, and I had felt obliged to listen. Now I know that in conversation Constantine is like a professional tennis player, who does not expect amateurs to stand up to his mastery for long, who expects to have to play to relays, so sometimes I did not listen to him until I caught one of the formulas which I know introduce his best stories.

'My town is Shabatatz,' said Constantine, and I listened, for all his best tales begin with those words. 'I should like to take you to see Shabatatz. But it is not as it was. You might not be disappointed by a visit, but I should be, because I should not be able to introduce you to

all the people that were there when I was young, and now are dead. There was an old man I was very fond of, yes, and I loved his wife, too. He had made something of a fortune out of army clothing, and he made it honestly, for he was a good, patriotic man, and did not cheat the poor soldiers. So with his money he could follow his mania, which was for the new thing, for Science, for the machine, for the artificial, the modern. You may not remember it, for I think it came earlier with you than with us, but there was, some time ago, a rage for such things. It was partly due to your H. G. Wells and his imitators, and it was partly due to our ideas about America, which we then believed to be entirely covered with skyscrapers and factories. I had it myself a little, which is how I became friendly with the old man.

'I was only a boy then and I grew out of it, but the old man was firm in the faith; and his wife — who, I think, never believed in it at all, but who loved him very dearly — followed him. I have said he was very rich, and so he was able to have the first sewing machine in our town, and then the first gramophone, and then the first motorcar, which, as we then had no roads for motoring, was of no use to him, but sent him into ecstasy. And there were many other objects on which he gratified his passion, far more than you would believe. His house was full of them.

'The clothes of my friend were very strange also. He would not wear peasant costume, of course, but as soon as he had adopted Western costume he rebelled against that too, and he had ties that fastened with snappers and trousers that were made in one with a waistcoat. But he was worse about his wife's dress. He made her wear knickerbockers under her skirts, which our women used not to do, and which for some reason shocked them. Trousers they know from the Turks, and skirts they know, but trousers under the skirts — that they think not decent. And when he heard of bras-

sières, those too he sent for and made his wife wear them; and as she was an old peasant woman, very stout, they had to be lengthened, and even then they remained clearly to be seen, never quite accommodated to her person. And he was so proud of having everything modern that he could not help telling people that she was like an American woman, and was wearing knickerbockers and brassières, and then the poor thing grew scarlet and suffered very terribly, for our women are modest. But she endured it all, for she loved him very much.

‘I know how she loved him, for I became involved in her heart. Young men are very callous, and when I had got out of my boyhood I laughed at my old friend behind my hand. When I came from Paris after my first year at the Sorbonne, I went to see them, and out of wickedness I began to tell them preposterous stories of new machines which did not really exist. Some of them might have existed, indeed some of them have come to exist since then. I remember I told them an American had discovered a system by which houses and trains were always kept at the same temperature, no matter what the weather was like outside. It is air-conditioning; it is now quite true, but then it was a lie. And I went on telling more and more absurd stories, until I said, “And of course I was forgetting — there is the artificial woman that was invented by the celebrated surgeon Dr. Martel. That is quite wonderful.” And my old friend said to me, “An artificial woman? What is that? A woman that is artificial! For God’s sake! Tell us all about it!”

‘So I went on and on, telling many things that were not at all true, and my friend listened with his eyes growing great, and then I looked at his wife and her eyes were great too, and they were full of pain. Then my old friend said to me, “But you must get me one — you must get me an artificial woman!” He could afford all, you see, and I realized she had known that he was going to say

that, and that she was terribly sad, because she knew that she was his real wife and that she would not be able to keep him from an artificial mistress. So I said it was not ready yet — that Dr. Martel was working on it to improve it, and that it could not be bought; and then I sweated hard to tell him something that would make him forget it, and drank more plum brandy, and I pretended to be drunk. But before I left he came round to my house and told me to bring him back an artificial woman, that he did not care how much it cost, and that he would sell all he had to be possessed of such a marvel.

‘So it was every time I came back from Paris on my holidays. I would go to their house and he would talk of other things for a time, but only as a little boy who has been well brought up and knows that he must talk to the uncle for a little while before he asks, “And did you not forget my toy train?” But sooner or later he would say, “Now about the artificial woman? Is she ready yet?” And I would shake my head and say, “No, she is not yet ready.” Then I would see his wife’s face grow so happy, and young and soft. She had him a little longer. Then I would explain that Dr. Martel was a very conscientious man, and a very great surgeon, and that such men like to work very slowly and perfectly. And then I would put my hand up so that she would not hear, and I would tell him some story that would not be very decent, of how the artificial woman had broken down under experiment, but the old man would listen with his eyes right out of his head.

‘I felt very ashamed when the wife came to see me at a time when the cold wind had made me bad with my lungs, and I said to her, “Aunt, you are too good to me. I have done nothing for you,” and she answered with tears in her eyes, “But you have been as good to me as a son. Do you think I am so simple that I do not know the artificial woman must long ago be finished, with such a

clever man as you say working on it? You tell my husband that it is not so only because you know that I could not bear to have such a creature in my house." There was nothing at all that I could say. I could not confess to her that I had been a monkey without making it plain to her that her husband had been an ass. So I could do nothing but kiss her hand and tell her that always, always I would protect her heart from the artificial woman.

'The last year of my studies was the last year before the war, and then I did not come back for my holidays at all. I was studying too hard — philosophy under Bergson and the piano under Wanda Landowska. And then for years I was a soldier and all people were swept away, and it did not seem to matter to ask how or where they were. So it was not till years later that I heard what had happened to my two old friends. It is a terrible story to me, not only because I had a sort of love for them, but because it is typical of us Slavs. Do you remember — no, we none of us can remember it, but we all have read of it — that at the end of the century people believed that something had happened to humanity and that we were all decadent and were all going to commit suicide? *Fin de siècle*, the very phrase means that. Everything takes a long time to reach this country, and this talk arrived here very late, in 1913, and in the meantime it had been translated into German and it had become heavy and morbid and to be feared. It came to this poor silly old man and he learned that the most modern thing to do was to kill yourself, and so he did it. He became very melancholy for a time, working at it as other old men work at learning chess, and then went into his stable and hanged himself, to be modern, to have an artificial death instead of a natural. I think he was probably sure that there was immortality, for, though he believed he was a free-thinker, I do not believe it ever crossed his mind that he would not live after

death. And soon afterward his wife also hanged herself, but I do not think there was anything modern about her reasons — they could not have been more ancient. In Shabatz many strange things happened, very many strange things indeed, but I think that of all of them nothing was ever more sad.'

XXXIV

I slept, and woke up into a world of mirrors. They stretched away on each side of the railway, the hedges breathing on them with their narrow images. We were passing through the floods that every year afflict the basin of the Danube and its tributaries, and to me, who love water and in my heart cannot believe that many waters can be anything but pleasure heaped upon pleasure, there came a period of time, perhaps twenty minutes or half an hour, of pure delight.

But presently the floods were blotted out from me as thoroughly as if a vast hand had stretched from the sky and scattered earth on the waters till first they were mud and then land, because Constantine had come back into the compartment after an absence I had not noted, his face purplish, his black eyes hot and wet, his hands and his voice and his bobbing black curls lodging a complaint against fate. He sat down on the feet of my husband, who till then had been asleep, and he said, 'On this train I have found the girl who was the first real love of my life. She was of my town, she was of Shabatz, and we went to school together, and when we grew to the age of such things — which among us Serbs is not late — we were all for one another. And now she is not young any more, she is not beautiful, she has more little lines under her eyes even than you have, but it can be seen that she was very beautiful indeed, and that she is still very fine, very fine in the way that our women sometimes are, in the way that my mother is fine, very good for her hus-

band, very good for her children, and something strong beyond.

'It seems to me it would have been very well for me if I had made this girl my wife before the war and had come back to her, for I had terrible times when I came back from the war and it would have been good if I had had a grand woman like this to stand by me. But she would not have me, though we had been sweethearts for two years. I knew that when I left Shabatz to go to the Sorbonne she was glad to see that I was going, and all the way to Paris I was glad that it looked very well and as it should be, and I the man was leaving her the woman and going to a far place and having new adventures, because I knew that was how it was not and that she was tired of me. Never did I write to her because I was afraid she would not answer.

'But now when I saw her here on the train I knew that it was a pity it was so, and I said to her, "Why did you treat me so? When I was young I was very handsome and my father was very rich and already you knew I was a poet and would be a great man, for always I was a *Wunderkind*, but you did not want me, though I think that once you loved me. What was wrong?" At first she would not tell me, but I kept asking her, and then she said, "Well, if you trouble me so for so long a time, I will tell you. There is too much of you! You talk more than anybody else; when you play the piano, it is more than when any other person plays the piano; when you love, it is more than anybody else can bear — it is all too much, too much, too much!"

'Now, that I cannot understand. I talk interesting things, for I have seen many interesting things; not one man in a hundred has seen so many interesting things; your husband has not seen so many interesting things. And I play the piano very well; also I love with great delicacy of heart, and I am a great experience for any woman. And you must ask my dear wife if I am not a kind man to my family, if I do not do all for my

little sons. Now, all these things are good things — how can I do them too much? And I am sure that at first she loved me, and when she saw me here in this train she was so glad to see me that her eyes shone in ecstasy. Why, then, did she become weary and let me go to Paris with all things finished between us? Why does she now become cross and tell me there is too much of me? Why have I so many enemies, when I would only do what is good with people, and when I would ask nothing but to be gentle and happy? I will go back and ask her, for she cannot have meant just what she said. It was not sensible, and she is a very fine, sensible woman.'

When he had gone my husband sighed, and said, 'Good old Constantine. Now in all my life I have never got on a train and met a woman I used to love. Indeed, except on the Golden Arrow and the Continental Expresses, which do not count, I have never met anybody I knew on a train, unless we were going to the same country house. Yes, just once. Going down to Norfolk I once met my old matron at Uppingham. But that was indeed quite agreeable. Really, I prefer it that way. It seems to me that the proper place for the beloved is the terminus, not the train.'

'I am, however, traveling with you on this occasion,' I reminded him.

'Yes, my dear, so you are,' he said, closing his eyes.

I myself slept after a time; and when I awoke he was still asleep and it was night, and a conductor was telling me that we were near Belgrade. We packed our books and collected our baggage and went to look for Constantine.

XXXV

We walked out of our hotel towards the park that lies beside it, the Kalemegdan, which is the special glory of Belgrade and indeed one of the most beautiful parks in the world. Its charm was separating us from everything else we

knew, as good parks should do. We went through an area that is common to all parks, no matter where they may be, where nurses watch their children play among lilac bushes and little ponds and the busts of the departed nearly great. Then there is a finely laid out flower garden with a tremendous and very beautiful statue to the French who died in Yugoslavia during the Great War, by Mestrovich, showing a figure bathing in a sea of courage. Many people might like it away and replace it by a gentler marble. But the pleasantness of this park is such an innovation that it has hardly earned the right to put all grimness from its gates. For this is the old fortress of Belgrade, which till the end of the Great War knew peace only as a dream.

Ever since there were men in this region this promontory must have meant life to those that held it, death to those that lost it. Its prow juts out between the two great rivers and looks eastward over the great Pannonian Plain (superb words, the flattest I know) that spreads across Hungary towards Central Europe. Behind it is the security of broken country and forest. Here, certainly, not to begin at the beginning, the Illyrians made a stand against the Romans and were driven out. Here the Romans made a stand against the Huns and the Avars, and were driven out. Here the Slavs joined the Huns and were oppressed by them, and for a brief space enjoyed peace under the Byzantines, but were submerged by the Hungarians, until war between Byzantium and Hungary brought a victorious Greek army to the foot of this rock. Then the Serbs came, and knew imperial glory under the Nemanjich dynasty; here the petty Serbian kings who had failed to uphold that glory made their last stand before the Turks. But the Hungarians, with typical Christian frivolity, claimed it for nearly a hundred years, harrying the Serbs so that they could not beat back the Turkish army, and Belgrade fell to Suleiman the Great in 1521. The Hungarians

paid their score five years later, when the Turks beat them at Mohacs and kept them in servitude for a hundred and fifty years. Then the tide turned; the maniac Vizier Kara Mustapha was defeated outside Vienna and brought to this very place to be strangled. Then, in 1688, the Austrians swept them out and took the fortress, but lost it two years later, and it was not retaken till Prince Eugene of Savoy came down on it in 1717.

So far the history of Belgrade, like many other passages in the life of Europe, makes one wonder what the human race has lost by its habit of bleeding itself like a mad mediæval surgeon. But it may be that not much has been wasted that we miss. Those who are preserved to unfold the buds of their being often produce very repulsive blossoms. In 1739, by a hideously treacherous agreement, the Austrians handed Belgrade and its Serb inhabitants to Turkey. This was, however, not such a calamity for the Serbs as it appears, for they had been so oppressively governed by the Austrians that many had already fled into Turkish territory, though the treatment they received there could be described not as good, but better.

The Great Powers were always there to turn incidents, sometimes out of base greed, sometimes out of sheer idiocy, into wounds and humiliations. Their guilt can be judged from the conduct of the English in June 1862. One evening in that month two Turkish soldiers sitting at a fountain fell into a dispute with a Serbian youth, and killed him. In the subsequent disorder a Serbian policeman was killed and another wounded. This started a race riot which lasted all night. The Serbian Cabinet and the foreign consuls and the Turkish Pasha joined together to take measures to stop it, and peace was believed to be restored when the garrison of the fortress suddenly opened fire on Belgrade. For four hours the unhappy town was bombarded. Not until the foreign consuls took the coura-

geous step of pitching their tents on the glacis between the town and the fortress were the guns silenced. After this the British Foreign Office took a step memorable in its imbecility. Lord John Russell, without making any inquiries whatsoever, decided that the incident had occurred because the Serbians had violated their treaty obligations to Turkey; and he put forward the strange suggestion that Austria should invade Serbia. Fortunately Austria perceived that she could not choose a more dangerous moment and sent no troops. It is a relief to remember that four years later English influence induced the Porte to withdraw from Serbia altogether. Foreign students of our politics must be puzzled to find that this change in attitude was due to the substitution of a Conservative for a Liberal government.

But this withdrawal did not yet bring peace to the fortress. In front of her lay Hungary and Austria, greedy for her. Behind her lay Russia, greedy for her. Both wanted to snatch the Balkans from the hands of the dying Ottoman Empire. When the young Serbian state tried to placate Austria, Russia raged. In its rage it financed the Bulgars to turn against the Serbs, filling them with hopes of Balkan ascendancy which have ever since complicated and embittered the international situation. Later the Great Powers met at the Congress of Berlin and gave Bosnia and Herzegovina to the Austrian Empire, and thereby left Serbia helpless and humiliated. In 1905 Serbia resisted Austrian commercial aggression by a tariff war which was known as 'the pig war' and formed a customs *Anschluss* with the Bulgars. So Austria's hatred for Serbia grew day by day, till in 1914 Princip's bullet acted as a catalytic to Central European passions, and the Austrian monitors bombarded the fortress from the Danube. In 1915 it was occupied by Austrian troops, not to be freed until 1918. Now its ramparts and glacis shelter, with their mellow bluish-rose brickwork, a sequence of little

flower gardens which stuff the old ravelins and redoubts with pansies and tulips and forget-me-nots. It is the prettiest and most courageous piece of optimism I know; but for all that I think the Yugoslavs wise to have Mestrovich's statue by, to remind them of the imbecile ferocity of their kind.

There is another statue by Mestrovich in Kalemegdan. It is the war memorial of Yugoslavia itself, the glorious naked figure. It can only be seen imperfectly, for it stands on the very top of a column at the prow of the promontory, high up above the waters, which it faces; on the park it turns its back, and that is all the observer can see. This is not according to the intention of the sculptor, nor is it a sacrifice made to symbolism, though it is very apt that the Yugoslavian military spirit should look out in vigilance and warning towards Hungary and Austria. It happens that the statue is recognizably male, so the municipality of Belgrade refused to erect it in the streets of the town on the ground that it would offend female modesty. But the Serbs are not only peasants in prudery, they are artists and have some knowledge of handicrafts, so they saw that it was natural for a man cutting out the shape of a man to cut out the true shape of a man; they felt, therefore, no Puritan hatred of the statue, and their peasant thrift told them that it would be wicked waste to throw away a statue well carved in expensive material by an acknowledged master. So up it went, buttocks to the fore.

And beautiful it looked, outlined against the landscape, which lay under the floods as a human being in a bath; the face of the land, its trees and houses, were above the water, but the body was wholly submerged. These floods were even threatening the low platform that lies below the slope which drops, purple with lilacs, from the prow of Kalemegdan. But the low grey barracks down there were still occupied; on the nacreous surface of an exercise ground there walked in twos and threes a number of

soldiers wearing round Cossack caps and long full-skirted coats opening over scarlet breeches. The scene had the air of the beginning of a ballet, because each body was so tautly sprung in its trained perfection. There were two dovecotes in the compound, one a pleasant faded jade-green, the other earth-brown. Sometimes two soldiers would stand underneath one of these cotes and cry out or clap their hands so that the doves whirled out and traveled a low arc to a corrugated iron roof. But for the most part these young men strolled about talking with a peculiar intensity that was untinged by homosexuality, but spoke of male friendships more acute and adventurous than anything we know in the West. To look at them was to understand the military conspiracies that have been the special difficulty of Serbia during the last fifty years.

By now the surface of the floods was hacked into choppy waves which became a coarse trembling silver where the sunlight pierced the grey-violet clouds. We shuddered and took refuge in the fortress. It is immense. It is shaped by the Oriental tradition which obliged a ruler to symbolize his greatness by the size of his habitation. Some of it the government has not yet had the time or the money to take in hand. There are void corridors and cells, as the Turks left them seventy years ago; but in other parts there are all sorts of military establishments, tennis courts, and a museum, which holds as a grisly and suspicious exhibit the automobile in which King Alexander was assassinated at Marseille. It is not to be comprehended why the French authorities let it leave the country. It is an old-fashioned vehicle which was seven years old in 1934 and had been clumsily refitted with new coachwork after a smash and had actually been used for the transport of better-class criminals. The French chauffeur is known to have protested against being made to drive a king in such a piece of old iron. It is right that the automobile should be in Bel-

grade, for it beautifully symbolizes the way the Western Powers have dealt with the Balkans. There also, in the landward ramparts, is a charming Zoo of the Whipsnade sort. Grey skies bring out the color of flowers and animals: a lion and lioness drinking at a stream shone like topazes. But it was no use; the day was growing colder; we went back to our hotel.

XXXVI

We ate too large a lunch, as is apt to be one's habit in Belgrade if one is man enough to stand up to peasant food made luxurious by urban opulence of supply and a Turkish tradition of subtle and positive flavor. Those soups and stews and *risottos* are as good as any I know. And the people at the tables round about one come from the same kitchen; rich feeding, not too digestible, but not at all insipid. Some of them, indeed, are definitely indigestible, beings of ambiguous life, never engaged in any enterprise that is crystalline in quality.

It is said that Belgrade is the centre of the European spy system, and it may be that some of these people are spies. One about whom such a doubt might be hardened came up to me while we were eating our chicken-liver *risotto*, an Italian whom I had last seen at a night club in Vienna. I remembered our meeting because of his answer to my inquiry as to what he was doing in Austria. 'I come from Spain, but I have never good fortune,' he said; 'I hoped to bring here a bullfight, but the bull, he will not come.' This did not, of course, refer to a startling example of animal sagacity, but to the change noticeable in the attitude of the customs officials as the animal passed from territories within the orbit of Cretan culture to those outside it. The unhappy beast had started on its journey as a symbol of life, glorious in the prospect of meeting a sacrificial death, and ended it as something like a fallen girl, to be rescued by bloodless humanitarians. Today when I asked the Italian a like

question about his presence he made a more optimistic answer. 'I am about to take up very, very great concessions,' he said; 'a pyrites mine in Bosnia.' But I think the pyrites, 'he will not come.'

The vitality of these Yugoslavs to be seen at midday in this or any other big Belgrade hotel is in astounding contrast to any English gathering of the sort. It is one of the disagreeable features of English life that nearly all Englishmen are ill, and that the minority who are not are so surprised by their well-being that they acquire an illusion of superiority on all grounds and become 'hearties.' These Yugoslavs have never had an ache or pain in their lives. Yet all the historical factors involved should by rights have produced an opposite effect; for all the Yugoslavs over thirty-five must have taken part in a military campaign of the most appalling nature, and all adults below that age have undergone as boys privations and dangers such as never threatened French or English or German children.

I could understand why English diplomats, always the most delicate of a delicate class, hated being *en poste* among the Balkan peoples; but I could guess also at another reason why they should hate it. These Yugoslavs were not only very well, they were certain in any circumstances to act vigorously; and it would be impossible to foresee what form that action would take. In the Yugoslavian villages one felt certain of the peasants' vigor and the predictability of their conduct. They might be intensely individual in their emotions and their expression of them, but they would follow a tested tradition. Here one had no such certainty. These men in the hotel dining room were not united by the acceptance of any common formula. This gave them the alien and enigmatic character of wild animals; the lion and lioness drinking at the stream in the Kalemegdan were not more sealed from one in their feeling and thinking than these jolly, healthy men. I asked myself in

vain, 'What will they do?' And I asked myself also the more important question, 'What would they feel that they could not do?'

I remembered what English people who had lived in the Balkans had told me of dishonesty and punctilio, grossness and delicacy, avarice and handsomeness, coexistent in the same person; of statesmen who had practised extremes in patriotism and in speculation, not at different times in their career, but on the same day; of brutality that took torture and bloodshed in its stride and suddenly turned to the tenderest charity. Surely this meant that not only I but the Yugoslavs were unable to answer the questions. They were not yet familiar with the circumstances of urban life.

Urban life takes a deal of learning. We saw further evidence of that when we went out to view the procession of children that always on this day, April 24, marches through the street along the ridge of Belgrade, to receive the blessing of the Patriarch at the Cathedral, which is near the park. We took up our places near the central square among a mob of infatuated parents, and languidly kind big brothers and sisters who were too old to walk in the procession, and bubbling and dancing little brothers and sisters who were too young and had for the most part been given balloons for compensation. There was a great deal of apprehension about, for every child had had new clothes bought for the occasion, and this worst of springs ranged drably overhead, sometimes spilling heavy pennies of rain — and the procession was forty minutes late.

All that was forgotten, however, every time one of the children in the crowd lost grip of his balloon, and we all saw it rise slowly, as if debating the advantages of freedom, over the wide trench of the cleared street. Then we all laughed when, as usually happened, since the wind was short of breath, the balloon wobbled and fell on the heads of the crowd on the other side of the road.

But in spite of all this good humor the occasion was not as pretty as we had hoped, because the little children were so remarkably fragile and pasty-faced. 'It is perhaps because they have been waiting so long in the cold,' suggested my husband. But that was not the reason, for the children who were walking briskly in the procession were just as pallid and dull of eye and hair. 'I cannot understand it!' I said. 'Why should the Serbs, who are so superbly healthy when they grow up, be such weakly children?' That was to say, in fact, that the Serbs had not mastered the technique of bringing up children in town.

'What a calamity it is that the Serbs consider it of such importance to have a great capital,' I said to my husband. 'Think of all the new ministries, and look at these poor teachers.' As remarkable as the pallor of the children was the neediness of their instructors.

They bore themselves with dignity, and their faces were for the most part thoughtful and dedicated. This was to be expected, for the profession of teacher offers not the steady job which the peasant longs for above all else when he leaves the soil, but a special heroic prestige. Before the Balkan wars all the young bloods of both sexes with a turn for letters took teaching diplomas and went down to Old Serbia and Macedonia, which were still Turkish provinces. The Great Powers had forced Turkey to permit the establishment of schools with foreign staffs for the benefit of the Christians among these subjects; but the result was hardly what could have been expected from such a benevolent intervention. No area since the world began can have been at once so highly educated and so wildly uncivilized.

Macedonia was important to all Europe because a power that got a foothold there had a chance of falling heir, by actual occupation or by economic influence, to the territories of the dying Ottoman Empire. So the land was covered with schools staffed by nationalist

propagandists, who, when they hailed from the neighboring Balkan powers, took their duties with more than normal pedagogic ferocity. Serbia and Bulgaria and Greece all founded schools which aimed at making the Macedonian infants into Serbs or Bulgars or Greeks who could be counted on to demand the transfer of the province to whatever state had secured their adherence. Quite a number of the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses in these competitive establishments were shot, or were not shot only because they shot first. This situation was not wholly ended by the war. So the teachers in Yugoslavia are often heroes and fanatics, as well as servants of the mind; but as they walked along the Belgrade streets it could easily be seen that none of them had quite enough to eat or warm enough clothing or handsome lodgings or all the books they needed.

XXXVII

It must be admitted that this city, with its starved professional classes, its lavish governmental display, and its pululation of an exploiting class, sometimes presents an unattractive appearance. I did not like Belgrade that evening when I sat in the hotel lounge and watched the bar fill up with high-colored, thick-necked, stocky little men, whose black moustaches were lustreless as ape's hair. There had been some sort of conference upstairs in a private room, with two foreign visitors, one pale and featureless and round, like an enormous Dutch cheese, the other a Jew as Hitler sees his people. I think the dreams raised at that conference would never be realized in all their rosiness. No party was going to be left, as the others hoped, with the horns and the hoofs as his share of the carcass. But everybody would do pretty well except the general public here and in the rest of Europe, who were going to provide the carcass.

The extent of the damage that is done to the state by its financial and industrial

adventures is not easy to compute. I do not believe that it is nearly so much in terms of money as the Yugoslavs outside Belgrade allege. The great fortunes in Yugoslavia come from shipping and timber. There may be some large villas in Belgrade whose owners could not explain how they came to be able to build them; but then there are very few large villas in Belgrade. Nor are there many large cars, or expensive restaurants, or jewelers, or furriers. It looks to me as if all the city's speculators absorbed a much smaller proportion of their country's goods than England and the United States. But to a community of peasants it may well seem that such rewards for the middleman are altogether exorbitant; and indeed the political consequences of such a privateering strain in society are altogether disastrous for a new country.

If the politicians of a state are dominated by ideas, then few parties form. There are certain natural classifications which establish themselves: those who are for repression and those for freedom, those who are for the townspeople and those for the peasants, those who are for the army and those for finance and industry, and so on. Sometimes these groups stand sharply defined and sometimes they coalesce into fewer and larger groups. But there is only a limited number of such classifications, and of the combinations that can be formed from them. But if there are a thousand financiers and industrialists in a country, they can, especially when they are Slavs, turn political life into a multiplicity of small slippery bodies like a school of whitebait. In the ten years after the granting of the Yugoslavian constitution in 1921, twenty-five different governments held office. There is nothing more necessary for the country than a steady agrarian policy; there have been as many as five Ministers of Agriculture in thirteen months.

It was to end this gangsterish tumult that King Alexander took the disastrous

step of proclaiming a dictatorship in 1929. This introduced what seemed to be a change for the better, but most Yugoslavs would say that it produced no change at all, for it ultimately put into the saddle Stoyadinovich, who was hated throughout the length and breadth of the country. That hatred was extraordinarily widespread. He was hated chiefly because he was said to be a tyrant and enemy of freedom.

Whether Stoyadinovich imprisoned many people or not was hard for a stranger to tell. My impression was that the régime was far more indulgent than German Nazism or Italian Fascism. I have heard malcontents loudly abuse the government freely when sitting in a café or by an open window giving on a lane, and I have often received through the ordinary post letters in which my Yugoslav friends abused the Prime Minister and signed their names: I have been told several stories of atrocities which on investigation turned out to be either completely untrue or exaggerated.

But sometimes the hand of Stoyadinovich fell very heavily indeed. It sometimes fell vexatiously on the intellectuals. I have known of a provincial lawyer of the highest character who was sent to prison for two months for treasonable conversation on the evidence of an ignoble personage who had before the war been an Austrian spy in Belgrade. The real damage done to the intellectuals lay not in the number of such cases or the severity of the sentences, but in the insecurity arising from the knowledge that they could happen at all. But I believe that the hand fell with a murderous heaviness on the working classes. An English friend of mine once traveled with a party of young men being sent down from a Bosnian manufacturing town to Sarajevo by a night train. All were in irons. The gendarmes told him that they were Communists. I expect they were nothing of the sort. Real Marxian Communism is rare in Yugoslavia, for it is not attractive to a nation

of peasant proprietors and the Comintern wastes little time and energy in this field, but the word is extended to cover the mildest of Left activities. These young men had probably done nothing worse than try to form a trade union. It was against such as these, I believe, that the Stoyadinovich régime brought up its full forces.

Consideration of this bias brought one to the reason that the more serious-minded among the Yugoslavs gave for their hatred of Stoyadinovich. They knew that their abominable prison system could not be reformed in a moment, they knew that they were often difficult and ungracious under government. But they could not forgive him for representing the thick-necked, plundering little men in the bar. Those men were his allies, and they were united against the rest of Yugoslavia. He was against the peasants, against the starving schoolmasters, against the workmen who had been brought to town and poverty like lambs to the slaughter.

It is plausible, yet I do not think it is true. Certainly Stoyadinovich represented the financial and industrial interests of Belgrade, but he may not have meant to be his country's enemy. I have known Englishmen and Frenchmen who have done business with him, and they all received honest, even handsome treatment at his hands, which seemed to be part of a certain Augustan attitude, hardly consonant with carelessness for his country's interest. The truth is, I suspect, that he was astonishingly naïve, and that his naïveté was cut to an old-fashioned pattern. The clue to that was supplied every evening to anybody who would listen to it by the radio. I have never turned on the radio in Yugoslavia without hearing a full account of everything the Prime Minister had done on the previous day, delivered in accents that would have been appropriate had he been a commander in chief that had just escorted an invading army over the frontier.

I felt a rush of dislike towards the men in the bar. I detected in them a strong resemblance to certain types found in Western cities during the last century, to pictures representing the financial adventurers who dominated Paris under the Second Empire, to the photographs of City men which can be seen in the illustrated papers of the nineties, named as founders of enterprises not now extant. Idiotically, they were not only copying a system that was far from ideal, but imitating those who had proved incapable of grasping such success as the system offers.

Belgrade, I thought, had made the same error. It had till recently been a Balkan village, which had its character, of resistance, of determined survival, of martyred penury. This was a very sacred Balkan village; the promontory on which it stood had been sanctified by the blood of men who had died making the simple demand that, since their kind had been created, it might have leave to live. Modern Belgrade has striped that promontory with streets that had already been built elsewhere much better. I felt a sudden abatement of my infatuation for Yugoslavia. For a century Serbia had been exposed to the peculiar poisons of the nineteenth century. I had perhaps come a long way to see a sunset which was fading under my eyes before a night of dirty weather.

But some of this threatened degeneration was still a long way from consummation. This hotel may have longed to slip off its robust character and emulate the Savoy and the Crillon and the Plaza; but its attempt was not well under way as yet. A newcomer had arrived in the bar; the stocky little men were now greeting with cries of love and trust another of the kind who would have betrayed them for about the sum that would have made them betray him, lifting their glasses to him and slapping him on the back with the exaggeration of children playing the game 'in the manner of the word.' That I might have

seen in London or Paris or New York. But in none of those great cities have I seen hotel doors slowly swing open to admit, unhurried and at ease, a peasant holding a black lamb in his arms. He took up his place beside the news stand where they sold *Pravda* and *Politika*, the *Continental Daily Mail*, *Paris-Soir*, the *New York Herald Tribune*. He was a well-built young man, with straight fair hair, high cheekbones, and that look of blindness which comes from its antithesis, from abnormally clear sight. His suit was in the Western fashion, but he wore also a sheepskin jacket, a round black cap, and leather sandals with upturned toes; and to his ready-made shirt somebody had added some embroidery. He looked about him as if in search of someone. Twice he went to the door of the bar and peered at the faces of the stocky little men, so it was plain that he was waiting for one of their kind; and indeed the middle class in Yugoslavia is so near to its peasant origin that any of them might have had such a cousin or nephew. But the one he sought was not there, so he went back to his place by the news stand. He stood still as a Byzantine king in a fresco, while the black lamb twisted and writhed in the firm cradle of his arms, its eyes sometimes flashing as it turned like small flat luminous plates.

XXXVIII

The chief problems of Yugoslavia were its poverty and the antagonisms felt by sections of the population that had different cultures. When King Alexander had cleared up the arrears of work that could be settled by a firm and legible signature, he looked these problems in the face and made some gallant attempts.

To tackle the economic problem, he tried to develop the country's industries, but luck was against him, for the world slump began in the autumn of 1929. In any case Yugoslavia is primarily an agricultural country, and cannot know

prosperity until an answer is found to man's world-wide refusal to pay a fair price for the food he eats. He also took steps to heal the antagonisms among his subjects, which showed him a very strange man, pedantic, doctrinaire, morally earnest, intellectually naïve, and, at that moment, desperate and alone. The problem was enormously intricate. It sprang from the inclusion in the same state of two kinds of Slavs: Slavs who were the inheritors of the Byzantine tradition of culture and the primitive Christianity of the Orthodox Church, and had been informed with the tragic conception of life by the defeat of Kosovo and the ensuing five hundred years of slavery; and Slavs who had been incorporated in the Western bourgeois system by Austrian influence and who were spiritually governed by the Roman Catholic Church, which owes its tone to a Renaissance unknown to the other Slavs, and were experienced in discomfort but not in tragedy. To reconcile these two elements, the king enforced certain measures which bring tears to the eyes by their simplicity.

He changed the name of his state from the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes to Yugoslavia, the country of the South Slavs; and, forbidding the use of the old regional names such as Serbia, Bosnia, and the rest, he cut it up into nine provinces, called after the rivers which ran through them — except for Dalmatia, which was called the Littoral. He forbade the existence of the old regional political parties. It was a shameful thing that Serbia, with its glorious history of revolt against the Turks, should cease to be an entity, and that the Serbian regiments which had amazed the world by their heroism should have to send their colors to the museums and march under the new and as yet meaningless flag of Yugoslavia.

There is no doubt that at this time the king went too far in his desire to conciliate the Croats. He relaxed his devotion to the Orthodox Church, so that he

How much do you know about DIABETES?



1. Q. What is diabetes?

A. It is a disease of the pancreas, a large gland behind the stomach; in diabetes this gland fails to produce enough of a substance called insulin to permit the body adequately to use or store sugar.

2. Q. Can anybody have diabetes?

A. Yes. People of all ages, sexes, and conditions. But . . . the people it strikes are usually overweight and between the ages of 40 and 60. Also, it occurs most frequently among those who do not lead active lives. A tendency to develop diabetes seems to run in certain families. And the disease is more common among women than among men.



3. Q. Do diabetics live as long as other people?

A. That depends largely on the patient. Diabetes ranks 8th among causes of death. There is no known method of actually curing the disease. But . . . the diabetic whose disease is discovered early; who promptly puts himself under and stays under his physician's guidance; and who masters the details of his treatment, stands a good chance of living as long as he could reasonably expect to live without diabetes.

4. Q. Is there any way to guard against diabetes?

A. Yes. The simplest and most effective guard for adults is to keep below average weight.

Another important precaution is to have periodic, at least annual, physical examinations *with urinalysis*. If possible diabetes is indicated, a blood sugar test will aid discovery before other symptoms appear, and effective control of the disease can be begun.



5. Q. What are the symptoms of diabetes?

A. The commonest symptoms, which call for immediate medical attention, are: excessive thirst; excessive appetite; unaccountable loss of weight following excessive weight; constant unaccountable weariness and irritability; in older people, boils and carbuncles.

6. Q. When diabetes is discovered, how is it controlled?

A. By proper diet, insulin, and exercise—each of these factors being adjusted by the doctor to the individual patient's needs.

7. Q. How can I find out more about diabetes?

A. By asking your doctor. Metropolitan's practical, free booklet, 51-T "Diabetes," which contains much helpful information, will be sent upon request.

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should not seem too alien from his Roman Catholic subjects. He also took a step that was offensive not only to the Serbs but to common sense when he tried to abolish the use of the Cyrillic script in the Serb districts and replace it by the Latin script used by the Croats and in Western Europe. This Cyrillic script has a great historical significance for the Serbs, for it is a modification of the Greek alphabet made by Saint Cyril and Saint Methodius for the use of their converts when they came to evangelize the Slavs in the ninth century. But it is also much better suited than the Latin script to render the consonants peculiar to the Slav languages; it is the same script used by Serbia's neighbor, Bulgaria, and almost the same as that used in Russia, and it can be mastered by any intelligent person in a couple of days.

While these measures widened the gulf between the king and his Serb subjects, they did not bring him an inch nearer the Croats. It was then that Italy found an opportunity to get her foot into Croatia and play the same part there that she had played in Macedonia. She had an advantage in finding a willing ally in this enterprise in Hungary, which had lost Croatia and the rich Danubian territory of the Voivodina to Yugoslavia and longed for revenge; but otherwise the soil was more difficult. The Croats had practised a steady policy of resistance to Hungarian rule, but it was mainly passive; and their rulers had not, like the Turks, accustomed them to the idea of murder. Hence the terrorists hired by Italy and Hungary to organize a movement on IMRO lines had, at first, little success. Neither then nor later did they win over the main body of the Croat Peasant Party, or indeed of any Croat political party. It is said that after a year's work there were not more than thirty active adherents of the new organization; and though it established training camps in Italy and Hungary, these could not be filled. At enormous expense agents were sent everywhere that

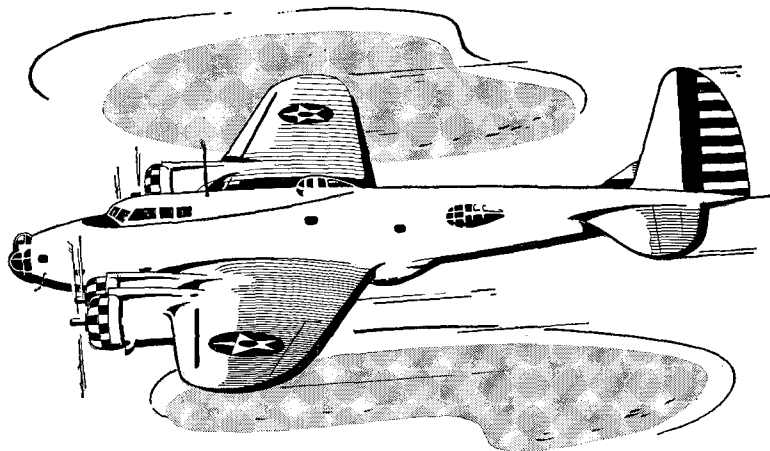
Croats were seeking their fortunes, — France, Belgium, South America, the United States, — to recruit them with cock-and-bull stories of how the Serbs were massacring their brothers by the thousand. Even this was not too successful, and the Hungarian camp was driven to decoying Yugoslav peasants over the frontier and kidnapping them.

But the Croat terrorists had their successes. They were far from inefficient. They distributed treasonable newspapers and pamphlets all over the world, many most persuasively written. They started an able and unscrupulous propaganda office in Vienna, which wounded the king's feelings bitterly and succeeded in poisoning European opinion; and they practised here, no less successfully than on the Bulgarian frontier, the art of placing bombs on international trains. This caused the Yugoslav Government endless trouble. It was usually foreigners who were injured, and that made trouble with their governments; and the foreigners who were not injured showed themselves curiously irritating in their reaction to the measures that were taken for their protection.

So the king dealt with Croatia by the light of his own wisdom, which proved insufficient. He could not send an army to deal with the unrest. It would have ruined the national prestige to admit the existence of civil war, and indeed the actual state of affairs was a good deal short of that. Many people traveled through Croatia at this time, without observing any disruption, and the bulk of the population never ran any physical risks whatsoever. So to deal with the unrest the government sent Serbian or pro-Serb gendarmerie, who without any doubt treated the Croats with hideous brutality. There were many reasons for this.

It must be remembered that when they came to grips with the terrorists financed by Italy they were dealing with men who habitually practised mutilation and had been known to torture a man for three days before they killed him. Since

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ONE PAGE FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF



ALCOA ALUMINUM

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a Serbian policeman in Croatia was faced with many different types of Croat dissident and usually had no means of distinguishing between them, it is not surprising that very often mild and inoffensive Liberals were subjected to treatment that would have been appropriate, and then only according to Mosaic law, when applied to professional assassins and torturers. There was also, as a disturbing factor, the appalling police tradition, which lingered in a form that was bad enough in all territories which had once been Hapsburg and in a far worse form in territories which had been Turkish. The police were regarded as a body that had to get results satisfactory to the supreme power in the state and had better not be questioned by lower powers on how it got those results, lest it should take a revenge. This encouraged a spirit of enterprise that was usually regrettable in its manifestations — notably regrettable in Croatia when the police themselves started murdering Croatian politicians whose absence they thought likely to facilitate their tasks.

It would be easy to exaggerate the extent of this situation. Atrocities did not happen everywhere, or every day. But it was a detestable situation, and though the king did not hear the whole truth about it, owing to the independence of the police, he heard at least enough to make him realize that the policy of suppression was a mistake and that he must make another attempt at a policy of reconciliation, since even if that failed it would smell better than the other.

Every independent thinker in Croatia was now anti-Serb, and had been thrown into the arms of the foreign terrorists. In September 1931, the king had the unhappy idea of proclaiming a new constitution which virtually annulled the principle of popular representation. A senate was established of eighty-seven members, no less than forty-one of whom were to be nominated by the king. Ministers were responsible to the king and

not to parliament, and were to be nominated by the king. The ballot was no longer secret and voluntary, but open and obligatory. With a free parliament thus abolished, and freedom of speech and freedom of the press long ago abolished, the Croats had to take what means they could to defend themselves by secret arming and appeals to foreign opinion. This was precisely what Mussolini had designed, yet the king showed no signs of retraction. He had lost the Croats, and he had not kept the Serbs.

Yet the king was far more successful in settling his affairs abroad than at home. In the international sphere his naïveté did not betray him but inspired him. It sent him forward to offer his hand to ancient enemies, whose surprise disarmed them, so that they found the friendliness in them awakening and answering. He laid the foundations of a most necessary structure, which might have subserved the peace not only of his people but of all Europe, when he repudiated the hostility between Bulgaria and Yugoslavia that had been encouraged by Russia and envenomed by King Ferdinand.

This reconciliation would not have been possible without King Alexander's eager acceptance of King Boris's advances. He did much to sweeten Bulgarian feeling by his visits to Sofia and Varna, which, indeed, were among the most fearless acts recorded of any sovereign. All the Balkan peoples like a man with courage. And when King Boris delayed giving proper diplomatic expression to the new friendship, owing to the influence of Italy on some Bulgarian politicians and the tropism of lifelong hatreds in others, King Alexander paid other visits that were designed to hurry him up. It was his aim to keep Italy at bay by uniting his neighbor states into a bloc resolved to keep the southeast of Europe inviolate.

His very first meeting with the King of Bulgaria showed a certain dimming of the monarchic tradition, a certain muting of martial music as it had been heard



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through history. It happened that in 1930 King Boris had married Princess Giovanna of Italy, who was cousin to King Alexander, as their mothers had been sister Princesses of Montenegro. The first meeting of the kings had to take place timidly, under the shelter of this cousinly relationship. It was represented that, on a return journey to Sofia from Paris and London, Queen Giovanna was overcome by her sense that blood was thicker than water and felt that she must see King Alexander. In response King Alexander came down to the railway station and drank coffee with them in a waiting room, specially decorated in the gloomy fashion habitual on such occasions, during the hour's halt the Orient Express always made at Belgrade. There had been some dealings between the two countries, but King Boris had not dared to make the more definite overtures which would have justified King Alexander's proposing a visit to the Palace. But once they were all standing on the platform, Queen Giovanna forced the diplomatic pace by kissing King Alexander as if she really meant it, putting her arms on his shoulders as if there were a strong goodwill between them all which might do great things for them if they let it. King Alexander was stirred out of his usual formality into responsiveness, and in the waiting room they talked and laughed together with the warmth of real loyalty.

But there was defiance in their laughter. This meeting sprang from the revolt of one of the Italian royal family against Mussolini. Three heirs to the blood of kings were conspiring, not without trepidation, to give the people peace in spite of a blacksmith's son.

There was a new factor, however, to confound all the certainties. There were two sorts of people. There was the people as it had been since the beginning of time, working in the villages, small towns, and capitals. But there was also a new people, begotten by the new towns which the industrial and financial develop-

ments of the nineteenth century had raised all over Europe — towns so vast and intricate that in coping with the problems of their own organization they lost all relationship to the country round them, so that even though they were called capitals they were not, for a head should have some connection with its body; towns planned in the biological interest of only the rich, and careless of the souls and bodies of the poor. The new sort of people had been defrauded of their racial tradition, they enjoyed no inheritance of wisdom; brought up without gardens, to work on machines, all but a few lacked the education which is given by craftsmanship; and they needed this wisdom and this education as never before, because they were living in conditions of unprecedented frustration and insecurity.

Some among this new people, by a miracle that may be called grace, resist all these assaults on their stock, and are as the best of the old people. But there are those who succumb, never ripen and are infantile, and so react to their frustration and necessity, as infants react to hunger, by screaming and beating out at what is nearest. One such, named Lucheni, had killed Elizabeth of Austria in 1898. But his kind had grown in power since then. This is not to say that they had become wiser, or had discovered a formula that would medicine their distress; it was only that there were more of them, and that, conscious of their numbers, they had learned to scream orders as well as complaints. So when King Alexander, having achieved the Balkan entente, visited France to discuss the new power's future relationship, he was struck down at Marseille not by a hungry vagrant, but by a ruler who was in a position to tyrannize over the royal blood of his country as he had tyrannized over its peasants and workmen. A form of government had arisen which was by far more disgusting than any of the governments of the immediate past, though they had been nasty enough. The Great

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Powers had perpetuated Balkan misery by the Treaty of Berlin. They had been responsible for many ugly deaths in high places — Prince Michael of Serbia had been killed by Austrian conspiracy; Queen Draga and King Alexander Obrenovich might have lived to old age had it not been for Austrian intrigue; Franz Ferdinand and Sophie Chotek were doomed by Austrian maladministration. *They had been responsible for many ugly births in low places: Lucheni and Mussolini would never have come to be in a just economic system. But at least they knew when they had sinned that there was sin, at least they were aware that there was good and there was evil. But this the new rulers of the world did not know.* 'Violence,' said Mussolini in the unmistakable accents of moral imbecility, 'is profoundly moral, more moral than compromises and transactions.' Time had rolled backward. It seemed likely that man was to lose his knowledge that it is wiser being good than bad, safer being meek than fierce, fitter being sane than mad. He was not only forgetting the Sermon on the Mount, he was forgetting what the Psalmist had known. And since these things are true it was certain that, once man had forgotten them, he would be obliged, with pains that must be immense, to rediscover them.

Belgrade, to tell the truth, is a mournful city. Even in spring, when the young lovers walk among the flowers in Kalemegdan, and their elders sit in the restaurants talking politics with a new and rosy vehemence because their nostrils are filled with the savor of roasting lamb and piglet, its underlying mood is an autumnal doubtfulness. The winter is going to be very long and hard. Is it

going to be worth while living through it for the sake of what lies beyond? And those who wonder are not ignorant of what winter is, nor are they cowards. This mood is one of the deep traces left on the capital by Alexander Karageorgevich's personality. It is still his city. If one of the mediæval Serbians who painted the frescoes in the monasteries came to life and covered a wall with Belgrade, he would certainly show the murdered king floating on his bier above the city; and if the picture were to be a valid symbol it would show the king's tenacious and reserved face changed by doubtfulness, its reserve breaking to betray a doubt whether its tenacity had been of any avail.

Each Serbian ruler has proved something by his reign. More than once it was proved by this curious sovereignty, newer than the United States and as old as Byzantium, that a small state could defeat a vast empire; always it was proved that it is terrible, even in victory, to be a small state among great empires.

It was given to Alexander to give new proof of these arguments, and to prove others also. By the expansion of his state beyond the limits of his people's culture, Serbia had been forced into guilt. It was, evidently, a moral necessity that small peoples should form small states, and the price exacted for the defense of morality looked to be more than men's bodies can afford to pay. This the king had known well, as he drove stiffly through the streets of Belgrade. A dictator himself, he was the first ruler in Europe to learn what an enemy dictatorship must be to order. He knows it still better as he floats over the city on his bier. For his murder went virtually unpunished.

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